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LITTLE DENIS DANCES AND SINGS BEFORE THE NAVY GENTLEMEN

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The Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray

DENIS DUVAL
AND ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

ILLUSTRATED

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ON A JOKE I ONCE HEARD FROM THE LATE THOMAS HOOD

THE good-natured reader who has perused some of these rambling papers has long since seen (if to see has been worth his trouble) that the writer belongs to the old-fashioned classes of this world, loves to remember very much more than to prophesy, and though he can't help being carried onward, and downward, perhaps, on the hill of life, the swift milestones marking their forties, fifties—how many tens or lustres shall we say?—he sits under Time, the white-wigged charioteer, with his back to the horses, and his face to the past, looking at the receding landscape and the hills fading into the grey distance. Ah me! those grey distant hills were green once, and *here*, and covered with smiling people! As we came *up* the hill there was difficulty, and here and there a hard pull to be sure, but strength, and spirits, and all sorts of cheery incident and companionship on the road; there were the tough struggles (by Heaven's merciful will) overcome, the pauses, the faintings, the weakness, the lost way, perhaps, the bitter weather, the dreadful partings, the lonely night, the passionate grief—towards these I turn my thoughts as I sit and think in my hobby-coach under Time, the silver-winged charioteer. The young folks in the same carriage meanwhile are looking forwards. Nothing escapes their keen eyes—not a flower at the side of a cottage garden, nor a bunch of rosy-faced children at the gate: the landscape is all

bright, the air brisk and jolly, the town yonder looks beautiful, and do you think they have learned to be difficult about the dishes at the inn?

Now, suppose Paterfamilias on his journey with his wife and children in the sociable, and he passes an ordinary brick house on the road with an ordinary little garden in the front, we will say, and quite an ordinary knocker to the door, and as many sashed windows as you please, quite common and square, and tiles, windows, chimney-pots, quite like others; or suppose, in driving over such and such a common, he sees an ordinary tree, and an ordinary donkey browsing under it, if you like—wife and daughter look at these objects without the slightest particle of curiosity or interest. What is a brass knocker to them but a lion's head, or what not? and a thorn-tree with a pool beside it, but a pool in which a thorn and a jackass are reflected?

But you remember how once upon a time your heart used to beat, as you beat on that brass knocker, and whose eyes looked from the window above. You remember how by that thorn-tree and pool, where the geese were performing a prodigious evening concert, there might be seen, at a certain hour, somebody in a certain cloak and bonnet, who happened to be coming from a village yonder, and whose image has flickered in that pool. In that pool, near the thorn? Yes, in that goose-pool, never mind how long ago, when there were reflected the images of the geese—and two geese more. Here, at least, an oldster may have the advantage of his young fellow-travellers, and so Putney Heath or the New Road may be invested with a halo of brightness invisible to them, because it only beams out of his own soul.

I have been reading the "Memorials of Hood" by his children,* and wonder whether the book will have the same interest for others and for younger people, as for persons of my own age and calling. Books of travel to any country become interesting to us who have been there. Men revisit the old school, though hateful to them, with ever so much kindliness and sentimental affection. There was the tree under which the bully licked you: here the ground where you had to fag out on holidays, and so forth. In a word, my dear sir, *You* are the most interesting subject to yourself, of any that can occupy your worship's thoughts. I have no doubt, a Crimean soldier, reading a history of that siege, and how Jones and the gallant 99th were ordered to charge or what not, thinks, "Ah, yes, we of the 100th were placed so and so, I perfectly remember." So with this memorial of poor Hood, it may have, no doubt, a greater interest for me than for others, for I was fighting, so to speak, in a

* *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Moxon, 1860. 2 vols.

SIR J—SH—A R—N—LDS IN A DOMINO. DR. G—LDSM—TH IN AN OLD ENGLISH DRESS.

different part of the field, and engaged, a young subaltern, in the Battle of Life, in which Hood fell, young still, and covered with glory. "The Bridge of Sighs" was his Corunna, his heights of Abraham—sickly, weak, wounded, he fell in the full blaze and fame of that great victory.

What manner of man was the genius who penned that famous song? What like was Wolfe, who climbed and conquered on those famous heights of Abraham? We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. His one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We scan him: we want to know all about him; we walk round and examine him, are curious, perhaps, and think are we not as strong and tall and capable as yonder champion; were we not bred as well, and could we not endure the winter's cold as well as he? Or we look up with all our eyes of admiration; will find no fault in our hero: declare his beauty and proportions perfect; his critics envious detractors, and so forth. Yesterday, before he performed his feat, he was nobody. Who cared about his birthplace, his parentage, or the colour of his hair? To-day, by some single achievement, or by a series of great actions to which his genius accustoms us, he is famous, and antiquarians are busy finding out under what schoolmaster's ferule he was educated, where his grandmother was vaccinated, and so forth. If half-a-dozen washing-bills of Goldsmith's were to be found to-morrow, would they not inspire a general interest, and be printed in a hundred papers? I lighted upon Oliver, not very long since, in an old Town and Country Magazine, at the Pantheon masquerade "in an old English habit." Straightway my imagination ran out to meet him, to look at him, to follow him about. I forgot the names of scores of fine gentlemen of the past age who were mentioned besides. We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought. I protest when I came, in the midst of those names of people of fashion, and beaux, and demireps, upon those names "*Sir J. R–yn–lds, in a domino; Mr. Cr–d–ck and Dr. G–ldsm–th, in two old English dresses,*" I had, so to speak, my heart in my mouth. What, *you* here, my dear Sir Joshua? Ah, what an honour and privilege it is to see you! This is Mr. Goldsmith? And very much, sir, the ruff and the slashed doublet become you! O Doctor! what a pleasure I had and have in reading the "Animated Nature"! How *did* you learn the secret of writing the decasyllable line, and whence that sweet wailing note of tenderness that accompanies your song? Was

Beau Tibbs a real man, and will you do me the honour of allowing me to sit at your table at supper? Don't you think you know how he would have talked? Would you not have liked to hear him prattle over the champagne?

Now, Hood is passed away—passed off the earth as much as Goldsmith or Horace. The times in which he lived, and in which very many of us lived and were young, are changing or changed. I saw Hood once as a young man, at a dinner which seems almost as ghostly now as that masquerade at the Pantheon (1772), of which we were speaking anon. It was at a dinner of the Literary Fund, in that vast apartment which is hung round with the portraits of very large Royal Freemasons, now unsubstantial ghosts. There at the end of the room was Hood. Some publishers, I think, were our companions. I quite remember his pale face; he was thin and deaf, and very silent; he scarcely opened his lips during the dinner, and he made one pun. Some gentleman missed his snuff-box, and Hood said,——(the Freemasons' Tavern was kept, you must remember, by Mr. Cuff in those days, not by its present proprietors). Well, the box being lost, and asked for, and Cuff (remember that name) being the name of the landlord, Hood opened his silent jaws and said * * * Shall I tell you what he said? It was not a very good pun, which the great punster then made. Choose your favourite pun out of "Whims and Oddities," and fancy that was the joke which he contributed to the hilarity of our little table.

Where those asterisks are drawn on the page, you must know, a pause occurred, during which I was engaged with "Hood's Own," having been referred to the book by this life of the author which I have just been reading. I am not going to dissert on Hood's humour; I am not a fair judge. Have I not said elsewhere that there are one or two wonderfully old gentlemen still alive who used to give me tips when I was a boy? I can't be a fair critic about them. I always think of that sovereign, that rapture of raspberry-tarts, which made my young days happy. Those old sovereign-contributors may tell stories ever so old, and I shall laugh; they may commit murder, and I shall believe it was justifiable homicide. There is my friend Baggs, who goes about abusing me, and of course our dear mutual friends tell me. Abuse away, *mon bon!* You were so kind to me when I wanted kindness, that you may take the change out of that gold now, and say I am a cannibal and negro, if you will. Ha, Baggs! Dost thou wince as thou readest this line? Does guilty conscience throbbing at thy breast tell thee of whom the fable is narrated? Puff out thy wrath, and, when it has ceased to blow, my Baggs

shall be to me as the Baggs of old—the generous, the gentle, the friendly.

No, on second thoughts, I am determined I will not repeat that joke which I heard Hood make. He says he wrote these jokes with such ease that he sent manuscripts to the publishers faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I won't say that they were all good jokes, or that to read a great book full of them is a work at present altogether jocular. Writing to a friend respecting some memoir of him which had been published, Hood says, "You will judge how well the author knows me, when he says my mind is rather serious than comic." At the time when he wrote these words, he evidently undervalued his own serious power, and thought that in punning and broad-grinning lay his chief strength. Is not there something touching in that simplicity and humility of faith? "To make laugh is my calling," says he; "I must jump, I must grin, I must tumble, I must turn language head over heels, and leap through grammar;" and he goes to his work humbly and courageously, and what he has to do that does he with all his might, through sickness, through sorrow, through exile, poverty, fever, depression—there he is, always ready to his work, and with a jewel of genius in his pocket! Why, when he laid down his puns and pranks, put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened with tears and wonder! Other men have delusions of conceit, and fancy themselves greater than they are, and that the world slights them. Have we not heard how Liston always thought he ought to play Hamlet? Here is a man with a power to touch the heart almost unequalled, and he passes days and years in writing, "Young Ben he was a nice young man," and so forth. To say truth, I have been reading in a book of "Hood's Own" until I am perfectly angry. "You great man, you good man, you true genius and poet," I cry out, as I turn page after page. "Do, do make no more of these jokes, but be yourself, and take your station."

When Hood was on his death-bed, Sir Robert Peel, who only knew of his illness, not of his imminent danger, wrote to him a noble and touching letter, announcing that a pension was conferred on him.

"I am more than repaid," writes Peel, "by the personal satisfaction which I have had in doing that for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

"You perhaps think that you are known to one with such multifarious occupations as myself, merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little, which you

have written and acknowledged, which I have not read; and that there are few who can appreciate and admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered, as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

"One return, indeed, I shall ask of you,—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance."

And Hood, writing to a friend, enclosing a copy of Peel's letter, says, "Sir R. Peel came from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post, I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the enclosed on *Saturday night;* another mark of considerate attention." He is frightfully unwell, he continues: his wife says he looks *quite green;* but ill as he is, poor fellow, "his well is not dry. He has pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun, is drawing some cuts, and shall write a sheet more of his novel."

Oh, sad, marvellous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick bed! how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude towards his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say—"If it be well to be remembered by a Minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a 'hurly Burleigh'!" Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fire a last shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more.

He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity, and affec-

tion. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honourable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly, and feel that here is a most loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much of the lives of all men of letters? Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.

And what a hard work, and what a slender reward! In the little domestic details with which the book abounds, what a simple life is shown to us! The most simple little pleasures and amusements delight and occupy him. You have revels on shrimps; the good wife making the pie; details about the maid, and criticisms on her conduct; wonderful tricks played with the plum-pudding—all the pleasures centring round the little humble home. One of the first men of his time, he is appointed editor of a Magazine at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, signs himself exultingly "Ed. N. M. M.," and the family rejoice over the income as over a fortune. He goes to a Greenwich dinner—what a feast and a rejoicing afterwards!—

"Well, we drank 'the Boz' with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech. . . . He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. . . . Then we had songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord H——; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the 'Deep deep sea,' in his deep deep voice; and then we drank to Procter, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's, and Ainsworth's: and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, that it really seemed to have been not composed, but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is *quite at home* in *dining out*. As to myself, I had to make my *second maiden speech*, for Mr. Monckton Milnes proposed my health in terms my modesty might allow me to repeat to *you*, but my memory won't. However, I ascribed the toast to my notoriously bad health, and assured them that their wishes had already improved it—that I felt a brisker circulation—a more genial warmth about the heart, and explained that a certain trembling of my hand was not from palsy, or my old ague, but an inclination in my hand to shake itself with every one present. Whereupon I had to go through the friendly ceremony with as

many of the company as were within reach, besides a few more who came express from the other end of the table. *Very* gratifying, wasn't it? Though I cannot go quite so far as Jane, who wants me to have that hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved in spirits. She was sitting up for me, very anxiously, as usual when I go out, because I am so domestic and steady, and was down at the door before I could ring at the gate, to which Boz kindly sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! what *would* she do if she had a wild husband instead of a tame one?"

And the poor anxious wife is sitting up, and fondles the hand which has been shaken by so many illustrious men! The little feast dates back only eighteen years, and yet somehow it seems as distant as a dinner at Mr. Thrale's, or a meeting at Will's.

Poor little gleam of sunshine! very little good cheer enlivens that sad simple life. We have the triumph of the Magazine: then a new Magazine projected and produced: then illness and the last scene, and the kind Peel by the dying man's bedside speaking noble words of respect and sympathy, and soothing the last throbs of the tender honest heart.

I like, I say, Hood's life even better than his books, and I wish, with all my heart, *Monsieur et cher confrère*, the same could be said for both of us, when the inkstream of our life hath ceased to run. Yes: if I drop first, dear Baggs, I trust you may find reason to modify some of the unfavourable views of my character, which you are freely imparting to our mutual friends. What ought to be the literary man's point of honour nowadays? Suppose, friendly reader, you are one of the craft, what legacy would you like to leave to your children? First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love, as should last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children. You would (by the same aid and blessing) keep your honour pure, and transmit a name unstained to those who have a right to bear it. You would,—though this faculty of giving is one of the easiest of the literary man's qualities - you would, out of your earnings, small or great, be able to help a poor brother in need, to dress his wounds, and, if it were but twopence, to give him succour. Is the money which the noble Macaulay gave to the poor lost to his family? God forbid. To the loving hearts of his kindred is it not rather the most precious part of their inheritance? It was invested in love and righteous doing, and it bears interest in heaven. You will, if letters be your vocation, find saving harder than giving and spending. To save be your endeavour, too, against the night's coming when no man may

work; when the arm is weary with the long day's labour; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labour no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper.

I copied the little galley-slave who is made to figure in the initial letter of this paper, from a quaint old silver spoon which we purchased in a curiosity-shop at the Hague. It is one of the gift spoons so common in Holland, and which have multiplied so astonishingly of late years at our dealers' in old silverware. Along the stem of the spoon are written the words: "Anno 1609, *Bin ick aldus ghekledt gheghaen*"—"In the year 1609 I went thus clad." The good Dutchman was released from his Algerine captivity (I imagine his figure looks like that of a slave amongst the Moors), and in his thank-offering to some godchild at home, he thus piously records his escape.

Was not poor Cervantes also a captive amongst the Moors? Did not Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Smollett, too, die at the chain as well as poor Hood? Think of Fielding going on board his wretched ship in the Thames, with scarce a hand to bid him farewell; of brave Tobias Smollett, and his life, how hard, and how poorly rewarded; of Goldsmith, and the physician whispering, "Have you something on your mind?" and the wild dying eyes answering, "Yes." Notice how Boswell speaks of Goldsmith, and the splendid contempt with which he regards him. Read Hawkins on Fielding, and the scorn with which Dandy Walpole and Bishop Hurd speak of him. Galley-slaves doomed to tug the oar and wear the chain, whilst my Lords and dandies take their pleasure, and hear fine music and disport with fine ladies in the cabin!

But stay. Was there any cause for this scorn? Had some of these great men weaknesses which gave inferiors advantage over them? Men of letters cannot lay their hands on their hearts, and say, "No, the fault was fortune's, and the indifferent world's, not Goldsmith's nor Fielding's." There was no reason why Oliver should always be thriftless; why Fielding and Steele should sponge upon their friends; why Sterne should make love to his neighbours' wives. Swift, for a long time, was as poor as any wag that ever laughed: but he owed no penny to his neighbours: Addison, when he wore his most threadbare coat, could hold his head up, and maintain his dignity: and, I dare vouch, neither of those gentlemen, when they were ever so poor, asked any man alive to pity their condition, and have a regard to the weaknesses incidental to the literary profession. Galley-slave, forsooth! If you are sent to

prison for some error for which the law awards that sort of laborious seclusion, so much the more shame for you. If you are chained to the oar a prisoner of war, like Cervantes, you have the pain, but not the shame, and the friendly compassion of mankind to reward you. Galley-slaves, indeed! What man has not his oar to pull? There is that wonderful old stroke-oar in the Queen's galley. How many years has he pulled? Day and night, in rough water or smooth, with what invincible vigour and surprising gaiety he plies his arms! There is in the same *Galère Capitaine*, that well-known trim figure, the bow-oar: how he tugs, and with what a will! How both of them have been abused in their time! Take the Lawyer's galley, and that dauntless octogenarian in command: when has *he* ever complained or repined about his slavery? There is the Priest's galley—black and lawn sails: do any mariners out of Thames work harder? When lawyer, and statesman, and divine, and writer are snug in bed, there is a ring at the poor Doctor's bell. Forth he must go, in rheumatism or snow; a galley-slave bearing his galley-pots to quench the flames of fever, to succour mothers and young children in their hour of peril, and, as gently and soothingly as may be, to carry the hopeless patient over to the silent shore. And have we not just read of the actions of the Queen's galleys and their brave crews in the Chinese waters? Men not more worthy of human renown and honour to-day in their victory, than last year in their glorious hour of disaster. So with stout hearts may we ply the oar, messmates all, till the voyage is over, and the Harbour of Rest is found.

ROUND ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THE kindly Christmas tree, from which I trust every gentle reader has pulled a bonbon or two, is yet all aflame whilst I am writing, and sparkles with the sweet fruits of its season. You young ladies, may you have plucked pretty giftlings from it; and out of the cracker sugar-plum which you have split with the captain or the sweet young curate may you have read one of those delicious conundrums which the confectioners introduce into the sweetmeats, and which apply to the cunning passion of love. Those riddles are to be read at *your* age, when I daresay they are amusing. As for Dolly, Merry, and Bell, who are standing at the tree, they don't care about the love-riddle part, but understand the sweet-almond portion very well. They are four, five, six years old. Patience, little people! A dozen merry Christmases more, and you will be reading those wonderful love-conundrums, too. As for us elderly folks, we watch the babies at their sport, and the young people pulling at the branches: and instead of finding bonbons or sweeties in the packets which *we* pluck off the boughs, we find enclosed Mr. Carnifex's review of the quarter's meat; Mr. Sartor's compliments, and little statement for self and the young gentlemen; and Madame de Sainte-Crinoline's respects to the young ladies, who encloses her account, and will send on Saturday, please; or we stretch our hand out to the educational branch of the Christmas tree, and there find a lively and amusing article from the Reverend Henry Holyshade, containing our dear Tommy's exceedingly moderate account for the last term's school expenses.

The tree yet sparkles, I say. I am writing on the day before Twelfth Day, if you must know; but already ever so many of the fruits have been pulled, and the Christmas lights have gone out. Bobby Miseltow, who has been staying with us for a week (and who has been sleeping mysteriously in the bath-room), comes to say he is going away to spend the rest of the holidays with his grandmother—and I brush away the manly tear of regret as I part with the dear child. "Well, Bob, good-bye, since you *will* go. Compliments to grandmamma. Thank her for the turkey. Here's——"

(*A slight pecuniary transaction takes place at this juncture, and Bob nods and winks, and puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket.*)
"You have had a pleasant week?"

Bob. "Haven't I!" (*And exit, anxious to know the amount of the coin which has just changed hands.*)

He is gone, and as the dear boy vanishes through the door (behind which I see him perfectly), I too cast up a little account of our past Christmas week. When Bob's holidays are over, and the printer has sent me back this manuscript, I know Christmas will be an old story. All the fruit will be off the Christmas tree then; the crackers will have cracked off; the almonds will have been crunched; and the sweet-bitter riddles will have been read; the lights will have perished off the dark green boughs; the toys growing on them will have been distributed, fought for, cherished, neglected, broken. Ferdinand and Fidelia will each keep out of it (be still, my gushing heart!) the remembrance of a riddle read together, of a double-almond munched together, and the moiety of an exploded cracker. . . . The maids, I say, will have taken down all that holly stuff and nonsense about the clocks, lamps, and looking-glasses, the dear boys will be back at school, fondly thinking of the pantomime-fairies whom they have seen; whose gaudy gossamer wings are battered by this time; and whose pink cotton (or silk is it?) lower extremities are all dingy and dusty. Yet but a few days, Bob, and flakes of paint will have cracked off the fairy flower-bowers, and the revolving temples of adamantine lustre will be as shabby as the city of Pekin. When you read this, will Clown still be going on lolling his tongue out of his mouth, and saying "How are you to-morrow?" To-morrow, indeed! He must be almost ashamed of himself (if that cheek is still capable of the blush of shame) for asking the absurd question. To-morrow, indeed! To-morrow the diffugient snows will give place to Spring; the snowdrops will lift their heads; Ladyday may be expected, and the pecuniary duties peculiar to that feast: in place of bonbons, trees will have an eruption of light green knobs; the whitebait season will bloom . . . as if one need go on describing these vernal phenomena, when Christmas is still here, though ending, and the subject of my discourse!

We have all admired the illustrated papers, and noted how boisterously jolly they become at Christmas time. What wassail-bowls, robin-redbreasts, waits, snow landscapes, bursts of Christmas song! And then to think that these festivities are prepared months before—that these Christmas pieces are prophetic! How kind of artists and poets to devise the festivities beforehand, and serve them pat at the proper time! We ought to be grateful to them, as to

the cook who gets up at midnight and sets the pudding a-boiling which is to feast us at six o'clock. I often think with gratitude of the famous Mr. Nelson Lee—the author of I don't know how many hundred glorious pantomimes—walking by the summer wave at Margate, or Brighton perhaps, revolving in his mind the idea of some new gorgeous spectacle of faëry, which the winter shall see complete. He is like cook at midnight (*si parva licet*). He watches and thinks. He pounds the sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of—well, the figs of fairy fiction, let us say, and pops the whole in the seething cauldron of imagination, and at due season serves up the PANTOMIME.

Very few men in the course of nature can expect to see *all* the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the *Times* which appears on the morning after Boxing-day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the paper for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton. Bob and I went to two pantomimes. One was at the Theatre of Fancy, and the other at the Fairy Opera, and I don't know which we liked the best.

At the Fancy, we saw "Harlequin Hamlet, or Daddy's Ghost and Nunky's Pison," which is all very well—but, gentlemen, if you don't respect Shakspeare, to whom will you be civil? The palace and ramparts of Elsinore by moon and snowlight is one of Loutherbourg's finest efforts. The banqueting hall of the palace is illuminated: the peaks and gables glitter with the snow: the sentinels march blowing their fingers for the cold—the freezing of the nose of one of them is very neatly and dexterously arranged: the snow-storm rises: the winds howl awfully along the battlements: the waves come curling, leaping, foaming to shore. Hamlet's umbrella is whirled away in the storm. He and his two friends stamp on each other's toes to keep them warm. The storm-spirits rise in the air, and are whirled howling round the palace and the rocks. My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots fly hurtling through the air! As the storm reaches its height (here the wind instruments come in with prodigious effect, and I compliment Mr. Brumby and the violoncellos)—as the snow-storm rises (queek, queek, queek, go the fiddles, and then thrumpty thrump comes a pizzicato movement in Bob Major, which sends a shiver into your very boot-soles), the thunder-clouds deepen (bong, bong, bong, from the violoncellos). The forked lightning quivers through the clouds in a zig-zag scream of violins—and look, look, look! as the frothing, roaring waves come rushing up the battlements, and over the reeling

parapet, each hissing wave becomes a ghost, sends the gun-carriages rolling over the platform, and plunges howling into the water again.

Hamlet's mother comes on to the battlements to look for her son. The storm whips her umbrella out of her hands, and she retires screaming in pattens.

The cabs on the stand in the great market-place at Elsinore are seen to drive off, and several people are drowned. The gas-lamps along the street are wrenched from their foundations, and shoot through the troubled air. Whist, rush, hish! how the rain roars and pours! The darkness becomes awful, always deepened by the power of the music—and see—in the midst of a rush, and whirl, and scream of spirits of air and wave—what is that ghastly figure moving hither? It becomes bigger, bigger, as it advances down the platform—more ghastly, more horrible, enormous! It is as tall as the whole stage. It seems to be advancing on the stalls and pit, and the whole house screams with terror, as the GHOST OF THE LATE HAMLET comes in, and begins to speak. Several people faint, and the light-fingered gentry pick pockets furiously in the darkness.

In the pitchy darkness, this awful figure throwing his eyes about, the gas in the boxes shuddering out of sight, and the wind instruments bugling the most horrible wails, the boldest spectator must have felt frightened. But hark! what is that silver shimmer of the fiddles? Is it—can it be—the grey dawn peeping in the stormy east? The ghost's eyes look blankly towards it, and roll a ghastly agony. Quicker, quicker ply the violins of Phœbus Apollo. Redder, redder grow the orient clouds. Cockadoodledoo! crows that great cock which has just come out on the roof of the palace. And now the round sun himself pops up from behind the waves of night. Where is the ghost? He is gone! Purple shadows of morn "slant o'er the snowy sward," the city wakes up in life and sunshine, and we confess we are very much relieved at the disappearance of the ghost. We don't like those dark scenes in pantomimes.

After the usual business, that Ophelia should be turned into Columbine was to be expected; but I confess I was a little shocked when Hamlet's mother became Pantaloon, and was instantly knocked down by Clown Claudius. Grimaldi is getting a little old now, but for real humour there are few clowns like him. Mr. Shuter, as the gravedigger, was chaste and comic, as he always is, and the scene-painters surpassed themselves.

"Harlequin Conqueror and the Field of Hastings," at the other house, is very pleasant too. The irascible William is acted with great vigour by Snoxall, and the battle of Hastings is a good piece

of burlesque. Some trifling liberties are taken with history, but what liberties will not the merry genius of pantomime permit himself? At the battle of Hastings, William is on the point of being defeated by the Sussex Volunteers, very elegantly led by the always pretty Miss Waddy (as Haco Sharpshooter), when a shot from the Normans kills Harold. The fairy Edith hereupon comes forward and finds his body, which straightway leaps up a live harlequin, whilst the Conqueror makes an excellent clown, and the Archbishop of Bayeux a diverting pantaloon, &c. &c. &c.

Perhaps these are not the pantomimes we really saw; but one description will do as well as another. The plots, you see, are a little intricate and difficult to understand in pantomimes; and I may have mixed up one with another. That I was at the theatre on Boxing-night is certain—but the pit was so full that I could only see fairy legs glittering in the distance, as I stood at the door. And if I was badly off, I think there was a young gentleman behind me worse off still. I own that he has good reason (though others have not) to speak ill of me behind my back, and hereby beg his pardon.

Likewise to the gentleman who picked up a party in Piccadilly, who had slipped and fallen in the snow, and was there on his back, uttering energetic expressions, that party begs to offer thanks, and compliments of the season.

Bob's behaviour on New Year's Day, I can assure Doctor Holyshade, was highly creditable to the boy. He had expressed a determination to partake of every dish which was put on the table; but after soup, fish, roast-beef, and roast-goose, he retired from active business until the pudding and mince-pies made their appearance, of which he partook liberally but not too freely. And he greatly advanced in my good opinion by praising the punch, which was of my own manufacture, and which some gentlemen present (Mr. O'M—g—n amongst others) pronounced to be too weak. Too weak! A bottle of rum, a bottle of Madeira, half a bottle of brandy, and two bottles and a half of water—*can* this mixture be said to be too weak for any mortal? Our young friend amused the company during the evening, by exhibiting a two-shilling magic lantern, which he had purchased, and likewise by singing "Sally, come up!" a quaint, but rather monotonous melody, which I am told is sung by the poor negro on the banks of the broad Mississippi.

What other enjoyments did we proffer for the child's amusement during the Christmas week? A great philosopher was giving a lecture to young folks at the British Institution. But when this diversion was proposed to our young friend Bob, he said, "Lecture?

No, thank you. Not as I knows on," and made sarcastic signals on his nose. Perhaps he is of Doctor Johnson's opinion about lectures: "Lectures, sir! what man would go to hear that imperfectly at a lecture, which he can read at leisure in a book?" *I* never went, of my own choice, to a lecture: that I can vow. As for sermons, they are different: I delight in them, and they cannot, of course, be too long.

Well, we partook of yet other Christmas delights besides pantomime, pudding, and pie. One glorious, one delightful, one most unlucky and pleasant day, we drove in a brougham, with a famous horse, which carried us more quickly and briskly than any of your vulgar railways, over Battersea Bridge, on which the horse's hoofs rang as if it had been iron; through suburban villages, plum-caked with snow; under a leaden sky, in which the sun hung like a red-hot warming-pan; by pond after pond, where not only men and boys, but scores after scores of women and girls, were sliding, and roaring, and clapping their lean old sides with laughter, as they tumbled down, and their hobnailed shoes flew up in the air; the air frosty, with a lilac haze, through which villas, and commons, and churches, and plantations glimmered. We drive up the hill, Bob and I; we make the last two miles in eleven minutes; we pass that poor armless man who sits there in the cold, following you with his eyes. I don't give anything, and Bob looks disappointed. We are set down neatly at the gate, and a horse-holder opens the brougham-door. I don't give anything; again disappointment on Bob's part. I pay a shilling apiece, and we enter into the glorious building, which is decorated for Christmas, and straightway forgetfulness on Bob's part of everything but that magnificent scene. The enormous edifice is all decorated for Bob and Christmas. The stalls, the columns, the fountains, courts, statues, splendours, are all crowned for Christmas. The delicious negro is singing his Alabama choruses for Christmas and Bob. He has scarcely done, when, Tootarootatoo! Mr. Punch is performing his surprising actions, and hanging the beadle. The stalls are decorated. The refreshment tables are piled with good things; at many fountains "MULLED CLARET" is written up in appetising capitals. "Mulled Claret—oh, jolly! How cold it is!" says Bob; I pass on. "It's only three o'clock," says Bob. "No, only three," I say meekly. "We dine at seven," sighs Bob, "and it's so-o-o coo-old." I still would take no hints. No claret, no refreshment, no sandwiches, no sausage-rolls for Bob. At last I am obliged to tell him all. Just before we left home, a little Christmas bill popped in at the door, and emptied my purse at the threshold. I forgot all about the transaction, and had to borrow half-a-crown from John Coachman

to pay for our entrance into the Palace of Delight. *Now* you see, Bob, why I could not treat you on that second of January, when we drove to the Palace together; when the girls and boys were sliding on the ponds at Dulwich; when the darkling river was full of floating ice, and the sun was like a warming-pan in the leaden sky.

One more Christmas sight we had, of course; and that sight I think I like as well as Bob himself at Christmas, and at all seasons. We went to a certain garden of delight, where, whatever your cares are, I think you can manage to forget some of them, and muse, and be not unhappy: to a garden beginning with a Z, which is as lively as Noah's ark; where the fox has brought his brush, and the cock has brought his comb, and the elephant has brought his trunk, and the kangaroo has brought his bag, and the condor his old white wig, and black satin hood. On this day it was so cold that the white bears winked their pink eyes, as they plapped up and down by their pool, and seemed to say, "Aha, this weather reminds us of dear home!" "Cold! bah! I have got such a warm coat," says brother Bruin, "I don't mind;" and he laughs on his pole and clucks down a bun. The squealing hyænas gnashed their teeth, and laughed at us quite refreshingly at their window; and, cold as it was, Tiger, Tiger, burning bright, glared at us red-hot through his bars, and snorted blasts of hell. The woolly camel leered at us quite kindly as he paced round his ring on his silent pads. We went to our favourite places. Our dear wombat came up, and had himself scratched very affably. Our fellow-creatures in the monkey-room held out their little black hands, and piteously asked us for Christmas alms. Those darling alligators on their rock winked at us in the most friendly way. The solemn eagles sat alone and scowled at us from their peaks; whilst little Tom Ratel tumbled over head and heels for us in his usual diverting manner. If I have cares on my mind, I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognise my friends, my enemies, in countless cages. I entertained the eagle, the vulture, the old billy-goat, and the black-pated, crimson-necked, blear-eyed, baggy, hook-beaked old marabou stork yesterday at dinner; and when Bob's aunt came to tea in the evening, and asked him what he had seen, he stepped up to her gravely, and said—

"First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black,
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

Chorus of Children.

Then I saw the camel with a HUMP upon his back!

Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant with his waving trunk,
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly
they——smelt!"

There! No one can beat that piece of wit, can he, Bob? And so it is all over; but we had a jolly time, whilst you were with us, hadn't we? Present my respects to the Doctor; and I hope, my boy, we may spend another merry Christmas next year.

ON A CHALK-MARK ON THE DOOR

ON the door-post of the house of a friend of mine, a few inches above the lock, is a little chalk-mark, which some sportive boy in passing has probably scratched on the pillar. The door-steps, the lock, handle, and so forth, are kept decently enough; but this chalk-mark, I suppose some three inches out of the housemaid's beat, has already been on the door for more than a fortnight, and I wonder whether it will be there whilst this paper is being written, whilst it is at the printer's, and, in fine, until the month passes over? I wonder whether the servants in that house will read these remarks about the chalk-mark? That the *Cornhill Magazine* is taken in in that house I know. In fact I have seen it there. In fact I have read it there. In fact I have written it there. In a word, the house to which I allude is mine—the "editor's private residence," to which, in spite of prayers, entreaties, commands, and threats, authors, and ladies especially, *will* send their communications, although they won't understand that they injure their own interests by so doing; for how is a man who has his own work to do, his own exquisite inventions to form and perfect –Maria to rescue from the unprincipled Earl—the atrocious General to confound in his own machinations—the angelic Dean to promote to a bishopric, and so forth—how is a man to do all this, under a hundred interruptions, and keep his nerves and temper in that just and equable state in which they ought to be when he comes to assume the critical office? As you will send here, ladies, I must tell you you have a much worse chance than if you forward your valuable articles to Cornhill. Here your papers arrive, at dinner-time, we will say. Do you suppose that is a pleasant period, and that we are to criticise you between the *ovum* and *malum*, between the soup and the dessert? I have touched, I think, on this subject before. I say again, if you want real justice shown you, don't send your papers to the private residence. At home, for instance, yesterday, having given strict orders that I was to receive nobody, "except on business," do you suppose a smiling young Scottish gentleman, who forced himself into my

study, and there announced himself as agent of a Cattle-food Company, was received with pleasure? There, as I sat in my arm-chair, suppose he had proposed to draw a couple of my teeth, would I have been pleased? I could have throttled that agent. I daresay the whole of that day's work will be found tinged with a ferocious misanthropy, occasioned by my clever young friend's intrusion. Cattle-food indeed! As if beans, oats, warm mashes, and a ball, are to be pushed down a man's throat just as he is meditating on the great social problem, or (for I think it was my epic I was going to touch up) just as he was about to soar to the height of the empyrean!

Having got my cattle-agent out of the door, I resume my consideration of that little mark on the door-post, which is scored up as the text of the present little sermon; and which I hope will relate, not to chalk, nor to any of its special uses or abuses (such as milk, neck-powder, and the like), but to servants. Surely ours might remove that unseemly little mark. Suppose it were on my coat, might I not request its removal? I remember, when I was at school, a little careless boy, upon whose forehead an ink-mark remained, and was perfectly recognisable for three weeks after its first appearance. May I take any notice of this chalk-stain on the forehead of my house? Whose business is it to wash that forehead? and ought I to fetch a brush and a little hot water, and wash it off myself?

Yes. But that spot removed, why not come down at six, and wash the doorsteps? I daresay the early rising and exercise would do me a great deal of good. The housemaid, in that case, might lie in bed a little later, and have her tea and the morning paper brought to her in bed: then, of course, Thomas would expect to be helped about the boots and knives; cook about the saucepans, dishes, and what not; the lady's-maid would want somebody to take the curl-papers out of her hair, and get her bath ready. You should have a set of servants for the servants, and these under-servants should have slaves to wait on them. The king commands the first lord in waiting to desire the second lord to intimate to the gentleman usher to request the page of the antechamber to entreat the groom of the stairs to implore John to ask the captain of the buttons to desire the maid of the still-room to beg the housekeeper to give out a few more lumps of sugar, as his Majesty has none for his coffee, which probably is getting cold during the negotiation. In our little Brentfords we are all kings, more or less. There are orders, gradations, hierarchies, everywhere. In your house and mine there are mysteries unknown to us. I am not going into the horrid old question of "followers." I don't mean cousins from the country,

YOUTHFUL PIRATES.

love-stricken policemen, or gentlemen in mufti from Knightsbridge Barracks; but people who have an occult right on the premises; the uncovenanted servants of the house; grey women who are seen at evening with baskets flitting about area-railings; dingy shawls which drop your furtive curtseys in your neighbourhood; demure little Jacks, who start up from behind boxes in the pantry. Those outsiders wear Thomas's crest and livery, and call him "Sir"; those silent women address the female servants as "Mum," and curtsey before them, squaring their arms over their wretched lean aprons. Then, again, those *servi servorum* have dependants in the vast, silent, poverty-stricken world outside your comfortable kitchen fire, in the world of darkness, and hunger, and miserable cold, and dank flagged cellars, and huddled straw, and rags, in which pale children are swarming. It may be your beer (which runs with great volubility) has a pipe or two which communicates with those dark caverns where hopeless anguish pours the groan, and would scarce see light but for a scrap or two of candle which has been whipped away from your worship's kitchen. Not many years ago —I don't know whether before or since that white mark was drawn on the door—a lady occupied the confidential place of housemaid in this "private residence," who brought a good character, who seemed to have a cheerful temper, whom I used to hear clattering and bumping overhead or on the stairs long before daylight—there, I say, was poor Camilla, scouring the plain, trundling, and brushing, and clattering with her pans and brooms, and humming at her work. Well, she had established a smuggling communication of beer over the area frontier. This neat-handed Phyllis used to pack up the nicest baskets of my provender, and convey them to somebody outside—I believe, on my conscience, to some poor friend in distress. Camilla was consigned to her doom. She was sent back to her friends in the country: and when she was gone we heard of many of her faults. She expressed herself, when displeased, in language that I shall not repeat. As for the beer and meat, there was no mistake about them. But *après?* Can I have the heart to be very angry with that poor jade for helping another poorer jade out of my larder? On your honour and conscience, when you were a boy, and the apples looked temptingly over Farmer Quarringdon's hedge, did you never——? When there was a grand dinner at home, and you were sliding, with Master Bacon, up and down the stairs, and the dishes came out, did you ever do such a thing as just to——? Well, in many and many a respect servants are like children. They are under domination. They are subject to reproof, to ill-temper, to petty exactions and stupid tyrannies not seldom. They scheme, conspire, fawn, and are hypocrites. "Little

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boys should not loll on chairs." "Little girls should be seen, and not heard;" and so forth. Have we not almost all learnt these expressions of old foozles: and uttered them ourselves when in the square-toed state? The Eton master who was breaking a lance with our Paterfamilias of late, turned on Paterfamilias, saying, He knows not the nature and exquisite candour of well-bred English boys. Exquisite fiddlestick's end, Mr. Master! Do you mean for to go for to tell us that the relations between young gentlemen and their schoolmasters are entirely frank and cordial; that the lad is familiar with the man who can have him flogged; never shirks his exercises; never gets other boys to do his verses; never does other boys' verses; never breaks bounds; never tells fibs—I mean the fibs permitted by scholastic honour? Did I know of a boy who pretended to such a character, I would forbid my scapegraces to keep company with him. Did I know a schoolmaster who pretended to believe in the existence of many hundred such boys in one school at one time, I would set that man down as a baby in knowledge of the world. "Who was making that noise?" "I don't know, sir."—And he knows it was the boy next him in school. "Who was climbing over that wall?" "I don't know, sir."—And it is in the speaker's own trousers, very likely, the glass-bottle tops have left their cruel scars. And so with servants. "Who ate up the three pigeons which went down in the pigeon-pie at breakfast this morning?" "Oh dear me! sir, it was John, who went away last month!"—or, "I think it was Miss Mary's canary-bird, which got out of the cage, and is so fond of pigeons, it never can have enough of them." Yes, it *was* the canary-bird; and Eliza saw it; and Eliza is ready to vow she did. These statements are not true; but please don't call them lies. This is not lying; this is voting with your party. You *must* back your own side. The servants'-hall stands by the servants'-hall against the dining-room. The schoolboys don't tell tales of each other. They agree not to choose to know who has made the noise, who has broken the window, who has eaten up the pigeons, who has picked all the plover's eggs out of the aspic, how it is that liqueur brandy of Gledstane's is in such porous glass bottles—and so forth. Suppose Brutus had a footman, who came and told him that the butler drank the curaçoa: which of these servants would you dismiss?—the butler, perhaps, but the footman certainly.

No. If your plate and glass are beautifully bright, your bell quickly answered, and Thomas ready, neat, and good-humoured, you are not to expect absolute truth from him. The very obsequiousness and perfection of his service prevents truth. He may be ever so unwell in mind or body, and he must go through his service—

hand the shining plate, replenish the spotless glass, lay the glittering fork—never laugh when you yourself or your guests joke—be profoundly attentive, and yet look utterly impassive—exchange a few hurried curses at the door with that unseen slavey who ministers without, and with you be perfectly calm and polite. If you are ill, he will come twenty times in an hour to your bell; or leave the girl of his heart—his mother, who is going to America—his dearest friend, who has come to say farewell—his lunch, and his glass of beer just freshly poured out—any or all of these, if the door-bell rings, or the master calls out "THOMAS" from the hall. Do you suppose you can expect absolute candour from a man whom you may order to powder his hair? As between the Reverend Henry Holyshade and his pupil, the idea of entire unreserve is utter bosh: so the truth as between you and Jeames or Thomas, or Mary the housemaid, or Betty the cook, is relative, and not to be demanded on one side or the other. Why, respectful civility is itself a lie, which poor Jeames often has to utter or perform to many a swaggering vulgarian, who should black Jeames's boots, did Jeames wear them and not shoes. There is your little Tom, just ten, ordering the great, large, quiet, orderly young man about—shrieking calls for hot water—bullying Jeames because the boots are not varnished enough, or ordering him to go to the stables, and ask Jenkins why the deuce Tomkins hasn't brought his pony round—or what you will. There is mamma rapping the knuckles of Pincot the lady's-maid, and little Miss scolding Martha, who waits up five pair of stairs in the nursery. Little Miss, Tommy, papa, mamma, you all expect from Martha, from Pincot, from Jenkins, from Jeames, obsequious civility and willing service. My dear good people, you can't have truth too. Suppose you ask for your newspaper, and Jeames says, "I'm reading it, and jest beg not to be disturbed;" or suppose you ask for a can of water, and he remarks, "You great big 'ulking fellar, ain't you big enough to bring it hup yoursulf?" what would your feelings be? Now, if you made similar proposals or requests to Mr. Jones next door, this is the kind of answer Jones would give you. You get truth habitually from equals only; so my good Mr. Holyshade, don't talk to me about the habitual candour of the young Etonian of high birth, or I have my own opinion of *your* candour or discernment when you do. No. Tom Bowling is the soul of honour and has been true to Black-eyed Syousan since the last time they parted at Wapping Old Stairs; but do you suppose Tom is perfectly frank, familiar, and above-board in his conversation with Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.? There are secrets, prevarications, fibs, if you will, between Tom and the Admiral—between your crew and *their* captain. I know I hire a worthy,

clean, agreeable, and conscientious male or female hypocrite, at so many guineas a year, to do so and so for me. Were he other than hypocrite I would send him about his business. Don't let my displeasure be too fierce with him for a fib or two on his own account.

Some dozen years ago, my family being absent in a distant part of the country, and my business detaining me in London, I remained in my own house with three servants on board wages. I used only to breakfast at home; and future ages will be interested to know that this meal used to consist, at that period, of tea, a penny roll, a pat of butter, and, perhaps, an egg. My weekly bill used invariably to be about fifty shillings; so that as I never dined in the house, you see, my breakfast, consisting of the delicacies before mentioned, cost about seven shillings and threepence per diem. I must, therefore, have consumed daily—

	s.	*d.*
A quarter of a pound of tea (say) . . .	1	3
A penny roll (say)	1	0
One pound of butter (say)	1	3
One pound of lump sugar	1	0
A new-laid egg	2	9

Which is the only possible way in which I can make out the sum.

Well, I fell ill while under this regimen, and had an illness which but for a certain doctor, who was brought to me by a certain kind friend I had in those days, would, I think, have prevented the possibility of my telling this interesting anecdote now a dozen years after. Don't be frightened, my dear madam; it is not a horrid sentimental account of a malady you are coming to—only a question of grocery. This illness, I say, lasted some seventeen days, during which the servants were admirably attentive and kind; and poor John, especially, was up at all hours, watching night after night—amiable, cheerful, untiring, respectful, the very best of Johns and nurses.

Twice or thrice in the seventeen days I may have had a glass of *eau sucrée*—say half-a-dozen glasses of *eau sucrée*—certainly not more. Well, this admirable, watchful, cheerful, tender, affectionate John brought me in a little bill for seventeen pounds of sugar consumed during the illness—"Often 'ad sugar-and-water; always was a-callin' for it," says John, wagging his head quite gravely. You are dead, years and years ago, poor John—so patient, so friendly, so kind, so cheerful to the invalid in the fever. But confess, now, wherever you are, that seventeen pounds of sugar to make six glasses of *eau sucrée* was a *little* too strong, wasn't it,

John? Ah, how frankly, how trustily, how bravely he lied, poor John! One evening, being at Brighton in the convalescence, I remember John's step was unsteady, his voice thick, his laugh queer—and having some quinine to give me, John brought the glass to me—not to my mouth, but struck me with it pretty smartly in the eye, which was not the way in which Doctor Elliotson had intended his prescription should be taken. Turning that eye upon him, I ventured to hint that my attendant had been drinking. Drinking! I never was more humiliated at the thought of my own injustice than at John's reply. "Drinking! Sulp me! I have had ony an 'alf-pint of beer with my dinner at one o'clock!" and he retreats, holding on by a chair. These are fibs, you see, appertaining to the situation. John is drunk. "*Sulp* him, he has only had an 'alf-pint of beer with his dinner six hours ago:" and none of his fellow-servants will say otherwise. Polly is smuggled on board ship. Who tells the lieutenant when he comes his rounds? Boys are playing cards in the bedroom. The outlying fag announces master coming—out go candles—cards popped into bed—boys sound asleep. Who had that light in the dormitory? Law bless you! the poor dear innocents are every one snoring. Every one snoring, and every snore is a lie told through the nose! Suppose one of your boys or mine is engaged in that awful crime, are we going to break our hearts about it? Come, come. We pull a long face, waggle a grave head, and chuckle within our waistcoats.

Between me and those fellow-creatures of mine who are sitting in the room below, how strange and wonderful is the partition! We meet at every hour of the daylight, and are indebted to each other for a hundred offices of duty and comfort of life; and we live together for years, and don't know each other. John's voice to me is quite different from John's voice when it addresses his mates below. If I met Hannah in the street with a bonnet on, I doubt whether I should know her. And all these good people with whom I may live for years and years, have cares, interests, dear friends and relatives, mayhap schemes, passions, longing hopes, tragedies of their own, from which a carpet and a few planks and beams utterly separate me. When we were at the seaside, and poor Ellen used to look so pale, and run after the postman's bell, and seize a letter in a great scrawling hand, and read it, and cry in a corner, how should we know that the poor little thing's heart was breaking? She fetched the water, and she smoothed the ribbons, and she laid out the dresses, and brought the early cup of tea in the morning just as if she had had no cares to keep her awake. Henry (who lived out of the house) was a servant of a friend of mine, who lived in chambers. There was a dinner one day, and Henry waited all

through the dinner. The champagne was properly iced, the dinner was excellently served; every guest was attended to; the dinner disappeared; the dessert was set; the claret was in perfect order, carefully decanted, and more ready. And then Henry said, "If you please, sir, may I go home?" He had received word that his house was on fire; and having seen through his dinner, he wished to go and look after his children, and little sticks of furniture. Why, such a man's livery is a uniform of honour. The crest on his button is a badge of bravery.

Do you see—I imagine I do myself—in these little instances, a tinge of humour? Ellen's heart is breaking for handsome Jeames of Buckley Square, whose great legs are kneeling, and who has given a lock of his precious powdered head, to some other than Ellen. Henry is preparing the sauce for his master's wild-ducks while the engines are squirting over his own little nest and brood. Lift these figures up but a story from the basement to the ground-floor, and the fun is gone. We may be *en pleine tragédie*. Ellen may breathe her last sigh in blank verse, calling down blessings upon James the profligate who deserts her. Henry is a hero, and epaulettes are on his shoulders. *Atqui sciebat*, &c.: whatever tortures are in store for him, he will be at his post of duty.

You concede, however, that there is a touch of humour in the two tragedies here mentioned. Why? Is it that the idea of persons in service is somehow ludicrous? Perhaps it is made more so in this country by the splendid appearance of the liveried domestics of great people. When you think that we dress in black ourselves, and put our fellow-creatures in green, pink, or canary-coloured breeches; that we order them to plaster their hair with flour, having brushed that nonsense out of our own heads fifty years ago; that some of the most genteel and stately among us cause the men who drive their carriages to put on little albino wigs, and sit behind great nosegays—I say I suppose it is this heaping of gold lace, gaudy colours, blooming plushes, on honest John Trot, which makes the man absurd in our eyes, who need be nothing but a simple reputable citizen and indoor labourer. Suppose, my dear sir, that you yourself were suddenly desired to put on a full dress, or even undress, domestic uniform with our friend Jones's crest repeated in varied combinations of button on your front and back? Suppose, madam, your son were told, that he could not get out except in lower garments of carnation or amber-coloured plush—would you let him? . . . But, as you justly say, this is not the question, and besides it is a question fraught with danger, sir; and radicalism, sir; and subversion of the very foundations of the social fabric, sir. . . . Well, John, we won't enter on your great domestic ques-

tion. Don't let us disport with Jeames's dangerous strength, and the edge-tools about his knife-board: but with Betty and Susan who wield the playful mop, and set on the simmering kettle. Surely you have heard Mrs. Toddles talking to Mrs. Doddles about their mutual maids. Miss Susan must have a silk gown, and Miss Betty must wear flowers under her bonnet when she goes to church if you please, and did you ever hear such impudence? The servant in many small establishments is a constant and endless theme of talk. What small wage, sleep, meal, what endless scouring, scolding, tramping on messages fall to that poor Susan's lot; what indignation at the little kindly passing word with the grocer's young man, the pot-boy, the chubby butcher! Where such things will end, my dear Mrs. Toddles, I don't know. What wages they will want next, my dear Mrs. Doddles, &c.

Here, dear ladies, is an advertisement which I cut out of the *Times* a few days since, expressly for you:—

"A LADY is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION for a very respectable young woman as HEAD KITCHEN-MAID under a man-cook. She has lived four years under a very good cook and housekeeper. Can make ice, and is an excellent baker. She will only take a place in a very good family, where she can have the opportunity of improving herself, and, if possible, staying for two years. Apply by letter to," &c. &c.

There, Mrs. Toddles, what do you think of that, and did you ever? Well, no, Mrs. Doddles. Upon my word now, Mrs. T., I don't think I ever did. A respectable young woman—as head kitchen-maid—under a man-cook, will only take a place in a very good family, where she can improve, and stay two years. Just note up the conditions, Mrs. Toddles, mum, if you please, mum, and *then* let us see:—

1. This young woman is to be HEAD kitchen-maid, that is to say, there is to be a chorus of kitchen-maids, of which Y. W. is to be chief.

2. She will only be situated under a man-cook. (A) Ought he to be a French cook; and (B), if so, would the lady desire him to be a Protestant?

3. She will only take a place in a *very good family*. How old ought the family to be, and what do you call good? that is the question. How long after the Conquest will do?

Would a banker's family do, or is a baronet's good enough? Best say what rank in the peerage would be sufficiently high. But the lady does not say whether she would like a High Church or a Low Church family. Ought there to be unmarried sons, and may they follow a profession? and please say how many daughters; and would the lady like them to be musical? And how many company dinners a week? Not too many, for fear of fatiguing the upper kitchen-maid; but sufficient, so as to keep the upper kitchen-maid's hand in. [N.B.—I think I can see a rather bewildered expression on the countenances of Mesdames Doddles and Toddles as I am prattling on in this easy bantering way.]

4. The head kitchen-maid wishes to stay for two years, and improve herself under the man-cook, and having of course sucked the brains (as the phrase is) from under the chef's nightcap, then the head kitchen-maid wishes to go.

And upon my word, Mrs. Toddles, mum, I will go and fetch the cab for her. The cab? Why not her Ladyship's own carriage and pair, and the head coachman to drive away the head kitchen-maid? You see she stipulates for everything—the time to come; the time to stay; the family she will be with; and as soon as she has improved herself enough, of course the upper kitchen maid will step into the carriage and drive off.

Well, upon my word and conscience, if things are coming to *this* pass, Mrs. Toddles and Mrs. Doddles, mum, I think I will go upstairs and get a basin and a sponge, and then downstairs and get some hot water; and then I will go and scrub the chalk-mark off my own door with my own hands.

It is wiped off, I declare! After ever so many weeks! Who has done it? It was just a little roundabout mark, you know, and it was there for days and weeks, before I ever thought it would be the text of a Roundabout Paper.

ON BEING FOUND OUT

AT the close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool- or hen-house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the schoolroom; and all their hands were black too.

By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle, this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was: cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!—Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we

are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out!

Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the headmaster (Doctor Badford let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for the faulty exercises, fancy Doctor Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a Bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the Bishop, what are we to say to the Minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really . . . *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honour to move. Is it not a mercy that so many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is for ever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and

whom they admire so. Ah me! what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife, and . . . but I pause—I know that this Magazine * has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million read it. And amongst these countless readers, I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy receipt—it seems to me almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been the means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say, whereof I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oak-room opposite the fireplace, with the little bronze Shakspeare on the mantelpiece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "Oh, sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" Ah, Delia! dear dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that)—Ah, my bride, my ringdove, my rose, my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sunshine of

* The *Cornhill Magazine*.

my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned existence, it is because I *do* know a little about you that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coincidences how we are being found out every day. You remember that old story of the Abbé Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was—from a murderer let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, abbé!" says the brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here? Gentlemen and ladies! I was the abbé's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

To be sure how queerly things are found out! Here is an instance. Only the other day I was writing in these Roundabout Papers about a certain man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had abused me to my friends, who of course told me. Shortly after that paper was published another friend—Sacks let us call him—scowls fiercely at me as I am sitting in perfect good-humour at the club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A quarrel. Sacks thinks it is about him that I was writing: whereas, upon my honour and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me too? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He has winced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head into it! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out; but I bear you no malice, my man.

And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce moustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it: brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass amongst my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows. My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to

reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been snivelling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not? The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s 'Life of Goody Two-Shoes' is a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, a noble and enduring monument to the fame of that admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp;* and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher, and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo"? —a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzza, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who you know has found you out; or *vice versâ*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try to sleep, with this dread of being found

out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bullseye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph, I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-bye, Doll Tearsheet! Good-bye, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And an assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too.

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

ON A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

WHERE have I just read of a game played at a country house? The party assembles round a table with pens, ink, and paper. Some one narrates a tale containing more or less incidents and personages. Each person of the company then writes down, to the best of his memory and ability, the anecdote just narrated, and finally the papers are to be read out. I do not say I should like to play often at this game, which might possibly be a tedious and lengthy pastime, not by any means so amusing as smoking a cigar in the conservatory; or even listening to the young ladies playing their piano-pieces; or to Hobbs and Nobbs lingering round the bottle and talking over the morning's run with the hounds; but surely it is a moral and ingenious sport. They say the variety of narratives is often very odd and amusing. The original story becomes so changed and distorted that at the end of all the statements you are puzzled to know where the truth is at all. As time is of small importance to the cheerful persons engaged in this sport, perhaps a good way of playing it would be to spread it over a couple of years. Let the people who played the game in '60 all meet and play it once more in '61, and each write his story over again. Then bring out your original and compare notes. Not only will the stories differ from each other, but the writers will probably differ from themselves. In the course of the year the incidents will grow or will dwindle strangely. The least authentic of the statements will be so lively or so malicious, or so neatly put, that it will appear most like the truth. I like these tales and sportive exercises. I had begun a little print collection once. I had Addison in his nightgown in bed at Holland House, requesting young Lord Warwick to remark how a Christian should die. I had Cambronne clutching his cocked-hat, and uttering the immortal "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas." I had the *Vengeur* going down, and all the crew hurraying like madmen. I had Alfred toasting the muffin; Curtius (Haydon) jumping into the gulf; with extracts from Napoleon's bulletins, and a fine authentic portrait of Baron Munchausen.

What man who has been before the public at all has not heard

similar wonderful anecdotes regarding himself and his own history? In these humble essaykins I have taken leave to egotise. I cry out about the shoes which pinch me, and, as I fancy, more naturally and pathetically than if my neighbour's corns were trodden under foot. I prattle about the dish which I love, the wine which I like, the talk I heard yesterday—about Brown's absurd airs—Jones's ridiculous elation when he thinks he has caught me in a blunder (a part of the fun, you see, is that Jones will read this, and will perfectly well know that I mean him, and that we shall meet and grin at each other with entire politeness). This is not the highest kind of speculation, I confess, but it is a gossip which amuses some folks. A brisk and honest small-beer, will refresh those who do not care for the frothy outpourings of heavier taps. A two of clubs may be a good handy little card sometimes, and able to tackle a king of diamonds, if it is a little trump. Some philosophers get their wisdom with deep thought, and out of ponderous libraries; I pick up my small crumbs of cogitation at a dinner-table; or from Mrs. Mary and Miss Louisa, as they are prattling over their five-o'clock tea.

Well, yesterday at dinner, Jucundus was good enough to tell me a story about myself, which he had heard from a lady of his acquaintance, to whom I send my best compliments. The tale is this. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 31st of November last, just before sunset, I was seen leaving No. 96 Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, leading two little children by the hand, one of them in a nankeen pelisse, and the other having a mole on the third finger of his left hand (she thinks it was the third finger, but is quite sure it was the left hand). Thence I walked with them to Charles Boroughbridge's, pork and sausage man, No. 29 Upper Theresa Road. Here, whilst I left the little girl innocently eating a polony in the front shop, I and Boroughbridge retired with the boy into the back parlour, where Mrs. Boroughbridge was playing cribbage. She put up the cards and boxes, took out a chopper and a napkin, and we cut the little boy's little throat (which he bore with great pluck and resolution), and made him into sausage-meat by the aid of Purkis's excellent sausage-machine. The little girl at first could not understand her brother's absence, but, under the pretence of taking her to see Mr. Fechter in *Hamlet*, I led her down to the New River at Sadler's Wells, where a body of a child in a nankeen pelisse was subsequently found, and has never been recognised to the present day. And this Mrs. Lynx can aver, because she saw the whole transaction with her own eyes, as she told Mr. Jucundus.

I have altered the little details of the anecdote somewhat. But

this story is, I vow and declare, as true as Mrs. Lynx's. Gracious goodness! how do lies begin? What are the averages of lying? Is the same amount of lies told about every man, and do we pretty much all tell the same amount of lies? Is the average greater in Ireland than in Scotland, or *vice versâ*—among women than among men? Is this a lie I am telling now? If I am talking about you, the odds are, perhaps, that it is. I look back at some which have been told about me, and speculate on them with thanks and wonder. Dear friends have told them of me, have told them to me of myself. Have they not to and of you, dear friend? A friend of mine was dining at a large dinner of clergymen, and a story, as true as the sausage story above given, was told regarding me, by one of those reverend divines in whose frocks sit some anile chatterboxes, as any man who knows this world knows. They take the privilege of their gown. They cabal, and tattle, and hiss, and cackle comminations under their breath. I say the old women of the other sex are not more talkative or more mischievous than some of these. "Such a man ought not to be spoken to," says Gobemouche, narrating the story—and such a story! "And I am surprised he is admitted into society at all." Yes, dear Gobemouche, but the story wasn't true; and I had no more done the wicked deed in question than I had run away with the Queen of Sheba.

I have always longed to know what that story was (or what collection of histories), which a lady had in her mind to whom a servant of mine applied for a place, when I was breaking up my establishment once, and going abroad. Brown went with a very good character from us, which, indeed, she fully deserved after several years' faithful service. But when Mrs. Jones read the name of the person out of whose employment Brown came, "That is quite sufficient," says Mrs. Jones. "You may go. I will never take a servant out of *that* house." Ah, Mrs. Jones, how I should like to know what that crime was, or what that series of villanies, which made you determine never to take a servant out of my house. Do you believe in the story of the little boy and the sausages? Have you swallowed that little minced infant? Have you devoured that young Polonius? Upon my word you have maw enough. We somehow greedily gobble down all stories in which the characters of our friends are chopped up, and believe wrong of them without inquiry. In a late serial work written by this hand, I remember making some pathetic remarks about our propensity to believe ill of our neighbours—and I remember the remarks, not because they were valuable, or novel, or ingenious, but because, within three days after they had appeared in print, the moralist who wrote them, walking home with a friend, heard a story about another

friend, which story he straightway believed, and which story was scarcely more true than that sausage fable which is here set down. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* But though the preacher trips, shall not the doctrine be good? Yea, brethren! Here be the rods. Look you, here are the scourges. Choose me a nice long, swishing, buddy one, light and well poised in the handle, thick and bushy at the tail. Pick me out a whip-cord thong with some dainty knots in it—and now—we all deserve it—whish, whish, whish! Let us cut into each other all round.

A favourite liar and servant of mine was a man I once had to drive a brougham. He never came to my house, except for orders, and once when he helped to wait at dinner, so clumsily that it was agreed we would dispense with his further efforts. The (job) brougham horse used to look dreadfully lean and tired, and the livery-stable keeper complained that we worked him too hard. Now, it turned out that there was a neighbouring butcher's lady who liked to ride in a brougham; and Tomkins lent her ours, drove her cheerfully to Richmond and Putney, and, I suppose, took out a payment in mutton-chops. We gave this good Tomkins wine and medicine for his family when sick—we supplied him with little comforts and extras which need not now be remembered—and the grateful creature rewarded us by informing some of our tradesmen whom he honoured with his custom, "Mr. Roundabout? Lor' bless you! I carry him up to bed drunk every night in the week." He, Tomkins, being a man of seven stone weight and five feet high; whereas his employer was—but here modesty interferes, and I decline to enter into the avoirdupois question.

Now, what was Tomkins's motive for the utterance and dissemination of these lies? They could further no conceivable end or interest of his own. Had they been true stories, Tomkins's master would, and reasonably, have been still more angry than at the fables. It was but suicidal slander on the part of Tomkins—must come to a discovery—must end in a punishment. The poor wretch had got his place under, as it turned out, a fictitious character. He might have stayed in it, for of course Tomkins had a wife and poor innocent children. He might have had bread, beer, bed, character, coats, coals. He might have nestled in our little island, comfortably sheltered from the storms of life; but we were compelled to cast him out, and send him driving, lonely, perishing, tossing, starving, to sea—to drown. To drown? There be other modes of death whereby rogues die. Good-bye, Tomkins. And so the nightcap is put on, and the bolt is drawn for poor T.

Suppose we were to invite volunteers amongst our respected readers to send in little statements of the lies which they know

have been told about themselves: what a heap of correspondence, what an exaggeration of malignities, what a crackling bonfire of incendiary falsehoods, might we not gather together! And a lie once set going, having the breath of life breathed into it by the father of lying, and ordered to run its diabolical little course, lives with a prodigious vitality. You say, "Magna est veritas et prævalebit." Psha! Great lies are as great as great truths, and prevail constantly, and day after day. Take an instance or two out of my own little budget. I sit near a gentleman at dinner, and the conversation turns upon a certain anonymous literary performance which at the time is amusing the town. "Oh," says the gentleman, "everybody knows who wrote that paper: it is Momus's." I was a young author at the time, perhaps proud of my bantling: "I beg your pardon," I say, "it was written by your humble servant." "Indeed!" was all that the man replied, and he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and talked to his other neighbour. I never heard sarcastic incredulity more finely conveyed than by that "indeed." "Impudent liar," the gentleman's face said, as clear as face could speak. Where was Magna Veritas, and how did she prevail then? She lifted up her voice, she made her appeal, and she was kicked out of court. In New York I read a newspaper criticism one day (by an exile from our shores who has taken up his abode in the Western Republic), commenting upon a letter of mine which had appeared in a contemporary volume, and wherein it was stated that the writer was a lad in such and such a year, and in point of fact, I was, at the period spoken of, nineteen years of age. "Falsehood, Mr. Roundabout," says the noble critic: "you were then not a lad; you were then six-and-twenty years of age." You see he knew better than papa and mamma and parish register. It was easier for him to think and say I lied, on a twopenny matter connected with my own affairs, than to imagine he was mistaken. Years ago, in a time when we were very mad wags, Arcturus and myself met a gentleman from China who knew the language. We began to speak Chinese against him. We said we were born in China. We were two to one. We spoke the mandarin dialect with perfect fluency. We had the company with us; as in the old old days, the squeak of the real pig was voted not to be so natural as the squeak of the sham pig. O Arcturus, the sham pig squeaks in our streets now to the applause of multitudes, and the real porker grunts unheeded in his sty!

I once talked for some little time with an amiable lady: it was for the first time; and I saw an expression of surprise on her kind face which said as plainly as face could say, "Sir, do you know that up to this moment I have had a certain opinion of you, and that I

begin to think I have been mistaken or misled?" I not only know that she had heard evil reports of me, but I know who told her—one of those acute fellows, my dear brethren, of whom we spoke in a previous sermon, who has found me out—found out actions which I never did, found out thoughts and sayings which I never spoke, and judged me accordingly. Ah, my lad! have I found *you* out? *O, risum teneatis.* Perhaps the person I am accusing is no more guilty than I.

How comes it that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, whilst our good kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbour is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly unrelishing meat.

Now, such being the case, my dear worthy Mrs. Candour, in whom I know there are a hundred good and generous qualities: it being perfectly clear that the good things which we say of our neighbours don't fructify, but somehow perish in the ground where they are dropped, whilst the evil words are wafted by all the winds of scandal, take root in all soils, and flourish amazingly—seeing, I say, that this conversation does not give us a fair chance, suppose we give up censoriousness altogether, and decline uttering our opinions about Brown, Jones, and Robinson (and Mesdames B., J., and R.) at all. We may be mistaken about every one of them, as, please goodness, those anecdote-mongers against whom I have uttered my meek protest have been mistaken about me. We need not go to the extent of saying that Mrs. Manning was an amiable creature much misunderstood; and Jack Thurtell a gallant unfortunate fellow, not near so black as he was painted; but we will try and avoid personalities altogether in talk, won't we? We will range the fields of science, dear madam, and communicate to each other the pleasing results of our studies. We will, if you please, examine the infinitesimal wonders of nature through the microscope. We will cultivate entomology. We will sit with our arms round each other's waists on the *pons asinorum*, and see the stream of mathematics flow beneath. We will take refuge in cards, and play at "beggar my neighbour," not abuse my neighbour. We will go to the Zoological Gardens and talk freely about the gorilla and his kindred, but not talk about people who can talk in their turn. Suppose we praise the High Church? we offend the Low Church. The Broad Church? High and Low are both offended. What do

you think of Lord Derby as a politician? And what is your opinion of Lord Palmerston? If you please, will you play me those lovely variations of "In a cottage near a wood"? It is a charming air (you know it in French, I suppose? *Ah! te dirai-je, maman?*) and was a favourite with poor Marie Antoinette. I say "poor," because I have a right to speak with pity of a sovereign who was renowned for so much beauty and so much misfortune. But as for giving any opinion on her conduct, saying that she was good or bad, or indifferent, goodness forbid! We have agreed we will not be censorious. Let us have a game at cards—at *écarté*, if you please. You deal. I ask for cards. I lead the deuce of clubs. . . .

What? there is no deuce! Deuce take it! What? People *will* go on talking about their neighbours, and won't have their mouths stopped by cards, or ever so much microscopes and aquariums? Ah, my poor dear Mrs. Candour, I agree with you. By the way, did you ever see anything like Lady Godiva Trotter's dress last night? People *will* go on chattering, although we hold our tongues; and, after all, my good soul, what will their scandal matter a hundred years hence?

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE

NOT long since, at a certain banquet, I had the good fortune to sit by Doctor Polymathesis, who knows everything, and who, about the time when the claret made its appearance, mentioned that old dictum of the grumbling Oxford don, that "ALL CLARET *would be port if it could!*" Imbibing a bumper of one or the other not ungratefully, I thought to myself, "Here, surely, Mr. Roundabout, is a good text for one of your reverence's sermons." Let us apply to the human race, dear brethren, what is here said of the vintages of Portugal and Gascony, and we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how many clarets aspire to be ports in their way; how most men and women of our acquaintance, how we ourselves, are Aquitainians giving ourselves Lusitanian airs: how we wish to have credit for being stronger, braver, more beautiful, more worthy than we really are.

Nay, the beginning of this hypocrisy—a desire to excel, a desire to be hearty, fruity, generous, strength-imparting—is a virtuous and noble ambition; and it is most difficult for a man in his own case, or his neighbour's, to say at what point this ambition transgresses the boundary of virtue, and becomes vanity, pretence, and self-seeking. You are a poor man, let us say, showing a bold face to adverse fortune, and wearing a confident aspect. Your purse is very narrow, but you owe no man a penny; your means are scanty, but your wife's gown is decent; your old coat well brushed; your children at a good school; you grumble to no one; ask favours of no one; truckle to no neighbours on account of their superior rank, or (a worse, and a meaner and a more common crime still) envy none for their better fortune. To all outward appearances you are as well to do as your neighbours, who have thrice your income. There may be in this case some little mixture of pretension in your life and behaviour. You certainly *do* put on a smiling face whilst fortune is pinching you. Your wife and girls, so smart and neat at evening parties, are cutting, patching, and cobbling all day to make both ends of life's haberdashery meet. You give a friend a bottle of wine on occasion, but are content yourself with a glass of whisky

and-water. You avoid a cab, saying that of all things you like to walk home after dinner (which you know, my good friend, is a fib). I grant you that in this scheme of life there does enter ever so little hypocrisy; that this claret is loaded, as it were; but your desire to *portify* yourself is amiable, is pardonable, is perhaps honourable: and were there no other hypocrisies than yours in the world we should be a set of worthy fellows; and sermonisers, moralisers, satirisers would have to hold their tongues and go to some other trade to get a living.

But you know you *will* step over that boundary line of virtue and modesty, into the district where humbug and vanity begin, and there the moraliser catches you and makes an example of you. For instance, in a certain novel in another place my friend Mr. Talbot Twysden is mentioned—a man whom you and I know to be a wretched ordinaire, but who persists in treating himself as if he was the finest '20 port. In our Britain there are hundreds of men like him; for ever striving to swell beyond their natural size, to strain beyond their natural strength, to step beyond their natural stride. Search, search within your own waistcoats, dear brethren—*you* know in your hearts which of your ordinaire qualities you would pass off, and fain consider as first-rate port. And why not you yourself, Mr. Preacher? says the congregation. Dearly beloved, neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you. A short while since, a certain Reviewer announced that I gave myself great pretensions as a philosopher. I a philosopher! I advance pretensions! My dear Saturday friend, And you? Don't you teach everything to everybody? and punish the naughty boys if they don't learn as you bid them? You teach politics to Lord John and Mr. Gladstone. You teach poets how to write; painters, how to paint; gentlemen, manners; and opera-dancers, how to pirouette. I was not a little amused of late by an instance of the modesty of our Saturday friend, who, more Athenian than the Athenians, and *à propos* of a Greek book by a Greek author, sat down and gravely showed the Greek gentleman how to write his own language.

No, I do not, as far as I know, try to be port at all; but offer in these presents, a sound genuine ordinaire, at 18s. per doz. let us say, grown on my own hillside, and offered *de bon cœur* to those who will sit down under my *tonnelle*, and have a half-hour's drink and gossip. It is none of your hot porto, my friend. I know there is much better and stronger liquor elsewhere. Some pronounce it sour; some say it is thin; some that it has woefully lost its flavour. This may or may not be true. There are good and bad years; years that surprise everybody; years of which the

produce is small and bad, or rich and plentiful. But if my tap is not genuine it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it. I do not even say that I would be port if I could; knowing that port (by which I would imply much stronger, deeper, richer, and more durable liquor than my vineyard can furnish) is not relished by all palates, or suitable to all heads. We will assume then, dear brother, that you and I are tolerably modest people; and, ourselves being thus out of the question, proceed to show how pretentious our neighbours are, and how very many of them would be port if they could.

Have you never seen a small man from college placed amongst great folk, and giving himself the airs of a man of fashion? He goes back to his common room with fond reminiscences of Ermine Castle or Strawberry Hall. He writes to the dear Countess, to say that dear Lord Lollypop is getting on very well at Saint Boniface, and that the accident which he met with in a scuffle with an inebriated bargeman only showed his spirit and honour, and will not permanently disfigure his Lordship's nose. He gets his clothes from dear Lollypop's London tailor, and wears a mauve or magenta tie when he rides out to see the hounds. A love of fashionable people is a weakness, I do not say of all, but of some tutors. Witness that Eton tutor t'other day, who intimated that in Cornhill we could not understand the perfect purity, delicacy, and refinement of those genteel families who sent their sons to Eton. O usher, *mon ami!* Old Sam Johnson, who, too, had been an usher in his early life, kept a little of that weakness always. Suppose Goldsmith had knocked him up at three in the morning and proposed a boat to Greenwich, as Topham Beauclerc and his friend did, would he have said, "What, my boy, are you for a frolic? I'm with you!" and gone and put on his clothes? Rather he would have pitched poor Goldsmith downstairs. He would have liked to be port if he could. Of course *we* wouldn't. Our opinion of the Portugal grape is known. It grows very high, and is very sour, and we don't go for that kind of grape at all.

"I was walking with Mr. Fox"—and sure this anecdote comes very pat after the grapes—"I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre," says Benjamin West (*apud* some paper I have just been reading), "and I remarked how many people turned round to look at *me*. This shows the respect of the French for the fine arts." This is a curious instance of a very small claret indeed, which imagined itself to be port of the strongest body. There are not many instances of a faith so deep, so simple, so satisfactory as this. I have met many who would like to be port; but with few of the Gascon sort, who absolutely believed they *were* port. George III.

believed in West's port, and thought Reynolds's overrated stuff. When I saw West's pictures at Philadelphia, I looked at them with astonishment and awe. Hide, blushing glory, hide your head under your old nightcap. O immortality! is this the end of you? Did any of you, my dear brethren, ever try and read "Blackmore's Poems," or the "Epics of Baour-Lormian," or the "Henriade," or—what shall we say?—Pollok's "Course of Time"? They were thought to be more lasting than brass by some people, and where are they now? And *our* masterpieces of literature—*our* ports—that, if not immortal, at any rate are to last their fifty, their hundred years—oh, sirs, don't you think a very small cellar will hold them?

Those poor people in brass, on pedestals, hectoring about Trafalgar Square and that neighbourhood, don't you think many of them—apart even from the ridiculous execution—cut rather a ridiculous figure, and that we are too eager to set up our ordinaire heroism and talent for port? A Duke of Wellington or two I will grant, though even of these idols a moderate supply will be sufficient. Some years ago a famous and witty French critic was in London, with whom I walked the streets. I am ashamed to say that I informed him (being in hopes that he was about to write some papers regarding the manners and customs of this country) that all the statues he saw represented the Duke of Wellington. That on the arch opposite Apsley House? the Duke in a cloak, and cocked-hat, on horseback. That behind Apsley House in an airy fig-leaf costume? the Duke again. That in Cockspur Street? the Duke with a pig-tail—and so on. I showed him an army of Dukes. There are many bronze heroes who after a few years look already as foolish, awkward, and out of place as a man, say at Shoolbred's or Swan & Edgar's. For example, those three Grenadiers in Pall Mall, who have been up only a few months, don't you pity those unhappy household troops, who have to stand frowning and looking fierce there; and think they would like to step down and go to barracks? That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th, and Colonel Brown and the 100th; and I say again that ordinaire should not give itself port airs, and that an honest ordinaire would blush to be found swaggering so. I am sure if you could consult the Duke of York, who is impaled on his column between the two clubs, and ask his late Royal Highness whether he thought he ought to remain there, he would say no. A brave worthy man, not a braggart or boaster, to be put upon that heroic perch must be painful to him. Lord George Bentinck, I suppose,

being in the midst of the family park in Cavendish Square, may conceive that he has a right to remain in his place. But look at William of Cumberland, with his hat cocked over his eye, prancing behind Lord George on his Roman-nosed charger: he, depend on it, would be for getting off his horse if he had the permission. He did not hesitate about trifles, as we know; but he was a very truth-telling and honourable soldier; and as for heroic rank and statuesque dignity, I would wager a dozen of '20 Port against a bottle of pure and sound Bordeaux, at 18s. per dozen (bottles included), that he never would think of claiming any such absurd distinction. They have got a statue of Thomas Moore at Dublin, I hear. Is he on horseback? Some men should have, say, a fifty years' lease of glory. After a while some gentlemen now in brass should go to the melting furnace, and reappear in some other gentleman's shape. Lately I saw that Melville column rising over Edinburgh; come, good men and true, don't you feel a little awkward and uneasy when you walk under it? Who was this to stand in heroic places? and is yon the man whom Scotchmen most delight to honour? I must own deferentially that there is a tendency in North Britain to over-esteem its heroes. Scotch ale is very good and strong, but it is not stronger than all the other beer in the world, as some Scottish patriots would insist. When there has been a war, and stout old Sandy Sansculotte returns home from India or the Crimea, what a bagpiping, shouting, hurraying, and self-glorification takes place round about him! You would fancy, to hear McOrator after dinner, that the Scotch had fought all the battles, killed all the Russians, Indian rebels, or what not. In Cupar-Fife, there's a little inn called the "Battle of Waterloo," and what do you think the sign is? (I speak from memory, to be sure.) "The Battle of Waterloo" is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broad-sword. Yes, yes, my dear Mac, you are wise, you are good, you are clever, you are handsome, you are brave, you are rich, &c.; but so is Jones over the border. Scotch salmon is good, but there are other good fish in the sea. I once heard a Scotchman lecture on poetry in London. Of course the pieces he selected were chiefly by Scottish authors, and Walter Scott was his favourite poet. I whispered to my neighbour, who was a Scotchman (by the way, the audience were almost all Scotch, and the room was All-Mac's —I beg your pardon, but I couldn't help it, I really couldn't help it)—"The professor has said the best poet was a Scotchman: I wager that he will say the worst poet was a Scotchman, too." And sure enough that worst poet, when he made his appearance, was a Northern Briton.

And as we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels,

can I forget one mighty republic—one—two mighty republics, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United, and, I trust, in the Confederate States,* who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best champagne. Opposite that famous old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was *the finest equestrian statue in the world?* How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did *not* think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M—— had never seen a statue when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M—— no harm. Nor was any man more willing to own his defects, or more modest regarding his merits, than the sculptor himself, whom I met subsequently. But oh! what a charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about the impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who" &c. &c.? The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port-wine in the world. Ah me! It is about blood and not wine that the quarrel now is, and who shall foretell its end?

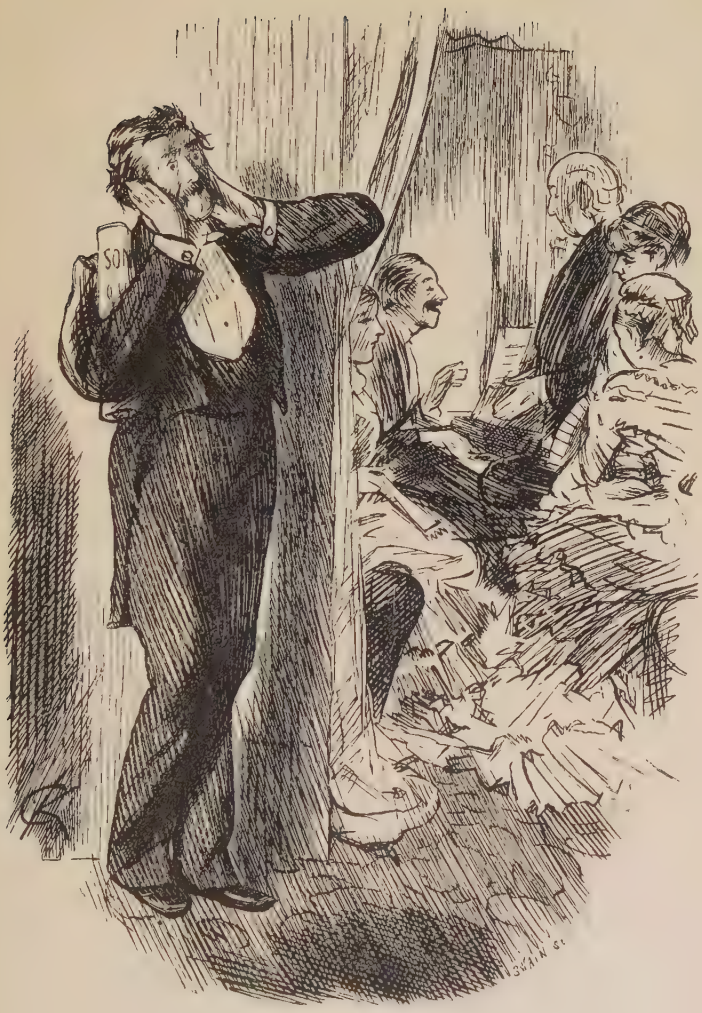
How much claret that would be port if it could is handed about in every society! In the House of Commons what small-beer orators try to pass for strong! Stay: have I a spite against any one? It is a fact that the wife of the Member for Bungay has left off asking me and Mrs. Roundabout to her evening-parties. Now is the time to have a slap at him. I will say that he was always overrated, and that now he is lamentably falling off even from what he has been. I will back the Member for Stoke Poges against him; and show that the dashing young Member for Islington is a far sounder man than either. Have I any little literary animosities? Of course not. Men of letters never have. Otherwise, how I could serve out a competitor here, make a face over his works, and show that his would-be port is very meagre ordinaire indeed! Nonsense, man! Why so squeamish? Do they spare *you?* Now you have the whip in your hand, won't you lay on? You used to be a pretty whip enough as a young man, and liked it

* Written in July 1861.

too. Is there no enemy who would be the better for a little thonging? No. I have militated in former times, not without glory; but I grow peaceable as I grow old. And if I have a literary enemy, why, he will probably write a book ere long, and then it will be *his* turn, and my favourite review will be down upon him.

My brethren, these sermons are professedly short; for I have that opinion of my dear congregation, which leads me to think that were I to preach at great length they would yawn, stamp, make noises, and perhaps go straightway out of church; and yet with this text I protest I could go on for hours. What multitudes of men, what multitudes of women, my dears, pass off their ordinaire for port, their small beer for strong! In literature, in politics, in the army, the navy, the church, at the bar, in the world, what an immense quantity of cheap liquor is made to do service for better sorts! Ask Serjeant Roland his opinion of Oliver Q.C. "Ordinaire, my good fellow, ordinaire, with a port-wine label!" Ask Oliver his opinion of Roland. "Never was a man so overrated by the world and by himself." Ask Tweedledumski his opinion of Tweedledeestein's performance. "A quack, my tear sir! an ignoramus, I geef you my vort. He gombose an opera! He is not fit to make dance a bear!" Ask Paddington and Buckmister, those two "swells" of fashion, what they think of each other. They are notorious ordinaire. You and I remember when they passed for very small wine, and now how high and mighty they have become. What do you say to Tomkins's sermons? Ordinaire trying to go down as orthodox port, and very meagre ordinaire too! To Hopkins's historical works?—to Pumkins's poetry? Ordinaire, ordinaire again—thin, feeble, overrated; and so down the whole list. And when we have done discussing our men friends, have we not all the women? Do these not advance absurd pretensions? Do these never give themselves airs? With feeble brains, don't they often set up to be *esprits forts?* Don't they pretend to be women of fashion, and cut their betters? Don't they try and pass off their ordinary-looking girls as beauties of the first order? Every man in his circle knows women who give themselves airs, and to whom we can apply the port-wine simile.

Come, my friends. Here is enough of ordinaire and port for to-day. My bottle has run out. Will anybody have any more? Let us go upstairs, and get a cup of tea from the ladies.



TWEEDLEDUMSKI AND TWEEDLEDEESTEIN.

OGRES

I DARESAY the reader has remarked that the upright and independent vowel, which stands in the vowel list between E and O, has formed the subject of the main part of these essays. How does that vowel feel this morning?—fresh, good-humoured, and lively? The Roundabout lines, which fall from this pen, are correspondingly brisk and cheerful. Has anything, on the contrary, disagreed with the vowel? Has its rest been disturbed, or was yesterday's dinner too good, or yesterday's wine not good enough? Under such circumstances, a darkling misanthropic tinge, no doubt, is cast upon the paper. The jokes, if attempted, are elaborate and dreary. The bitter temper breaks out. That sneering manner is adopted, which you know, and which exhibits itself so especially when the writer is speaking about women. A moody carelessness comes over him. He sees no good in any body or thing: and treats gentlemen, ladies, history, and things in general, with a like gloomy flippancy. Agreed. When the vowel in question is in that mood, if you like airy gaiety and tender gushing benevolence—if you want to be satisfied with yourself and the rest of your fellow-beings; I recommend you, my dear creature, to go to some other shop in Cornhill, or turn to some other article. There are moods in the mind of the vowel of which we are speaking, when it is ill-conditioned and captious. Who always keeps good health and good humour? Do not philosophers grumble? Are not sages sometimes out of temper? and do not angel-women go off in tantrums? To-day my mood is dark. I scowl as I dip my pen in the inkstand.

Here is the day come round—for everything here is done with the utmost regularity:—intellectual labour, sixteen hours; meals, thirty-two minutes; exercise, a hundred and forty-eight minutes; conversation with the family, chiefly literary, and about the housekeeping, one hour and four minutes; sleep, three hours and fifteen minutes (at the end of the month, when the Magazine is complete, I own I take eight minutes more); and the rest for the toilette and the world. Well, I say, the *Roundabout Paper Day* being come, and the subject long since settled in my mind, an excellent

subject—a most telling, lively, and popular subject—I go to breakfast determined to finish that meal in $9\frac{3}{4}$ minutes, as usual, and then retire to my desk and work, when—oh, provoking!—here in the paper is the very subject treated on which I was going to write! Yesterday another paper which I saw treated it—and of course, as I need not tell you, spoiled it. Last Saturday, another paper had an article on the subject; perhaps you may guess what it was—but I won't tell you. Only this is true, my favourite subject, which was about to make the best paper we have had for a long time; my bird, my game that I was going to shoot and serve up with such a delicate sauce, has been found by other sportsmen; and pop, pop, pop, a half-dozen of guns have banged at it, mangled it, and brought it down.

"And can't you take some other text?" say you. All this is mighty well. But if you have set your heart on a certain dish for dinner, be it cold boiled veal, or what you will, and they bring you turtle and venison, don't you feel disappointed? During your walk you have been making up your mind that that cold meat, with moderation and a pickle, will be a very sufficient dinner: you have accustomed your thoughts to it; and here, in place of it, is a turkey, surrounded by coarse sausages, or a reeking pigeon-pie, or a fulsome roast pig. I have known many a good and kind man made furiously angry by such a *contretemps*. I have known him lose his temper, call his wife and servants names, and a whole household made miserable. If, then, as is notoriously the case, it is too dangerous to baulk a man about his dinner, how much more about his article! I came to my meal with an ogre-like appetite and gusto. Fee, faw, fum! Wife, where is that tender little princekin? Have you trussed him, and did you stuff him nicely, and have you taken care to baste him, and do him, not too brown, as I told you? Quick! I am hungry! I begin to whet my knife, to roll my eyes about, and roar and clap my huge chest like a gorilla; and then my poor Ogrina has to tell me that the little princes have all run away, whilst she was in the kitchen making the paste to bake them in! I pause in the description. I won't condescend to report the bad language, which you know must ensue, when an ogre, whose mind is ill-regulated, and whose habits of self-indulgence are notorious, finds himself disappointed of his greedy hopes. What treatment of his wife, what abuse and brutal behaviour to his children, who, though ogrillons, are children! My dears, you may fancy, and need not ask my delicate pen to describe, the language and behaviour of a vulgar, coarse, greedy, large man with an immense mouth and teeth, which are too frequently employed in the gobbling and crunching of raw man's meat.

And in this circuitous way you see I have reached my present subject, which is, Ogres. You fancy they are dead or only fictitious characters—mythical representatives of strength, cruelty, stupidity, and lust for blood? Though they had seven-leagued boots, you remember all sorts of little whipping-snapping Tom Thumbs used to elude and outrun them. They were so stupid that they gave in to the most shallow ambuscades and artifices: witness that well-known ogre, who, because Jack cut open the hasty-pudding, instantly ripped open his own stupid waistcoat and interior. They were cruel, brutal, disgusting, with their sharpened teeth, immense knives, and roaring voices! but they always ended by being overcome by little Tom Thumbkins, or some other smart little champion.

Yes; they were conquered in the end there is no doubt. They plunged headlong (and uttering the most frightful bad language) into some pit where Jack came with his smart *couteau de chasse*, and whipped their brutal heads off. They would be going to devour maidens,

> "But ever when it seemed
> Their need was at the sorest,
> A knight, in armour bright,
> Came riding through the forest."

And down, after a combat, would go the brutal persecutor, with a lance through his midriff. Yes, I say, this is very true and well. But you remember that round the ogre's cave the ground was covered, for hundreds and hundreds of yards, *with the bones of the victims* whom he had lured into the castle. Many knights and maids came to him and perished under his knife and teeth. Were dragons the same as ogres? monsters dwelling in caverns, whence they rushed, attired in plate armour, wielding pikes and torches, and destroying stray passengers who passed by their lair? Monsters, brutes, rapacious tyrants, ruffians, as they were, doubtless they ended by being overcome. But, before they were destroyed, they did a deal of mischief. The bones round their caves were countless. They had sent many brave souls to Hades, before their own fled, howling out of their rascal carcasses, to the same place of gloom.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that fairies, champions, distressed damsels, and by consequence ogres, have ceased to exist. It may not be *ogreable* to them (pardon the horrible pleasantry, but as I am writing in the solitude of my chamber, I am grinding my teeth—yelling, roaring, and cursing—brandishing my scissors and paper-cutter and as it were have become an ogre). I say there is no greater mistake than to suppose that

ogres have ceased to exist. We all *know* ogres. Their caverns are round us, and about us. There are the castles of several ogres within a mile of the spot where I write. I think some of them suspect I am an ogre myself. I am not, but I know they are. I visit them. I don't mean to say that they take a cold roast prince out of the cupboard, and have a cannibal feast before *me*. But I see the bones lying about the roads to their houses, and in the areas and gardens. Politeness, of course, prevents me from making any remarks: but I know them well enough. One of the ways to know 'em is to watch the scared looks of the ogres' wives and children. They lead an awful life. They are present at dreadful cruelties. In their excesses those ogres will stab about and kill not only strangers who happen to call in and ask a night's lodging, but they will outrage, murder, and chop up their own kin. We all know ogres, I say, and have been in their dens often. It is not necessary that ogres who ask you to dine should offer their guests the *peculiar dish* which they like. They cannot always get a Tom Thumb family. They eat mutton and beef too; and I daresay even go out to tea, and invite you to drink it. But I tell you there are numbers of them going about in the world. And now you have my word for it, and this little hint, it is quite curious what an interest society may be made to have for you by your determining to find out the ogres you meet there.

What does the man mean? says Mrs. Downright, to whom a joke is a very grave thing. I mean, madam, that in the company assembled in your genteel drawing-room, who bow here and there, and smirk in white neckcloths, you receive men who elbow through life successfully enough, but who are ogres in private: men wicked, false, rapacious, flattering; cruel hectors at home, smiling courtiers abroad; causing wives, children, servants, parents, to tremble before them, and smiling and bowing, as they bid strangers welcome into their castles. I say, there are men who have crunched the bones of victim after victim; in whose closets lie skeletons picked frightfully clean. When these ogres come out into the world, you don't suppose they show their knives, and their great teeth? A neat simple white neckcloth, a merry rather obsequious manner, a cadaverous look, perhaps, now and again, and a rather dreadful grin; but I know ogres very considerably respected: and when you hint to such and such a man, "My dear sir, Mr. Sharpus, whom you appear to like, is, I assure you, a most dreadful cannibal;" the gentleman cries, "Oh, psha, nonsense! Daresay not so black as he is painted. Daresay not worse than his neighbours." We condone everything in this country—private treason, falsehood, flattery, cruelty at home, roguery, and double-dealing. What! Do you

mean to say in your acquaintance you don't know ogres guilty of countless crimes of fraud and force, and that knowing them you don't shake hands with them; dine with them at your table; and meet them at their own? Depend upon it in the time when there were real live ogres, in real caverns or castles, gobbling up real knights and virgins, when they went into the world—the neighbouring market-town, let us say, or earl's castle—though their nature and reputation were pretty well known, their notorious foibles were never alluded to. You would say, "What, Blunderbore, my boy! How do you do? How well and fresh you look! What's the receipt you have for keeping so young and rosy?" And your wife would softly ask after Mrs. Blunderbore and the dear children. Or it would be, "My dear Humguffin! try that pork. It is home-bred, home-fed, and, I promise you, tender. Tell me if you think it is as good as yours? John, a glass of burgundy to Colonel Humguffin!" You don't suppose there would be any unpleasant allusions to disagreeable home-reports regarding Humguffin's manner of furnishing his larder? I say we all of us know ogres. We shake hands and dine with ogres. And if inconvenient moralists tell us we are cowards for our pains, we turn round with a *tu quoque*, or say that we don't meddle with other folk's affairs; that people are much less black than they are painted, and so on. What! Won't half the county go to Ogreham Castle? Won't some of the clergy say grace at dinner? Won't the mothers bring their daughters to dance with the young Rawheads? And if Lady Ogreham happens to die—I won't say to go the way of all flesh, that is too revolting—I say if Ogreham is a widower, do you aver, on your conscience and honour, that mothers will not be found to offer their young girls to supply the lamented lady's place? How stale this misanthropy is! Something must have disagreed with this cynic. Yes, my good woman. I daresay you would like to call another subject. Yes, my fine fellow; ogre at home, supple as a dancing-master abroad, and shaking in thy pumps, and wearing a horrible grin of sham gaiety to conceal thy terror, lest I should point thee out:—thou art prosperous and honoured, art thou? I say thou hast been a tyrant and a robber. Thou hast plundered the poor. Thou hast bullied the weak. Thou hast laid violent hands on the goods of the innocent and confiding. Thou hast made a prey of the meek and gentle who asked for thy protection. Thou hast been hard to thy kinsfolk, and cruel to thy family. Go, monster! Ah, when shall little Jack come and drill daylight through thy wicked cannibal carcass? I see the ogre pass on, bowing right and left to the company; and he gives a dreadful sidelong glance of suspicion as he is talking to my Lord Bishop in the corner there.

Ogres in our days need not be giants at all. In former times, and in children's books, where it is necessary to paint your moral in such large letters that there can be no mistake about it, ogres are made with that enormous mouth and *ratelier* which you know of, and with which they can swallow down a baby, almost without using that great knife which they always carry. They are too cunning nowadays. They go about in society, slim, small, quietly dressed, and showing no especially great appetite. In my own young days there used to be play ogres—men who would devour a young fellow in one sitting, and leave him without a bit of flesh on his bones. They were quite gentlemanlike-looking people. They got the young fellow into their cave. Champagne, pâté-de-foie-gras, and numberless good things, were handed about; and then, having eaten, the young man was devoured in his turn. I believe these card and dice ogres have died away almost as entirely as the hasty-pudding giants whom Tom Thumb overcame. Now, there are ogres in City courts who lure you into their dens. About our Cornish mines I am told there are many most plausible ogres, who tempt you into their caverns and pick your bones there. In a certain newspaper there used to be lately a whole column of advertisements from ogres who would put on the most plausible, nay, piteous appearance, in order to inveigle their victims. You would read, "A tradesman, established for seventy years in the City, and known and much respected by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Baring Brothers, has pressing need for three pounds until next Saturday. He can give security for half a million, and forty thousand pounds will be given for the use of the loan," and so on; or, "An influential body of capitalists are about to establish a company, of which the business will be enormous and the profits proportionately prodigious. They will require A SECRETARY, of good address and appearance, at a salary of two thousand per annum. He need not be able to write, but address and manners are absolutely necessary. As a mark of confidence in the company, he will have to deposit," &c.; or, "A young widow (of pleasing manners and appearance) who has a pressing necessity for four pounds ten for three weeks, offers her Erard's grand piano valued at three hundred guineas; a diamond cross of eight hundred pounds; and board and lodging in her elegant villa near Banbury Cross, with the best references and society, in return for the loan." I suspect these people are ogres. There are ogres and ogres. Polyphemus was a great, tall, one-eyed, notorious ogre, fetching his victims out of a hole, and gobbling them one after another. There could be no mistake about him. But so were the Sirens ogres—pretty blue-eyed things, peeping at you coaxingly from out of the water, and singing their melodious

wheedles. And the bones round their caves were more numerous than the ribs, skulls, and thigh-bones round the cavern of hulking Polypheme.

To the castle-gates of some of these monsters up rides the dapper champion of the pen; puffs boldly upon the horn which hangs by the chain; enters the hall resolutely, and challenges the big tyrant sulking within. We defy him to combat, the enormous roaring ruffian! We give him a meeting on the green plain before his castle. Green? No wonder it should be green: it is manured with human bones. After a few graceful wheels and curvets, we take our ground. We stoop over our saddle. 'Tis but to kiss the locket of our lady-love's hair. And now the vizor is up: the lance is in rest (Gillott's iron is the point for me). A touch of the spur in the gallant sides of Pegasus, and we gallop at the great brute.

"Cut off his ugly head, Flibbertigibbet, my squire!" And who are these who pour out of the castle? the imprisoned maidens, the maltreated widows, the poor old hoary grandfathers, who have been locked up in the dungeons these scores and scores of years, writhing under the tyranny of that ruffian! Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword and have at him.

*ON TWO ROUNDABOUT PAPERS WHICH I INTENDED TO WRITE**

WE have all heard of a place paved with good intentions:—a place which I take to be a very dismal, useless, and unsatisfactory terminus for many pleasant thoughts, kindly fancies, gentle wishes, merry little quips and pranks, harmless jokes which die as it were the moment of their birth. Poor little children of the brain! He was a dreary theologian who huddled you under such a melancholy cenotaph, and laid you in the vaults under the flagstones of Hades! I trust that some of the best actions we have all of us committed in our lives have been committed in fancy. It is not all wickedness we are thinking, *que diable!* Some of our thoughts are bad enough I grant you. Many a one you and I have had here below. Ah mercy, what a monster! what crooked horns! what leering eyes! what a flaming mouth! what cloven feet, and what a hideous writhing tail! Oh, let us fall down on our knees, repeat our most potent exorcisms, and overcome the brute. Spread your black pinions, fly—fly to the dusky realms of Eblis, and bury thyself under the paving-stones of his hall, dark genie! But *all* thoughts are not so. No—no. There are the pure: there are the kind: there are the gentle. There are sweet unspoken thanks before a fair scene of nature: at a sunsetting below a glorious sea; or a moon and a host of stars shining over it: at a bunch of children playing in the street, or a group of flowers by the hedge-side, or a bird singing there. At a hundred moments or occurrences of the day good thoughts pass through the mind, let us trust, which never are spoken; prayers are made which never are said; and Te Deum is sung without church, clerk, choristers, parson, or organ. Why, there's my enemy: who got the place I wanted; who maligned me to the woman I wanted to be well with; who supplanted me in the good graces of my patron. I don't say anything about the matter:

* The following paper was written in 1861, after the extraordinary affray between Major Murray and the money-lender in a house in Northumberland Street, Strand, and subsequent to the appearance of M. Du Chaillu's book on Gorillas.

but, my poor old enemy, in my secret mind I have movements of as tender charity towards you, you old scoundrel, as ever I had when we were boys together at school. You ruffian! do you fancy I forget that we were fond of each other? We are still. We share our toffy; go halves at the tuck-shop; do each other's exercises; prompt each other with the word in construing or repetition; and tell the most frightful fibs to prevent each other from being found out. We meet each other in public. Ware a fight! Get them into different parts of the room! Our friends hustle round us. Capulet and Montague are not more at odds than the houses of Roundabout and Wrightabout, let us say. It is, "My dear Mrs. Buffer, do kindly put yourself in the chair between those two men!" Or, "My dear Wrightabout, will you take that charming Lady Blancmange down to supper? She adores your poems; and gave five shillings for your autograph at the fancy fair." In like manner the peacemakers gather round Roundabout on his part: he is carried to a distant corner, and coaxed out of the way of the enemy with whom he is at feud.

When we meet in the Square at Verona, out flash rapiers, and we fall to. But in his private mind Tybalt owns that Mercutio has a rare wit, and Mercutio is sure that his adversary is a gallant gentleman. Look at the amphitheatre yonder. You do not suppose those gladiators who fought and perished, as hundreds of spectators in that grim Circus held thumbs down, and cried, "Kill, kill!"—you do not suppose the combatants of necessity hated each other? No more than the celebrated trained bands of literary sword-and-buckler men hate the adversaries whom they meet in the arena. They engage at the given signal; feint and parry; slash, poke, rip each other open, dismember limbs, and hew off noses: but in the way of business, and, I trust, with mutual private esteem. For instance, I salute the warriors of the Superfine Company with the honours due among warriors. Here's at you, Spartacus, my lad. A hit, I acknowledge. A palpable hit! Ha! how do you like that poke in the eye in return? When the trumpets sing truce, or the spectators are tired, we bow to the noble company: withdraw; and get a cool glass of wine in our *rendezvous des braves gladiateurs.*

By the way, I saw that amphitheatre of Verona under the strange light of a lurid eclipse some years ago: and I have been there in spirit for these twenty lines past, under a vast gusty awning, now with twenty thousand fellow-citizens looking on from the benches, now in the circus itself, a grim gladiator with sword and net, or a meek martyr—was I?—brought out to be gobbled up by the lions? or a huge, shaggy, tawny lion myself, on whom the

dogs were going to be set? What a day of excitement I have had to be sure! But I must get away from Verona, or who knows how much farther the Roundabout Pegasus may carry me?

We were saying, my Muse, before we dropped and perched on earth for a couple of sentences, that our unsaid words were in some limbo or other, as real as those we have uttered; that the thoughts which have passed through our brains are as actual as any to which our tongues and pens have given currency. For instance, besides what is here hinted at, I have thought ever so much more about Verona: about an early Christian church I saw there; about a great dish of rice we had at the inn; about the bugs there; about ever so many more details of that day's journey from Milan to Venice; about Lake Garda, which lay on the way from Milan, and so forth. I say what fine things we have thought of, haven't we, all of us? Ah, what a fine tragedy that was I thought of, and never wrote! On the day of the dinner of the Oystermongers' Company, what a noble speech I thought of in the cab, and broke down—I don't mean the cab, but the speech. Ah, if you could but read some of the unwritten Roundabout papers—how you would be amused! Aha! my friend, I catch you saying, "Well then, I wish *this* was unwritten with all my heart." Very good. I owe you one. I do confess a hit, a palpable hit.

One day in the past month, as I was reclining on the bench of thought, with that ocean the *Times* newspaper spread before me, the ocean cast up on the shore at my feet two famous subjects for Roundabout Papers, and I picked up those waifs, and treasured them away until I could polish them and bring them to market. That scheme is not to be carried out. I can't write about those subjects. And though I cannot write about them, I may surely tell what are the subjects I am going *not* to write about.

The first was that Northumberland Street encounter, which all the papers have narrated. Have any novelists of our days a scene and catastrophe more strange and terrible than this which occurs at noonday within a few yards of the greatest thoroughfare in Europe? At the theatres they have a new name for their melodramatic pieces, and call them "Sensation Dramas." What a sensation drama this is! What have people been flocking to see at the Adelphi Theatre for the last hundred and fifty nights? A woman pitched overboard out of a boat, and a certain Miles taking a tremendous "header," and bringing her to shore? Bagatelle! What is this compared to the real life-drama, of which a midday representation takes place just opposite the Adelphi in Northumberland Street? The brave Dumas, the intrepid Ainsworth, the terrible Eugène Sue, the cold-shudder-inspiring "Woman in White,"

the astounding author of the "Mysteries of the Court of London," never invented anything more tremendous than this. It might have happened to you and me. We want to borrow a little money. We are directed to an agent. We propose a pecuniary transaction at a short date. He goes into the next room, as we fancy, to get the bank-notes, and returns with "two very pretty delicate little ivory-handled pistols," and blows a portion of our heads off. After this, what is the use of being squeamish about the probabilities and possibilities in the writing of fiction? Years ago I remember making merry over a play of Dumas, called "Kean," in which the "Coal-Hole Tavern" was represented on the Thames, with a fleet of pirate-ships moored alongside. Pirate-ships? Why not? What a cavern of terror was this in Northumberland Street, with its splendid furniture covered with dust, its empty bottles, in the midst of which sits a grim "agent," amusing himself by firing pistols, aiming at the unconscious mantelpiece, or at the heads of his customers!

After this, what is not possible? It is possible Hungerford Market is mined, and will explode some day. Mind how you go in for a penny ice unawares. "Pray step this way," says a quiet person at the door. You enter—into a back-room:—a quiet room; rather a dark room. "Pray take your place in a chair." And she goes to fetch the penny ice. *Malheureux!* The chair sinks down with you—sinks, and sinks, and sinks—a large wet flannel suddenly envelops your face and throttles you. Need we say any more? After Northumberland Street, what is improbable? Surely there is no difficulty in crediting Bluebeard. I withdraw my last month's opinions about ogres. Ogres? Why not? I protest I have seldom contemplated anything more terribly ludicrous than this "agent" in the dingy splendour of his den, surrounded by dusty ormolu and piles of empty bottles, firing pistols for his diversion at the mantelpiece until his clients come in! Is pistol-practice so common in Northumberland Street, that it passes without notice in the lodging-houses there?

We spake anon of good thoughts. About bad thoughts? Is there some Northumberland Street chamber in your heart and mine, friend: close to the every-day street of life: visited by daily friends: visited by people on business; in which affairs are transacted; jokes are uttered; wine is drunk; through which people come and go; wives and children pass; and in which murder sits unseen until the terrible moment when he rises up and kills? A farmer, say, has a gun over the mantelpiece in his room where he sits at his daily meals and rest: caressing his children, joking with his friends, smoking his pipe in his calm. One night the gun is taken down: the farmer goes out: and it is a murderer who comes back and

puts the piece up and drinks by that fireside. Was he a murderer yesterday, when he was tossing the baby on his knee, and when his hands were playing with his little girl's yellow hair? Yesterday there was no blood on them at all; they were shaken by honest men: have done many a kind act in their time very likely. He leans his head on one of them, the wife comes in with her anxious looks of welcome, the children are prattling as they did yesterday round the father's knee at the fire, and Cain is sitting by the embers, and Abel lies dead on the moor. Think of the gulf between now and yesterday. Oh, yesterday! Oh, the days when those two loved each other and said their prayers side by side! He goes to sleep, perhaps, and dreams that his brother is alive. Be true, O dream! Let him live in dreams, and wake no more. Be undone, O crime, O crime! But the sun rises: and the officers of conscience come: and yonder lies the body on the moor. I happened to pass, and looked at the Northumberland Street house the other day. A few loiterers were gazing up at the dingy windows. A plain ordinary face of a house enough—and in a chamber in it one man suddenly rose up, pistol in hand, to slaughter another. Have you ever killed any one in your thoughts? Has your heart compassed any man's death? In your mind, have you ever taken a brand from the altar, and slain your brother? How many plain ordinary faces of men do we look at, unknowing of murder behind those eyes? Lucky for you and me, brother, that we have good thoughts unspoken. But the bad ones? I tell you that the sight of those blank windows in Northumberland Street—through which, as it were, my mind could picture the awful tragedy glimmering behind—set me thinking, "Mr. Street-Preacher, here is a text for one of your pavement sermons. But it is too glum and serious. You eschew dark thoughts: and desire to be cheerful and merry in the main." And such being the case, you see we must have no Roundabout Essay on this subject.

Well, I had another arrow in my quiver. (So, you know, had William Tell a bolt for his son, the apple of his eye; and a shaft for Gessler, in case William came to any trouble with the first poor little target.) And this, I must tell you, was to have been a rare Roundabout performance—one of the very best that has ever appeared in this series. It was to have contained all the deep pathos of Addison; the logical precision of Rabelais: the childlike playfulness of Swift; the manly stoicism of Sterne; the metaphysical depth of Goldsmith; the blushing modesty of Fielding; the epigrammatic terseness of Walter Scott; the uproarious humour of Sam Richardson; and the gay simplicity of Sam Johnson; —it was to have combined all these qualities, with some excellences

of modern writers whom I could name :—but circumstances have occurred which have rendered this Roundabout Essay also impossible.

I have not the least objection to tell you what was to have been the subject of that other admirable Roundabout Paper. Gracious powers! the Dean of St. Patrick's never had a better theme. The paper was to have been on the Gorillas, to be sure. I was going to imagine myself to be a young surgeon-apprentice from Charleston, in South Carolina, who ran away to Cuba on account of unhappy family circumstances, with which nobody has the least concern ; who sailed thence to Africa in a large roomy schooner with an extraordinary vacant space between decks. I was subject to dreadful ill-treatment from the first mate of the ship, who, when I found she was a slaver, altogether declined to put me on shore. I was chased—we were chased—by three British frigates and a seventy-four, which we engaged and captured ; but were obliged to scuttle and sink, as we could sell them in no African port ; and I never shall forget the look of manly resignation, combined with considerable disgust, of the British Admiral as he walked the plank, after cutting off his pigtail, which he handed to me, and which I still have in charge for his family at Boston, Lincolnshire, England.

We made the port of Bpoopoo, at the confluence of the Bungo and Sgglolo rivers (which you may see in Swammerdahl's map) on the 31st April last year. Our passage had been so extraordinarily rapid, owing to the continued drunkenness of the captain and chief officers, by which I was obliged to work the ship and take her in command, that we reached Bpoopoo six weeks before we were expected, and five before the Caffres from the interior and from the great slave depôt at Zbabblo were expected. Their delay caused us not a little discomfort, because, though we had taken the four English ships, we knew that Sir Byam Martin's iron-cased squadron, with the *Warrior*, the *Impregnable*, the *Sanconiathon*, and the *Berosus*, were cruising in the neighbourhood, and might prove too much for us.

It not only became necessary to quit Bpoopoo before the arrival of the British fleet or the rainy season, but to get our people on board as soon as might be. While the chief mate, with a detachment of seamen, hurried forward to the Pgogo lake, where we expected a considerable part of our cargo, the second mate, with six men, four chiefs, King Fbumbo, an Obi man, and myself, went N.W. by W., towards King Mtoby's-town, where we knew many hundreds of our between-deck passengers were to be got together. We went down the Pdodo river, shooting snipes, ostriches, and rhinoceros in plenty, and I think a few elephants, until, by the

advice of a guide, who I now believe was treacherous, we were induced to leave the Pdodo and march N.E. by N.N. Here Lieutenant Larkins, who had persisted in drinking rum from morning to night, and thrashing me in his sober moments during the whole journey, died, and I have too good reason to know was eaten with much relish by the natives. At Mgoo, where there are barracoons and a depôt for our cargo, we had no news of our expected freight; accordingly, as time pressed exceedingly, parties were despatched in advance towards the great Washaboo lake, by which the caravans usually come towards the coast. Here we found no caravan, but only four negroes, down with the ague, whom I treated, I am bound to say, unsuccessfully, whilst we waited for our friends. We used to take watch and watch in front of the place, both to guard ourselves from attack, and get early news of the approaching caravan.

At last, on the 23rd September, as I was in advance with Charles Rogers, second mate, and two natives with bows and arrows, we were crossing a great plain skirted by a forest, when we saw emerging from a ravine what I took to be three negroes—a very tall one, one of a moderate size, and one quite little.

Our native guides shrieked out some words in their language, of which Charles Rogers knew something. I thought it was the advance of the negroes whom we expected. "No!" said Rogers (who swore dreadfully in conversation), "it is the Gorillas!" And he fired both barrels of his gun, bringing down the little one first, and the female afterwards.

The male, who was untouched, gave a howl that you might have heard a league off; advanced towards us as if he would attack us, and then turned and ran away with inconceivable celerity towards the wood.

We went up towards the fallen brutes. The little one by the female appeared to be about two years old. It lay bleating and moaning on the ground, stretching out its little hands, with movements and looks so strangely resembling human, that my heart sickened with pity. The female, who had been shot through both legs, could not move. She howled most hideously when I approached the little one.

"We must be off," said Rogers, "or the whole Gorilla race may be down upon us." "The little one is only shot in the leg," I said. "I'll bind the limb up, and we will carry the beast with us on board."

The poor little wretch held up its leg to show it was wounded, and looked to me with appealing eyes. It lay quite still whilst I looked for and found the bullet, and, tearing off a piece of my shirt,

bandaged up the wound. I was so occupied in this business that I hardly heard Rogers cry "Run! run!" and when I looked up——

When I looked up, with a roar the most horrible I ever heard —a roar? ten thousand roars—a whirling army of dark beings rushed by me. Rogers, who had bullied me so frightfully during the voyage, and who had encouraged my fatal passion for play, so that I own I owed him 1500 dollars, was overtaken, felled, brained, and torn into ten thousand pieces; and I daresay the same fate would have fallen on me, but that the little Gorilla, whose wound I had dressed, flung its arms round my neck (their arms, you know, are much longer than ours). And when an immense grey Gorilla, with hardly any teeth, brandishing the trunk of a gollybosh-tree about sixteen feet long, came up to me roaring, the little one squeaked out something plaintive, which, of course, I could not understand; on which suddenly the monster flung down his tree, squatted down on his huge hams by the side of the little patient, and began to bellow and weep.

And now, do you see whom I had rescued? I had rescued the young Prince of the Gorillas, who was out walking with his nurse and footman. The footman had run off to alarm his master, and certainly I never saw a footman run quicker. The whole army of Gorillas rushed forward to rescue their prince, and punish his enemies. If the King Gorilla's emotion was great, fancy what the Queen's must have been when *she* came up! She arrived, on a litter, neatly enough made with wattled branches, on which she lay, with her youngest child, a prince of three weeks old.

My little *protégé*, with the wounded leg, still persisted in hugging me with its arms (I think I mentioned that they are longer than those of men in general), and as the poor little brute was immensely heavy, and the Gorillas go at a prodigious pace, a litter was made for us likewise; and my thirst much refreshed by a footman (the same domestic who had given the alarm) running hand over hand up a cocoa-nut tree, tearing the rinds off, breaking the shell on his head, and handing me the fresh milk in its cup. My little patient partook of a little, stretching out his dear little unwounded foot, with which, or with its hand, a Gorilla can help itself indiscriminately. Relays of large Gorillas relieved each other at the litters at intervals of twenty minutes, as I calculated by my watch, one of Jones and Bates's, of Boston, Mass., though I have been unable to this day to ascertain how these animals calculate time with such surprising accuracy. We slept for that night under——

And now, you see, we arrive at really the most interesting part of my travels in the country which I intended to visit, viz. the

manners and habits of the Gorillas *chez eux*. I give the heads of this narrative only, the full account being suppressed for a reason which shall presently be given. The heads, then, of the chapters, are briefly as follows:—

The author's arrival in the Gorilla country. Its geographical position. Lodgings assigned to him up a gum-tree. Constant attachment of the little Prince. His Royal Highness's gratitude. Anecdotes of his wit, playfulness, and extraordinary precocity. Am offered a portion of poor Larkins for my supper, but decline with horror. Footman brings me a young crocodile: fishy, but very palatable. Old crocodiles too tough: ditto rhinoceros. Visit the Queen Mother—an enormous old Gorilla, quite white. Prescribe for her Majesty. Meeting of Gorillas at what appears a parliament amongst them: presided over by old Gorilla in cocoa-nut-fibre wig. Their sports. Their customs. A privileged class amongst them. Extraordinary likeness of Gorillas to people at home, both at Charleston, S.C., my native place; and London, England, which I have visited. Flat-nosed Gorillas and blue-nosed Gorillas; their hatred, and wars between them. In a part of the country (its geographical position described) I see several negroes under Gorilla domination. Well treated by their masters. Frog-eating Gorillas across the Salt Lake. Bull-headed Gorillas—their mutual hostility. Green Island Gorillas. More quarrelsome than the Bull-heads, and howl much louder. I am called to attend one of the princesses. Evident partiality of H.R.H. for me. Jealousy and rage of large red-headed Gorilla. How shall I escape?

Ay, how indeed? Do you wish to know? Is your curiosity excited? Well, I *do* know how I escaped. I could tell the most extraordinary adventures that happened to me. I could show you resemblances to people at home, that would make them blue with rage and you crack your sides with laughter. . . . And what is the reason I cannot write this paper, having all the facts before me? The reason is, that walking down Saint James Street yesterday, I met a friend who says to me, "Roundabout, my boy, have you seen your picture? Here it is!" And he pulls out a portrait, executed in photography, of your humble servant, as an immense and most unpleasant-featured baboon, with long hairy hands, and called by the waggish artist "A Literary Gorilla." O horror! And now you see why I can't play off this joke myself, and moralise on the fable, as it has been narrated already *de me*.

A MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

THE group of dusky children of the captivity on the next page is copied out of a little sketch-book which I carried in many a roundabout journey, and will point a moral as well as any other sketch in the volume. The drawing was made in a country where there was such hospitality, friendship, kindness, shown to the humble designer, that his eyes do not care to look out for faults, or his pen to note them. How they sang; how they laughed and grinned; how they scraped, bowed, and complimented you and each other, those negroes of the cities of the Southern parts of the then United States! My business kept me in the towns; I was but in one negro-plantation village, and there were only women and little children, the men being out afield. But there was plenty of cheerfulness in the huts, under the great trees—I speak of what I saw—and amidst the dusky bondsmen of the cities. I witnessed a curious gaiety; heard amongst the black folk endless singing, shouting, and laughter; and saw on holidays black gentlemen and ladies arrayed in such splendour and comfort as freeborn workmen in our towns seldom exhibit. What a grin and bow that dark gentleman performed, who was the porter at the colonel's, when he said, "you write your name, mas'r, else I will forgot." I am not going into the slavery question; I am not an advocate for "the institution," as I know, madam, by that angry toss of your head, you are about to declare me to be. For domestic purposes, my dear lady, it seemed to me about the dearest institution that can be devised. In a house in a Southern city you will find fifteen negroes doing the work which John, the cook, the housemaid, and the help, do perfectly in your own comfortable London house. And these fifteen negroes are the pick of a family of some eighty or ninety: twenty are too sick, or too old for work, let us say; twenty too clumsy; twenty are too young, and have to be nursed and watched by ten more.* And master has to maintain the immense

* This was an account given by a gentleman at Richmond of his establishment. Six European servants would have kept his house and stables well. "His farm," he said, "barely sufficed to maintain the negroes residing on it."

crew to do the work of half-a-dozen willing hands. No, no; let Mitchell, the exile from poor dear enslaved Ireland, wish for a gang of "fat niggers"; I would as soon you should make me a present of a score of Bengal elephants, when I need but a single stout horse to pull my brougham.

How hospitable they were, those Southern men! In the North itself the welcome was not kinder, as I, who have eaten Northern and Southern salt can testify. As for New Orleans, in spring-time,—just when the orchards were flushing over with peach-

blossoms, and the sweet herbs came to flavour the juleps—it seemed to me the city of the world where you can eat and drink the most and suffer the least. At Bordeaux itself, claret is not better to drink than at New Orleans. It was all good—believe an expert Robert—from the half-dollar Médoc of the public hotel table, to the private gentleman's choicest wine. Claret is, somehow, good in that gifted place at dinner, at supper, and at breakfast in the morning. It is good: it is superabundant—and there is nothing to pay. Find me speaking ill of such a country! When I do,

pone me pigris campis: smother me in a desert, or let Mississippi or Garonne drown me! At that comfortable tavern on Pontchartrain we had a *bouillabaisse* than which a better was never eaten at Marseilles: and not the least headache in the morning, I give you my word; on the contrary, you only wake with a sweet refreshing thirst for claret and water. They say there is fever there in the autumn: but not in the spring-time, when the peach-blossoms blush over the orchards, and the sweet herbs come to flavour the juleps.

I was bound from New Orleans to Saint Louis; and our walk was constantly on the Levee, whence we could see a hundred of those huge white Mississippi steamers at their moorings in the river: "Look," said my friend Lochlomond to me, as we stood one day on the quay—"look at that post! Look at that coffee-house behind it! Sir, last year a steamer blew up in the river yonder, just where you see those men pulling off in a boat. By that post where you are standing a mule was cut in two by a fragment of the burst machinery, and a bit of the chimney-stove in that first-floor window of the coffee-house killed a negro who was cleaning knives in the top room!" I looked at the post, at the coffee-house window, at the steamer in which I was going to embark, at my friend, with a pleasing interest not divested of melancholy. Yesterday it was the mule, thinks I, who was cut in two: it may be *cras mihi*. Why, in the same little sketch-book there is a drawing of an Alabama river steamer which blew up on the very next voyage after that in which your humble servant was on board! Had I but waited another week, I might have—— These incidents give a queer zest to the voyage down the life-stream in America. When our huge, tall, white, pasteboard castle of a steamer began to work up stream, every limb in her creaked, and groaned, and quivered, so that you might fancy she would burst right off. Would she hold together, or would she split into ten millions of shivers? O my home and children! Would your humble servant's body be cut in two across yonder chain on the Levee, or be precipitated into yonder first-floor, so as to damage the chest of a black man cleaning boots at the window? The black man is safe for me, thank goodness. But you see the little accident *might* have happened. It has happened; and if to a mule, why not to a more docile animal? On our journey up the Mississippi, I give you my honour we were on fire three times, and burned our cook-room down. The deck at night was a great firework—the chimney spouted myriads of stars, which fell blackening on our garments, sparkling on to the deck, or gleaming into the mighty stream through which we laboured—the mighty yellow stream with all its snags.

How I kept up my courage through these dangers shall now be narrated. The excellent landlord of the "Saint Charles Hotel," when I was going away, begged me to accept two bottles of the very finest Cognac, with his compliments; and I found them in my state-room with my luggage. Lochlomond came to see me off, and, as he squeezed my hand at parting, "Roundabout," says he, "the wine mayn't be very good on board, so I have brought a dozen-case of the Médoc which you liked;" and we grasped together the hands of friendship and farewell. Whose boat is this pulling up to the ship? It is our friend Glenlivat, who gave us the dinner on Lake Pontchartrain. "Roundabout," says he, "we have tried to do what we could for you, my boy; and it has been done *de bon cœur*" (I detect a kind tremulousness in the good fellow's voice as he speaks). "I say—hem!—the a—the wine isn't too good on board, so I've brought you a dozen of Médoc for your voyage, you know. And God bless you; and when I come to London in May I shall come and see you. Hallo! here's Johnson come to see you off, too!"

As I am a miserable sinner, when Johnson grasped my hand, he said, "Mr. Roundabout, you can't be sure of the wine on board these steamers, so I thought I would bring you a little case of that light claret which you liked at my house." *Et de trois!* No wonder I could face the Mississippi with so much courage supplied to me! Where are you, honest friends, who gave me of your kindness and your cheer? May I be considerably boiled, blown up, and snagged, if I speak hard words of you. May claret turn sour ere I do!

Mounting the stream it chanced that we had very few passengers. How far is the famous city of Memphis from New Orleans? I do not mean the Egyptian Memphis, but the American Memphis, from which to the American Cairo we slowly toiled up the river—to the American Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. And at Cairo we parted company from the boat, and from some famous and gifted fellow-passengers who joined us at Memphis, and whose pictures we had seen in many cities of the South. I do not give the names of these remarkable people, unless, by some wondrous chance, in inventing a name I should light upon that real one which some of them bore; but if you please I will say that our fellow-passengers whom we took in at Memphis were no less personages than the Vermont Giant and the famous Bearded Lady of Kentucky and her son. Their pictures I had seen in many cities through which I travelled with my own little performance. I think the Vermont Giant was a trifle taller in his pictures than he was in life (being represented in the former as, at

least, some two stories high); but the lady's prodigious beard received no more than justice at the hands of the painter; that portion of it which I saw being really most black, rich, and curly—I say the portion of beard, for this modest or prudent woman kept I don't know how much of the beard covered up with a red handkerchief, from which I suppose it only emerged when she went to bed, or when she exhibited it professionally.

The Giant, I must think, was an overrated giant. I have known gentlemen, not in the profession, better made, and I should say taller, than the Vermont gentleman. A strange feeling I used to have at meals; when, on looking round our little society, I saw the Giant, the Bearded Lady of Kentucky, the little Bearded Boy of three years old, the Captain (this I *think;* but at this distance of time I would not like to make the statement on affidavit), and the three other passengers, all with their knives in their mouths making play at the dinner—a strange feeling I say it was, and as though I was in a castle of ogres. But, after all, why so squeamish? A few scores of years back, the finest gentlemen and ladies of Europe did the like. Belinda ate with her knife; and Saccharissa had only that weapon, or a two-pronged fork, or a spoon, for her peas. Have you ever looked at Gilray's print of the Prince of Wales, a languid voluptuary, retiring after his meal, and noted the toothpick which he uses? . . . You are right, madam; I own that the subject is revolting and terrible. I will not pursue it. Only—allow that a gentleman, in a shaky steamboat, on a dangerous river, in a far-off country, which caught fire three times during the voyage—(of course I mean the steamboat, not the country)—seeing a giant, a voracious supercargo, a bearded lady, and a little boy, not three years of age, with a chin already quite black and curly, all plying their victuals down their throats with their knives—allow, madam, that in such a company a man had a right to feel a little nervous. I don't know whether you have ever remarked the Indian jugglers swallowing their knives, or seen, as I have, a whole table of people performing the same trick; but if you look at their eyes when they do it, I assure you there is a roll in them which is dreadful.

Apart from this usage, which they practise in common with many thousand most estimable citizens, the Vermont gentleman, and the Kentucky whiskered lady—or did I say the reverse?—whichever you like, my dear sir—were quite quiet, modest, unassuming people. She sat working with her needle, if I remember right. He, I suppose, slept in the great cabin, which was seventy feet long at the least, nor, I am bound to say, did I hear in the night any snores or roars, such as you would fancy ought to accom-

pany the sleep of ogres. Nay, this giant had quite a small appetite (unless, to be sure, he went forward and ate a sheep or two in private with his horrid knife—oh, the dreadful thought; but in *public*, I say, he had quite a delicate appetite), and was also a teetotaler. I don't remember to have heard the lady's voice, though I might, not unnaturally, have been curious to hear it. Was her voice a deep, rich, magnificent bass; or was it soft, fluty, and mild? I shall never know now. Even if she comes to this country, I shall never go and see her. I *have* seen her, and for nothing.

You would have fancied that as, after all, we were only some half-dozen on board, she might have dispensed with her red handkerchief, and talked, and eaten her dinner in comfort: but in covering her chin there was a kind of modesty. That beard was her profession: that beard brought the public to see her: out of her business she wished to put that beard aside as it were: as a barrister would wish to put off his wig. I know some who carry theirs into private life, and who mistake you and me for jury-boxes when they address us: but these are not your modest barristers, not your true gentlemen.

Well, I own I respected the lady for the modesty with which, her public business over, she retired into private life. She respected her life, and her beard. That beard having done its day's work, she puts it away in a handkerchief; and becomes, as far as in her lies, a private ordinary person. All public men and women of good sense, I should think, have this modesty. When, for instance, in my small way, poor Mrs. Brown comes simpering up to me, with her album in one hand, a pen in the other, and says, "Ho, ho, dear Mr. Roundabout, write us one of your amusing," &c. &c., my beard drops behind my handkerchief instantly. Why am I to wag my chin and grin for Mrs. Brown's good pleasure? My dear madam, I have been making faces all day. It is my profession. I do my comic business with the greatest pains, seriousness, and trouble: and with it make, I hope, a not dishonest livelihood. If you ask Monsieur Blondin to tea, you don't have a rope stretched from your garret window to the opposite side of the square, and request Monsieur to take his tea out on the centre of the rope? I lay my hand on this waistcoat, and declare that not once in the course of our voyage together did I allow the Kentucky Giant to suppose I was speculating on his stature, or the Bearded Lady to surmise that I wished to peep under the handkerchief which muffled the lower part of her face.

"And the more fool you," says some cynic. (Faugh, those cynics, I hate 'em.) Don't you know, sir, that a man of genius is pleased to have his genius recognised; that a beauty likes to be admired; that an actor likes to be applauded; that stout old

Wellington himself was pleased, and smiled when the people cheered him as he passed? Suppose you had paid some respectful elegant compliment to that lady? Suppose you had asked that giant if, for once, he would take anything at the liquor-bar? you might have learned a great deal of curious knowledge regarding giants and bearded ladies, about whom you evidently now know very little. There was that little boy of three years old, with a fine beard already, and his little legs and arms as seen out of his little frock, covered with a dark down. What a queer little capering satyr! He was quite good-natured, childish, rather solemn. He had a little Norval dress, I remember: the drollest little Norval.

I have said the B. L. had another child. Now this was a little girl of some six years old, as fair and as smooth of skin, dear madam, as your own darling cherubs. She wandered about the great cabin quite melancholy. No one seemed to care for her. All the family affections were centred on Master Esau yonder. His little beard was beginning to be a little fortune already, whereas Miss Rosalba was of no good to the family. No one would pay a cent to see *her* little fair face. No wonder the poor little maid was melancholy. As I looked at her, I seemed to walk more and more in a fairy tale, and more and more in a cavern of ogres. Was this a little fondling whom they had picked up in some forest, where lie the picked bones of the queen her tender mother, and the tough old defunct monarch her father? No. Doubtless they were quite good-natured people, these. I don't believe they were unkind to the little girl without the moustaches. It may have been only my fancy that she repined because she had a cheek no more bearded than a rose's.

Would you wish your own daughter, madam, to have a smooth cheek, a modest air, and a gentle feminine behaviour, or to be—I won't say a whiskered prodigy, like this Bearded Lady of Kentucky—but a masculine wonder, a virago, a female personage of more than female strength, courage, wisdom? Some authors, who shall be nameless, are, I know, accused of depicting the most feeble, brainless, namby-pamby heroines, for ever whimpering tears and prattling commonplaces. *You* would have the heroine of your novel so beautiful that she should charm the captain (or hero, whoever he may be) with her appearance; surprise and confound the bishop with her learning; outride the squire and get the brush, and, when he fell from his horse, whip out a lancet and bleed him; rescue from fever and death the poor cottager's family whom the doctor had given up; make twenty-one at the butts with the rifle, when the poor captain only scored eighteen; give him twenty in fifty at billiards and beat him; and draw tears from the professional Italian people by her exquisite performance (of voice and violoncello) in the

evening;—I say, if a novelist would be popular with ladies—the great novel-readers of the world—this is the sort of heroine who would carry him through half-a-dozen editions. Suppose I had asked that Bearded Lady to sing? Confess, now, miss, you would not have been displeased if I had told you that she had a voice like Lablache, only ever so much lower.

My dear, you would like to be a heroine? You would like to travel in triumphal caravans; to see your effigy placarded on city walls; to have your levées attended by admiring crowds, all crying out, "Was there ever such a wonder of a woman?" You would like admiration? Consider the tax you pay for it. You would be alone were you eminent. Were you so distinguished from your neighbours—I will not say by a beard and whiskers, that were odious—but by a great and remarkable intellectual superiority—would you, do you think, be any the happier? Consider envy. Consider solitude. Consider the jealousy and torture of mind which this Kentucky lady must feel, suppose she should hear that there is, let us say, a Missouri prodigy, with a beard larger than hers. Consider how she is separated from her kind by the possession of that wonder of a beard. When that beard grows grey, how lonely she will be, the poor old thing! If it falls off, the public admiration falls off too; and how she will miss it—the compliments of the trumpeters, the admiration of the crowd, the gilded progress of the car. I see an old woman alone in a decrepit old caravan, with cobwebs on the knocker, with a blistered ensign flapping idly over the door. Would you like to be that deserted person? Ah, Chloe! To be good, to be simple, to be modest, to be loved, be thy lot. Be thankful thou art not taller, nor stronger, nor richer, nor wiser than the rest of the world!

ON LETTS'S DIARY

MINE is one of your No. 12 diaries, three shillings cloth boards; silk limp, gilt edges, three-and-six; French morocco, tuck ditto, four-and-six. It has two pages, ruled with faint lines for memoranda, for every week, and a ruled account at the end, for the twelve months from January to December, where you may set down your incomings and your expenses. I hope yours, my respected reader, are large; that there are many fine round sums of figures on each side of the page: liberal on the expenditure side, greater still on the receipt. I hope, sir, you will be "a better man," as they say, in '62 than in this moribund '61, whose career of life is just coming to its terminus. A better man in purse? in body? in soul's health? Amen, good sir, in all. Who is there so good in mind, body, or estate, but bettering won't still be good for him? O unknown Fate, presiding over next year, if you will give me better health, a better appetite, a better digestion, a better income, a better temper in '62 than you have bestowed in '61, I think your servant will be the better for the changes. For instance, I should be the better for a new coat. This one, I acknowledge, is very old. The family says so. My good friend, who amongst us would not be the better if he would give up some old habits? Yes, yes. You agree with me. You take the allegory? Alas! at our time of life we don't like to give up those old habits, do we? It is ill to change. There is the good old loose easy slovenly bedgown, laziness, for example. What man of sense likes to fling it off and put on a tight *guindé* prim dress-coat that pinches him? There is the cosy wraprascal, self-indulgence—how easy it is! How warm! How it always seems to fit! You can walk out in it; you can go down to dinner in it. You can say of such what Tully says of his books: *Pernoctat nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticatur.* It is a little slatternly—it is a good deal stained—it isn't becoming—it smells of cigar-smoke; but, *allons donc!* let the world call me idle and sloven. I love my ease better than my neighbour's opinion. I live to please myself; not you, Mr. Dandy, with your supercilious airs. I am a philosopher. Perhaps I live in my tub, and don't make

any other use of it—— We won't pursue further this unsavoury metaphor; but, with regard to some of your old habits, let us say—

1. The habit of being censorious, and speaking ill of your neighbours.

2. The habit of getting into a passion with your man-servant, your maid-servant, your daughter, wife, &c.

3. The habit of indulging too much at table.

4. The habit of smoking in the dining-room after dinner.

5. The habit of spending insane sums of money in *bric-à-brac*, tall copies, binding, Elzevirs, &c.; '20 Port, outrageously fine horses, ostentatious entertainments, and what not. Or,

6. The habit of screwing meanly, when rich, and chuckling over the saving of half-a-crown, whilst you are poisoning your friends and family with bad wine.

7. The habit of going to sleep immediately after dinner, instead of cheerfully entertaining Mrs. Jones and the family. Or,

8. Ladies! The habit of running up bills with the milliners, and swindling paterfamilias on the house bills.

9. The habit of keeping him waiting for breakfast.

10. The habit of sneering at Mrs. Brown and the Miss Browns, because they are not quite *du monde*, or quite so genteel as Lady Smith.

11. The habit of keeping your wretched father up at balls till five o'clock in the morning, when he has to be at his office at eleven.

12. The habit of fighting with each other, dear Louisa, Jane, Arabella, Amelia.

13. The habit of *always* ordering John Coachman three-quarters of an hour before you want him.

Such habits, I say, sir or madam, if you have had to note in your diary of '61, I have not the slightest doubt, you will enter in your pocket-book of '62. There are habits Nos. 4 and 7, for example. I am morally sure that some of us will not give up those bad customs, though the women cry out and grumble, and scold ever so justly. There are habits Nos. 9 and 13. I feel perfectly certain, my dear young ladies, that you will continue to keep John Coachman waiting; that you will continue to give the most satisfactory reasons for keeping him waiting: and as for (9), you will show that you once (on the 1st of April last, let us say) came to breakfast first, and that you are *always* first in consequence.

Yes; in our '62 diaries, I fear we may all of us make some of the '61 entries. There is my friend Freehand, for instance. (Aha! Master Freehand, how you will laugh to find yourself here!)

F. is in the habit of spending a little, ever so little, more than his income. He shows you how Mrs. Freehand works, and works (and indeed, Jack Freehand, if you say she is an angel, you don't say too much of her); how they toil, and how they mend, and patch, and pinch; and how they *can't* live on their means. And I very much fear—nay, I will bet him half a bottle of Gladstone 14s. per dozen claret—that the account which is a little on the wrong side this year, will be a little on the wrong side in the next ensuing year of grace.

A diary. Dies. Hodie. How queer to read are some of the entries in the journal! Here are the records of dinners eaten, and gone the way of flesh. The lights burn blue somehow, and we sit before the ghosts of victuals. Hark at the dead jokes resurging! Memory greets them with the ghost of a smile. Here are the lists of the individuals who have dined at your own humble table. The agonies endured before and during those entertainments are renewed, and smart again. What a failure that special grand dinner was! How those dreadful occasional waiters did break the old china! What a dismal hash poor Mary, the cook, made of the French dish which she *would* try out of Francatelli! How angry Mrs. Pope was at not going down to dinner before Mrs. Bishop! How Trimalchio sneered at your absurd attempt to give a feast; and Harpagon cried out at your extravagance and ostentation! How Lady Almack bullied the other ladies in the drawing-room (when no gentlemen were present): never asked you back to dinner again: left her card by her footman: and took not the slightest notice of your wife and daughters at Lady Hustleby's assembly! On the other hand, how easy, cosy, merry, comfortable, those little dinners were; got up at one or two days' notice; when everybody was contented; the soup as clear as amber; the wine as good as Trimalchio's own; and the people kept their carriages waiting, and would not go away till midnight!

Along with the catalogue of bygone pleasures, balls, banquets, and the like, which the pages record, comes a list of much more important occurrences, and remembrances of graver import. On two days of Dives's diary are printed notices that "Dividends are due at the Bank." Let us hope, dear sir, that this announcement considerably interests you; in which case, probably, you have no need of the almanack-maker's printed reminder. If you look over poor Jack Reckless's note-book, amongst his memoranda of racing odds given and taken, perhaps you may read:—"Nabbam's bill due 29th September, £142, 15s. 6d." Let us trust, as the day has passed, that the little transaction here noted has been satisfactorily terminated. If you are paterfamilias, and a worthy kind gentle-

man, no doubt you have marked down on your register, 17th December (say), "Boys come home." Ah, how carefully that blessed day is marked in *their* little calendars! In my time it used to be, Wednesday, 13th November, "5 *weeks from the holidays;*" Wednesday, 20th November, "4 *weeks from the holidays;*" until sluggish time sped on, and we came to WEDNESDAY, 18TH DECEMBER. Oh rapture! Do you remember pea-shooters? I think we only had them on going home for holidays from private schools—at public schools men are too dignified. And then came that glorious announcement, Wednesday, 27th, "Papa took us to the pantomime;" or if not papa, perhaps you condescended to go to the pit, under charge of the footman.

That was near the end of the year—and mamma gave you a new pocket-book, perhaps, with a little coin, God bless her, in the pocket. And that pocket-book was for next year, you know; and in that pocket-book you had to write down that sad day, Wednesday, January 24th, eighteen hundred and never mind what,—when Doctor Birch's young friends were expected to re-assemble.

Ah me! Every person who turns this page over has his own little diary, in paper or ruled in his memory tablets, and in which are set down the transactions of the now dying year. Boys and men, we have our calendar, mothers and maidens. For example, in your calendar pocket-book, my good Eliza, what a sad sad day that is—how fondly and bitterly remembered—when your boy went off to his regiment, to India, to danger, to battle perhaps. What a day was that last day at home, when the tall brother sat yet amongst the family, the little ones round about him wondering at saddle-boxes, uniforms, sword-cases, gun-cases, and other wondrous apparatus of war and travel which poured in and filled the hall; the new dressing-case for the beard not yet grown; the great sword-case at which little brother Tom looks so admiringly! What a dinner that was, that last dinner, when little and grown children assembled together, and all tried to be cheerful! What a night was that last night, when the young ones were at roost for the last time together under the same roof, and the mother lay alone in her chamber counting the fatal hours as they tolled one after another, amidst her tears, her watching, her fond prayers. What a night that was, and yet how quickly the melancholy dawn came! Only too soon the sun rose over the houses. And now in a moment more the city seemed to wake. The house began to stir. The family gathers together for the last meal. For the last time in the midst of them the widow kneels amongst her kneeling children, and falters a prayer in which she commits her dearest,

her eldest born, to the care of the Father of all. O night, what tears you hide—what prayers you hear! And so the nights pass and the days succeed, until that one comes when tears and parting shall be no more.

In your diary, as in mine, there are days marked with sadness, not for this year only, but for all. On a certain day—and the sun perhaps shining ever so brightly—the house-mother comes down to her family, with a sad face, which scares the children round about in the midst of their laughter and prattle. They may have forgotten—but she has not—a day which came, twenty years ago it may be, and which she remembers only too well: the long night-watch; the dreadful dawning and the rain beating at the pane; the infant speechless, but moaning in its little crib; and then the awful calm, the awful smile on the sweet cherub face, when the cries have ceased, and the little suffering breast heaves no more. Then the children, as they see their mother's face, remember this was the day on which their little brother died. It was before they were born; but she remembers it. And as they pray together, it seems almost as if the spirit of the little lost one was hovering round the group. So they pass away: friends, kindred, the dearest-loved, grown people, aged, infants. As we go on the downhill journey, the milestones are gravestones, and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond man's common age, when friends have dropped off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.

In this past year's diary is there any precious day noted on which you have made a new friend? This is a piece of good fortune bestowed but grudgingly on the old. After a certain age a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child. Aged persons are seldom capable of bearing friendships. Do you remember how warmly you loved Jack and Tom when you were at school; what a passionate regard you had for Ned when you were at college, and the immense letters you wrote to each other? How often do you write, now that postage costs nothing? There is the age of blossoms and sweet budding green; the age of generous summer; the autumn when the leaves drop; and then winter, shivering and bare. Quick, children, and sit at my feet: for they are cold, very cold: and it seems as if neither wine nor worsted will warm 'em.

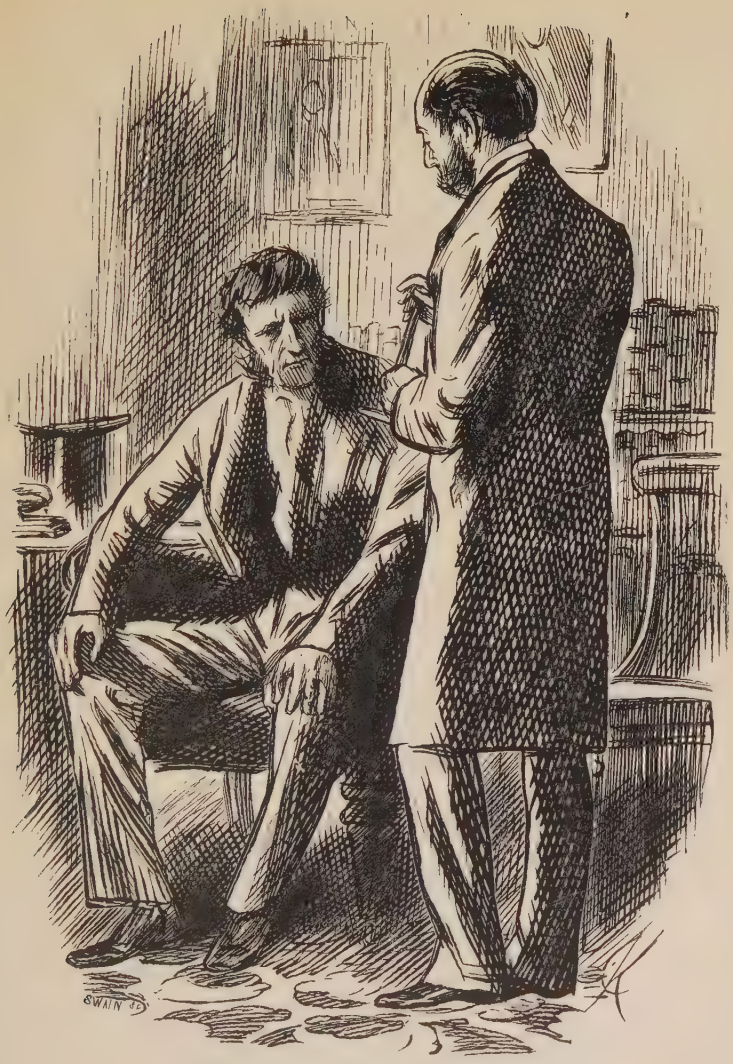
In this past year's diary is there any dismal day noted in which you have lost a friend? In mine there is. I do not mean by death. Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder

door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen. As I am in this cheerful mood, I will tell you a fine and touching story of a doctor which I heard lately. About two years since there was, in our or some other city, a famous doctor, into whose consulting-room crowds came daily, so that they might be healed. Now this doctor had a suspicion that there was something vitally wrong with himself, and he went to consult another famous physician at Dublin, or it may be at Edinburgh. And he of Edinburgh punched his comrade's sides; and listened at his heart and lungs; and felt his pulse, I suppose; and looked at his tongue; and when he had done, Doctor London said to Doctor Edinburgh, "Doctor, how long have I to live?" And Doctor Edinburgh said to Doctor London, "Doctor, you may last a year."

Then Doctor London came home, knowing that what Doctor Edinburgh said was true. And he made up his accounts, with man and Heaven, I trust. And he visited his patients as usual. And he went about healing, and cheering, and soothing and doctoring; and thousands of sick people were benefited by him. And he said not a word to his family at home; but lived amongst them cheerful and tender, and calm, and loving; though he knew the night was at hand when he should see them and work no more.

And it was winter time, and they came and told him that some man at a distance—very sick, but very rich—wanted him; and, though Doctor London knew that he was himself at death's door, he went to the sick man; for he knew the large fee would be good for his children after him. And he died; and his family never knew, until he was gone, that he had been long aware of the inevitable doom.

This is a cheerful carol for Christmas, is it not? You see, in regard to these Roundabout discourses, I never know whether they are to be merry or dismal. My hobby has the bit in his mouth; goes his own way; and sometimes trots through a park, and sometimes paces by a cemetery. Two days since came the printer's little emissary, with a note saying, "We are waiting for the Roundabout Paper!" A Roundabout Paper about what or whom? How stale it has become, that printed jollity about Christmas! Carols, and wassail-bowls, and holly, and mistletoe, and yule-logs *de commande*—what heaps of these have we not had for years past! Well, year after year the season comes. Come frost, come thaw, come snow, come rain, year after year my neighbour the parson has to make his sermon. They are getting together the bonbons, iced cakes, Christmas trees at Fortnum and Mason's now. The genii of the theatres are composing the Christmas pantomime, which our young folk will see and note anon in their little diaries.



A SENTENCE.

And now, brethren, may I conclude this discourse with an extract out of that great diary, the newspaper? I read it but yesterday, and it has mingled with all my thoughts since then. Here are the two paragraphs, which appeared following each other :—

"Mr. R., the Advocate-General of Calcutta, has been appointed to the post of Legislative Member of the Council of the Governor-General."

"Sir R. S., Agent to the Governor-General for Central India, died on the 29th of October, of bronchitis."

These two men, whose different fates are recorded in two paragraphs and half-a-dozen lines of the same newspaper, were sisters' sons. In one of the stories by the present writer, a man is described tottering "up the steps of the ghaut," having just parted with his child, whom he is despatching to England from India. I wrote this, remembering in long long distant days, such a ghaut, or river-stair, at Calcutta; and a day when, down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children, whose mothers remained on the shore. One of those ladies was never to see her boy more; and he, too, is just dead in India, "of bronchitis, on the 29th October." We were first-cousins; had been little playmates and friends from the time of our birth; and the first house in London to which I was taken, was that of our aunt, the mother of his Honour the Member of Council. His Honour was even then a gentleman of the long robe, being, in truth, a baby in arms. We Indian children were consigned to a school of which our deluded parents had heard a favourable report, but which was governed by a horrible little tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying, "Pray God, I may dream of my mother!" Thence we went to a public school; and my cousin to Addiscombe and to India.

"For thirty-two years," the paper says, "Sir Richmond Shakespear faithfully and devotedly served the Government of India, and during that period but once visited England, for a few months and on public duty. In his military capacity he saw much service, was present in eight general engagements, and was badly wounded in the last. In 1840, when a young lieutenant, he had the rare good fortune to be the means of rescuing from almost hopeless slavery in Khiva 416 subjects of the Emperor of Russia; and, but two years later, greatly contributed to the happy recovery of our own prisoners from a similar fate in Cabul. Throughout his career this officer

was ever ready and zealous for the public service, and freely risked life and liberty in the discharge of his duties. Lord Canning, to mark his high sense of Sir Richmond Shakespear's public services, had lately offered him the Chief Commissionership of Mysore, which he had accepted, and was about to undertake, when death terminated his career."

When he came to London the cousins and playfellows of early Indian days met once again, and shook hands. "Can I do anything for you?" I remember the kind fellow asking. He was always asking that question: of all kinsmen; of all widows and orphans; of all the poor; of young men who might need his purse or his service. I saw a young officer yesterday to whom the first words Sir Richmond Shakespear wrote on his arrival in India were, "Can I do anything for you?" His purse was at the command of all. His kind hand was always open. It was a gracious fate which sent him to rescue widows and captives. Where could they have had a champion more chivalrous, a protector more loving and tender?

I write down his name in my little book, among those of others dearly loved, who, too, have been summoned hence. And so we meet and part; we struggle and succeed; or we fail and drop unknown on the way. As we leave the fond mother's knee, the rough trials of childhood and boyhood begin; and then manhood is upon us, and the battle of life, with its chances, perils, wounds, defeats, distinctions. And Fort William guns are saluting in one man's honour,* while the troops are firing the last volleys over the other's grave—over the grave of the brave, the gentle, the faithful Christian soldier.

* W. R. obiit March 22, 1862.

ON HALF A LOAF

A LETTER TO MESSRS. BROADWAY, BATTERY & CO., OF NEW YORK, BANKERS

IS it all over? May we lock up the case of instruments? Have we signed our wills; settled up our affairs; pretended to talk and rattle quite cheerfully to the women at dinner, so that they should not be alarmed; sneaked away under some pretext, and looked at the children sleeping in their beds with their little unconscious thumbs in their mouths, and a flush on the soft-pillowed cheek; made every arrangement with Colonel MacTurk, who acts as our second, and knows the other principal a great deal too well to think he will ever give in; invented a monstrous figment about going to shoot pheasants with Mac in the morning, so as to soothe the anxious fears of the dear mistress of the house; early as the hour appointed for the—the little affair—was, have we been awake hours and hours sooner; risen before daylight, with a faint hope, perhaps, that MacTurk might have come to some arrangement with the other side; at seven o'clock (confound his punctuality!) heard his cab-wheel at the door, and let him in looking perfectly trim, fresh, jolly, and well shaved; driven off with him in the cold morning, after a very unsatisfactory breakfast of coffee and stale bread-and-butter (which choke, somehow, in the swallowing); driven off to Wormwood Scrubs in the cold, muddy, misty, moonshiny morning; stepped out of the cab, where Mac has bid the man to halt on a retired spot in the common; in one minute more, seen another cab arrive, from which descend two gentlemen, one of whom has a case like MacTurk's under his arm;—looked round and round the solitude, and seen not one single sign of a policeman—no, no more than in a row in London;—deprecated the horrible necessity which drives civilised men to the use of powder and bullet;—taken ground as firmly as may be, and looked on whilst Mac is neatly loading his weapons; and when all was ready, and one looked for the decisive One, Two, Three—have we ever heard Captain O'Toole (the second of the other principal) walk up, and say: "Colonel MacTurk, I am

desired by my principal to declare at this eleventh—this twelfth hour, that he is willing to own that he sees HE HAS BEEN WRONG in the dispute which has arisen between him and your friend; that he apologises for offensive expressions which he has used in the heat of the quarrel; and regrets the course he has taken"? If something like this has happened to you, however great your courage, you have been glad not to fight;—however accurate your aim, you have been pleased not to fire.

On the sixth day of January in this year sixty-two, what hundreds of thousands—I may say, what millions of Englishmen, were in the position of the personage here sketched—Christian men, I hope, shocked at the dreadful necessity of battle; aware of the horrors which the conflict must produce, and yet feeling that the moment was come, and that there was no arbitrament left but that of steel and cannon! My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atlantic. You can't hear gentle voices; very many who could speak are afraid. Men must go forward, or be crushed by the maddened crowd behind them. I suppose after the perpetration of that act of—what shall we call it?—of sudden war, which Wilkes did, and Everett approved, most of us believed that battle was inevitable. Who has not read the American papers for six weeks past? Did you ever think the United States Government would give up those Commissioners? I never did, for my part. It seems to me the United States Government have done the most courageous act of the war. Before that act was done, what an excitement prevailed in London! In every Club there was a parliament sitting in permanence: in every domestic gathering this subject was sure to form the main part of the talk. Of course I have seen many people who have travelled in America, and heard them on this matter—friends of the South, friends of the North, friends of peace, and American stock-holders in plenty.—"They will never give up the men, sir," that was the opinion on all sides; and, if they would not, we knew what was to happen.

For weeks past this nightmare of war has been riding us. The City was already gloomy enough. When a great domestic grief and misfortune visits the chief person of the State, the heart of the people, too, is sad and awe-stricken. It might be this sorrow and trial were but presages of greater trials and sorrow to come. What if the sorrow of war is to be added to the other calamity? Such forebodings have formed the theme of many a man's talk, and darkened many a fireside. Then came the rapid orders for ships to

arm and troops to depart. How many of us have had to say farewell to friends whom duty called away with their regiments; on whom we strove to look cheerfully, as we shook their hands, it might be for the last time; and whom our thoughts depicted, treading the snows of the immense Canadian frontier, where their intrepid little band might have to face the assaults of other enemies than winter and rough weather! I went to a play one night, and protest I hardly know what was the entertainment which passed before my eyes. In the next stall was an American gentleman, who knew me. "Good heavens, sir!" I thought, "is it decreed that you and I are to be authorised to murder each other next week; that my people shall be bombarding your cities, destroying your navies, making a hideous desolation of your coast; that our peaceful frontiers shall be subject to fire, rapine, and murder?" "They will never give up the men," said the Englishman. "They will never give up the men," said the American. And the Christmas piece which the actors were playing proceeded like a piece in a dream. To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbour presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America —the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome and the most delightful hospitality—was a prisoner in Fort Warren, on charges by which his life perhaps might be risked. I think that was the most dismal Christmas fun which these eyes ever looked on.

Carry out that notion a little farther, and depict ten thousand, a hundred thousand homes in England saddened by the thought of the coming calamity, and oppressed by the pervading gloom. My next-door neighbour perhaps has parted with her son. Now the ship in which he is, with a thousand brave comrades, is ploughing through the stormy midnight ocean. Presently (under a flag we know of) the thin red line in which her boy forms a speck, is winding its way through the vast Canadian snows. Another neighbour's boy is not gone, but is expecting orders to sail; and some one else, besides the circle at home maybe, is in prayer and terror, thinking of the summons which calls the young sailor away. By firesides modest and splendid, all over the three kingdoms, that sorrow is keeping watch, and myriads of hearts beating with that thought, "Will they give up the men?"

I don't know how, on the first day after the capture of the Southern Commissioners was announced, a rumour got abroad in London that the taking of the men was an act according to law, of which our nation could take no notice. It was said that the law authorities had so declared, and a very noble testimony to the *loyalty* of Englishmen, I think, was shown by the instant submission

of high-spirited gentlemen, most keenly feeling that the nation had been subject to a coarse outrage, who were silent when told that the law was with the aggressor. The relief which presently came, when, after a pause of a day, we found that law was on our side, was indescribable. The nation *might* then take notice of this insult to its honour. Never were people more eager than ours when they found they had a right to reparation.

I have talked during the last week with many English holders of American securities, who, of course, have been aware of the threat held over them. "England," says the *New York Herald*, "cannot afford to go to war with us, for six hundred millions' worth of American stock is owned by British subjects, which, in event of hostilities, would be confiscated; and we now call upon the Companies not to take it off their hands on any terms. *Let its forfeiture be held over England as a weapon in terrorem.* British subjects have two or three hundred millions of dollars invested in shipping and other property in the United States. All this property, together with the stocks, would be seized, amounting to nine hundred millions of dollars. Will England incur this tremendous loss for a mere abstraction?"

Whether "a mere abstraction" here means the abstraction of the two Southern Commissioners from under our flag, or the abstract idea of injured honour, which seems ridiculous to the *Herald*, it is needless to ask. I have spoken with many men who have money invested in the States, but I declare I have not met one English gentleman whom the publication of this threat has influenced for a moment. Our people have nine hundred millions of dollars invested in the United States, have they? And the *Herald* "calls upon the Companies" not to take any of this debt off our hands. Let us, on our side, entreat the English press to give this announcement every publicity. Let us do everything in our power to make this "call upon the Americans" well known in England. I hope English newspaper editors will print it, and print it again and again. It is not we who say this of American citizens; but American citizens who say this of themselves. "Bull is odious. We can't bear Bull. He is haughty, arrogant, a braggart, and a blusterer; and we can't bear brag and bluster in our modest and decorous country. We hate Bull, and if he quarrels with us on a point in which we are in the wrong, we have goods of his in our custody, and we will rob him!" Suppose your London banker saying to you, "Sir, I have always thought your manners disgusting, and your arrogance insupportable. You dare to complain of my conduct because I have wrongfully imprisoned Jones. My answer to your vulgar interference is, that I confiscate your balance!"

What would be an English merchant's character after a few such transactions? It is not improbable that the moralists of the *Herald* would call him a rascal. Why have the United States been paying seven, eight, ten per cent. for money for years past, when the same commodity can be got elsewhere at half that rate of interest? Why, because though among the richest proprietors in the world, creditors were not sure of them. So the States have had to pay eighty millions yearly for the use of money which would cost other borrowers but thirty. Add up this item of extra interest alone for a dozen years, and see what a prodigious penalty the States have been paying for repudiation here and there, for sharp practice, for doubtful credit. Suppose the peace is kept between us, the remembrance of this last threat alone will cost the States millions and millions more. If they must have money, we must have a greater interest to ensure our jeopardised capital. Do American Companies want to borrow money—as want to borrow they will? Mr. Brown, show the gentleman that extract from the *New York Herald*, which declares that the United States will confiscate private property in the event of a war. As the country newspapers say, "Please, country papers, copy this paragraph." And, gentlemen in America, when the honour of *your* nation is called in question, please to remember that it is the American press which glories in announcing that you are prepared to be rogues.

And when this war has drained uncounted hundreds of millions more out of the United States exchequer, will they be richer or more inclined to pay debts, or less willing to evade them, or more popular with their creditors, or more likely to get money from men whom they deliberately announce that they will cheat? I have not followed the *Herald* on the "stone-ship" question—that great naval victory appears to me not less horrible and wicked than suicidal. Block the harbours for ever; destroy the inlets of the commerce of the world; perish cities,—so that we may wreak an injury on them. It is the talk of madmen, but not the less wicked. The act injures the whole Republic: but it is perpetrated. It is to deal harm to ages hence; but it is done. The Indians of old used to burn women and their unborn children. This stone-ship business is Indian warfare. And it is performed by men who tell us every week that they are at the head of civilisation, and that the Old World is decrepit, and cruel, and barbarous as compared to theirs.

The same politicians who throttle commerce at its neck, and threaten to confiscate trust-money, say that when the war is over, and the South is subdued, then the turn of the old country will come, and a direful retribution shall be taken for our conduct.

This has been the cry all through the war. "We should have conquered the South," says an American paper which I read this very day, "but for England." Was there ever such puling heard from men who have an army of a million, and who turn and revile a people who have stood as aloof from their contest as they have from the war of Troy? Or is it an outcry made with malice prepense? And is the song of the *New York Times* a variation of the *Herald* tune? —"The conduct of the British, in folding their arms and taking no part in the fight, has been so base that it has caused the prolongation of the war, and occasioned a prodigious expense on our part. Therefore, as we have British property in our hands, we &c. &c." The lamb troubled the water dreadfully, and the wolf, in a righteous indignation, "confiscated" him. Of course we have heard that at an undisturbed time Great Britain would never have dared to press its claim for redress. Did the United States wait until we were at peace with France before they went to war with us last? Did Mr. Seward yield the claim which he confesses to be just, until he himself was menaced with war? How long were the Southern gentlemen kept in prison? What caused them to be set free? and did the Cabinet of Washington see its error before or after the demand for redress? * The captor was feasted at Boston, and the captives in prison hard by. If the wrongdoer was to be punished, it was Captain Wilkes who ought to have gone into limbo. At any rate, as "the Cabinet of Washington could not give its approbation to the commander of the *San Jacinto*," why were the men not sooner set free? To sit at Tremont House, and hear the captain after dinner give his opinion on international law, would have been better sport for the prisoners than the grim *salle-à-manger* at Fort Warren.

I read in the commercial news brought by the *Teutonia*, and

* "At the beginning of December the British fleet on the West Indian station mounted 850 guns, and comprised five liners, ten first-class frigates, and seventeen powerful corvettes. . . . In little more than a month the fleet available for operations on the American shore had been more than doubled. The reinforcements prepared at the various dockyards included two line-of-battle ships, twenty-nine magnificent frigates — such as the *Shannon*, the *Sutlej*, the *Euryalus*, the *Orlando*, the *Galatea;* eight corvettes, armed like the frigates in part, with 100- and 40- pounder Armstrong guns; and the two tremendous iron-cased ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince;* and their smaller sisters the *Resistance* and the *Defence*. There was work to be done which might have delayed the commission of a few of these ships for some weeks longer; but if the United States had chosen war instead of peace, the blockade of their coasts would have been supported by a steam fleet of more than sixty splendid ships, armed with 1800 guns, many of them of the heaviest and most effective kind."—*Saturday Review:* Jan. 11.

published in London on the present 13th January, that the pork market was generally quiet on the 29th December last; that lard, though with more activity, was heavy and decidedly lower: and at Philadelphia, whisky is steady and stocks firm. Stocks are firm: that is a comfort for the English holders, and the confiscating process recommended by the *Herald* is at least deferred. But presently comes an announcement which is not quite so cheering:—"The Saginaw Central Railway Company (let us call it) has postponed its January dividend on account of the disturbed condition of public affairs."

A la bonne heure. The bond- and share-holders of the Saginaw must look for loss and depression in times of war. This is one of war's dreadful taxes and necessities: and all sorts of innocent people must suffer by the misfortune. The corn was high at Waterloo when a hundred and fifty thousand men came and trampled it down on a Sabbath morning. There was no help for that calamity, and the Belgian farmers lost their crops for the year. Perhaps I am a farmer myself—an innocent *colonus;* and instead of being able to get to church with my family, have to see squadrons of French dragoons thundering upon my barley, and squares of English infantry forming and trampling all over my oats. (By the way, in writing of "Panics," an ingenious writer in the *Atlantic Magazine* says that the British panics at Waterloo were frequent and notorious.) Well, I am a Belgian peasant, and I see the British running away and the French cutting the fugitives down. What have I done that these men should be kicking down my peaceful harvest for me, on which I counted to pay my rent, to feed my horses, my household, my children? It is hard. But it is the fortune of war. But suppose the battle over; the Frenchman says, "You scoundrel! why did you not take a part with me? and why did you stand like a double-faced traitor looking on? I should have won the battle but for you. And I hereby confiscate the farm you stand on, and you and your family may go to the workhouse."

The New York press holds this argument over English people *in terrorem.* "We Americans may be ever so wrong in the matter in dispute, but if you push us to a war, we will confiscate your English property." Very good. It is peace now. Confidence of course is restored between us. Our eighteen hundred peace commissioners have no occasion to open their mouths; and the little question of confiscation is postponed. Messrs. Battery, Broadway & Co., of New York, have the kindness to sell my Saginaws for what they will fetch. I shall lose half my loaf very likely; but for the sake of a quiet life, let us give up a certain quantity of farinaceous food; and half a loaf, you know, is better than no bread at all.

THE NOTCH ON THE AXE.—A STORY À LA MODE

Part I

EVERY one remembers in the Fourth Book of the immortal poem of your Blind Bard (to whose sightless orbs no doubt Glorious Shapes were apparent, and Visions Celestial), how Adam discourses to Eve of the Bright Visitors who hovered round their Eden—

> "'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

"'How often,' says Father Adam, 'from the steep of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard celestial voices to the midnight air, sole, or responsive to each other's notes, singing!' After the Act of Disobedience, when the erring pair from Eden took their solitary way, and went forth to toil and trouble on common earth—though the Glorious Ones no longer were visible, you cannot say they were gone. It was not that the Bright Ones were absent, but that the dim eyes of rebel man no longer could see them. In your chamber hangs a picture of one whom you never knew, but whom you have long held in tenderest regard, and who was painted for you by a friend of mine, the Knight of Plympton. She communes with you. She smiles on you. When your spirits are low, her bright eyes shine on you and cheer you. Her innocent sweet smile is a caress to you. She never fails to soothe you with her speechless prattle. You love her. She is alive with you. As you extinguish your candle and turn to sleep, though your eyes see her not, is she not there still smiling? As you lie in the night awake, and thinking of your duties, and the morrow's inevitable toil oppressing the busy, weary, wakeful brain as with a remorse, the crackling fire flashes up for a moment in the grate, and she is there, your little Beauteous Maiden, smiling with her sweet eyes! When moon is down, when fire is out, when curtains are drawn, when lids are closed, is she not there, the little Beautiful One, though invisible, present and

smiling still? Friend, the Unseen Ones are round about us. Does it not seem as if the time were drawing near when it shall be given to men to behold them?"

The print of which my friend spoke, and which, indeed, hangs in my room, though he has never been there, is that charming little winter piece of Sir Joshua, representing the little Lady Caroline Montague, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch. She is represented as standing in the midst of a winter landscape, wrapped in muff and cloak; and she looks out of her picture with a smile so exquisite that a Herod could not see her without being charmed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pinto," I said to the person with whom I was conversing. (I wonder, by the way, that I was not surprised at his knowing how fond I am of this print.) "You spoke of the Knight of Plympton. Sir Joshua died, 1792: and you say he was your dear friend?"

As I spoke I chanced to look at Mr. Pinto; and then it suddenly struck me: Gracious powers! Perhaps you *are* a hundred years old, now I think of it. You look more than a hundred. Yes, you may be a thousand years old for what I know. Your teeth are false. One eye is evidently false. Can I say that the other is not? If a man's age may be calculated by the rings round his eyes, this man may be as old as Methuselah. He has no beard. He wears a large curly glossy brown wig, and his eyebrows are painted a deep olive-green. It was odd to hear this man, this walking mummy, talking sentiment, in these queer old chambers in Shepherd's Inn.

Pinto passed a yellow bandanna handkerchief over his awful white teeth, and kept his glass eye steadily fixed on me. "Sir Joshua's friend?" said he (you perceive, eluding my direct question). "Is not every one that knows his pictures Reynolds's friend? Suppose I tell you that I have been in his painting-room scores of times, and that his sister Thé has made me tea, and his sister Toffy has made coffee for me? You will only say I am an old ombog." (Mr. Pinto, I remarked, spoke all languages with an accent equally foreign.) "Suppose I tell you that I knew Mr. Sam Johnson, and did not like him? that I was at that very ball at Madame Cornelis' which you have mentioned in one of your little—what do you call them?—bah! my memory begins to fail me—in one of your little Whirligig Papers? Suppose I tell you that Sir Joshua has been here, in this very room?"

"Have you, then, had these apartments for—more—than—seventy years?" I asked.

"They look as if they had not been swept for that time—don't they? Hey? I did not say that I had them for seventy years, but that Sir Joshua had visited me here."

"When?" I asked, eyeing the man sternly, for I began to think he was an impostor.

He answered me with a glance still more stern: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was here this very morning, with Angelica Kaufmann and Mr. Oliver Goldschmidt. He is still very much attached to Angelica, who still does not care for him. Because he is dead (and I was in the fourth mourning coach at his funeral) is that any reason why he should not come back to earth again? My good sir, you are laughing at me. He has sat many a time on that very chair which you are occupying. There are several spirits in the room now, whom you cannot see. Excuse me." Here he turned round as if he was addressing somebody, and began rapidly speaking a language unknown to me. "It is Arabic," he said; "a bad patois I own. I learned it in Barbary, when I was a prisoner amongst the Moors. In anno 1609, bin ick aldus ghekledt gheghaen. Ha! you doubt me: look at me well. At least I am like——"

Perhaps some of my readers remember a paper of which the figure of a man carrying a log formed the initial letter, and which I copied from an old spoon now in my possession. As I looked at Mr. Pinto I do declare he looked so like the figure on that old piece of plate that I started and felt very uneasy. "Ha!" said he, laughing through his false teeth (I declare they were false—I could see utterly toothless gums working up and down behind the pink coral), "you see I wore a beard den; I am shafed now; perhaps you tink I am *a spoon*. Ha, ha!" And as he laughed he gave a cough which I thought would have coughed his teeth out, his glass eye out, his wig off, his very head off; but he stopped this convulsion by stumping across the room and seizing a little bottle o bright pink medicine, which, being opened, spread a singular acrid aromatic odour through the apartment; and I thought I saw—but of this I cannot take an affirmation—a light green and violet flame flickering round the neck of the phial as he opened it. By the way, from the peculiar stumping noise which he made in crossing the bare-boarded apartment, I knew at once that my strange entertainer had a wooden leg. Over the dust which lay quite thick on the boards, you could see the mark of one foot very neat and pretty, and then a round O, which was naturally the impression made by the wooden stump. I own I had a queer thrill as I saw that mark, and felt a secret comfort that it was not *cloven*.

In this desolate apartment in which Mr. Pinto had invited me to see him, there were three chairs, one bottomless, a little table on which you might put a breakfast-tray, and not a single other article of furniture. In the next room, the door of which was open, I

could see a magnificent gilt dressing-case, with some splendid diamond and ruby shirt-studs lying by it, and a chest of drawers and a cupboard apparently full of clothes.

Remembering him in Baden Baden in great magnificence, I wondered at his present denuded state. "You have a house elsewhere, Mr. Pinto?" I said.

"Many," says he. "I have apartments in many cities. I lock dem up, and do not carry mosh logish."

I then remembered that his apartment at Baden, where I first met him, was bare, and had no bed in it.

"There is, then, a sleeping-room beyond?"

"This is the sleeping-room." (He pronounces it *dis*. Can this, by the way, give any clue to the nationality of this singular man?)

"If you sleep on these two old chairs you have a rickety couch; if on the floor, a dusty one."

"Suppose I sleep up dere?" said this strange man, and he actually pointed up to the ceiling. I thought him mad, or what he himself called "an ombog." "I know. You do not believe me; for why should I deceive you? I came but to propose a matter of business to you. I told you I could give you the clue to the mystery of the Two Children in Black, whom you met at Baden, and you came to see me. If I told you, you would not believe me. What for try and convinz you? Ha, hey?" And he shook his hand once, twice, thrice, at me, and glared at me out of his eye in a peculiar way.

Of what happened now I protest I cannot give an accurate account. It seemed to me that there shot a flame from his eye into my brain, whilst behind his *glass* eye there was a green illumination as if a candle had been lit in it. It seemed to me that from his long fingers two quivering flames issued, sputtering, as it were, which penetrated me, and forced me back into one of the chairs—the broken one—out of which I had much difficulty in scrambling, when the strange glamour was ended. It seemed to me that, when I was so fixed, so transfixed in the broken chair, the man floated up to the ceiling, crossed his legs, folded his arms as if he was lying on a sofa, and grinned down at me. When I came to myself he was down from the ceiling, and, taking me out of the broken cane-bottomed chair, kindly enough—"Bah!" said he, "it is the smell of my medicine. It often gives the vertigo. I thought you would have had a little fit. Come into the open air." And we went down the steps, and into Shepherd's Inn, where the setting sun was just shining on the statue of Shepherd; the laundresses were trapesing about; the porters were leaning against the rail-

ings; and the clerks were playing at marbles, to my inexpressible consolation.

"You said you were going to dine at the 'Gray's-inn Coffee-house,'" he said. I was. I often dine there. There is excellent wine at the "Gray's-inn Coffee-house;" but I declare I NEVER SAID so. I was not astonished at his remark; no more astonished than if I was in a dream. Perhaps I *was* in a dream. Is life a dream? Are dreams facts? Is sleeping being really awake? I don't know. I tell you I am puzzled. I have read "The Woman in White," "The Strange Story"—not to mention that story "Stranger than Fiction" in the *Cornhill Magazine*—that story for which THREE credible witnesses are ready to vouch. I have had messages from the dead; and not only from the dead, but from people who never existed at all. I own I am in a state of much bewilderment: but, if you please, will proceed with my simple, my artless story.

Well, then. We passed from Shepherd's Inn into Holborn, and looked for a while at Woodgate's bric-à-brac shop, which I never can pass without delaying at the windows—indeed, if I were going to be hanged, I would beg the cart to stop, and let me have one look more at that delightful *omnium gatherum*. And passing Woodgate's, we come to Gale's little shop, "No. 47," which is also a favourite haunt of mine.

Mr. Gale happened to be at his door, and as we exchanged salutations, "Mr. Pinto," I said, "would you like to see a real curiosity in this curiosity shop? Step into Mr. Gale's little back room."

In that little back parlour there are Chinese gongs; there are old Saxe and Sèvres plates; there is Fürstenberg, Carl Theodor, Worcester, Amstel, Nankin and other jimcrockery. And in the corner what do you think there is? There is an actual GUILLOTINE. If you doubt me, go and see—Gale, High Holborn, No. 47. It is a slim instrument, much slighter than those which they make now;—some nine feet high, narrow, a pretty piece of upholstery enough. There is the hook over which the rope used to play which unloosened the dreadful axe above; and look! dropped into the orifice where the head used to go—there is THE AXE itself, all rusty, with A GREAT NOTCH IN THE BLADE.

As Pinto looked at it—Mr. Gale was not in the room, I recollect; happening to have been just called out by a customer who offered him three pound fourteen and sixpence for a blue Shepherd in *pâte tendre*,—Mr. Pinto gave a little start, and seemed *crispé* for a moment. Then he looked steadily towards one of those great porcelain stools which you see in gardens—and—it seemed to me—I tell you I won't take my affidavit—I may have been maddened

by the six glasses I took of that pink elixir—I may have been sleep-walking: perhaps am as I write now—I may have been under the influence of that astounding MEDIUM into whose hands I had fallen—but I vow I heard Pinto say, with rather a ghastly grin at the porcelain stool,

> "Nay, nefer shague your gory locks at me,
> Dou canst not say I did it."

(He pronounced it, by the way, I *dit* it, by which I *know* that Pinto was a German.)

I heard Pinto say those very words, and sitting on the porcelain stool I saw, dimly at first, then with an awful distinctness—a ghost—an *eidolon*—a form—A HEADLESS MAN seated, with his head in his lap, which wore an expression of piteous surprise.

At this minute, Mr. Gale entered from the front shop to show a customer some delf plates; and he did not see—but *we did*—the figure rise up from the porcelain stool, shake its head, which it held in its hand, and which kept its eyes fixed sadly on us, and disappear behind the guillotine.

"Come to the 'Gray's-inn Coffee-house,'" Pinto said, "and I will tell you how *the notch came to the axe*." And we walked down Holborn at about thirty-seven minutes past six o'clock.

If there is anything in the above statement which astonishes the reader, I promise him that in the next chapter of this little story he will be astonished still more.

PART II

YOU will excuse me," I said to my companion, "for remarking, that when you addressed the individual sitting on the porcelain stool, with his head in his lap, your ordinarily benevolent features"—(this I confess was a bouncer, for between ourselves a more sinister and ill-looking rascal than Monsieur P. I have seldom set eyes on)—"your ordinarily handsome face wore an expression that was by no means pleasing. You grinned at the individual just as you did at me when you went up to the cei——, pardon me, as I *thought* you did, when I fell down in a fit in your chambers;" and I qualified my words in a great flutter and tremble; I did not care to offend the man—I did not *dare* to offend the man. I thought once or twice of jumping into a cab, and flying; or taking refuge in Day and Martin's Blacking Warehouse; of speak-

ing to a policeman, but not one would come. I was this man's slave. I followed him like his dog. I *could* not get away from him. So, you see, I went on meanly conversing with him, and affecting a simpering confidence. I remember, when I was a little boy at school, going up fawning and smiling in this way to some great hulking bully of a sixth-form boy. So I said in a word, "Your ordinarily handsome face wore a disagreeable expression," &c.

"It is ordinarily *very* handsome," said he, with such a leer at a couple of passers-by, that one of them cried, "Oh, crikey, here's a precious guy!" and a child, in its nurse's arms, screamed itself into convulsions. "Oh, oui, che suis très-choli garçon, bien peau, cerdainement," continued Mr. Pinto; "but you were right. That —that person was not very well pleased when he saw me. There was no love lost between us, as you say; and the world never knew a more worthless miscreant. I hate him, *voyez-vous?* I hated him alife; I hate him dead. I hate him man; I hate him ghost: and he know it, and tremble before me. If I see him twenty tausend years hence—and why not?—I shall hate him still. You remarked how he was dressed?"

"In black satin breeches and striped stockings; a white piqué waistcoat, a grey coat, with large metal buttons, and his hair in powder. He must have worn a pigtail—only——"

"Only it was *cut off!* Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Pinto cried, yelling a laugh, which I observed made the policemen stare very much. "Yes. It was cut off by the same blow which took off the scoundrel's head ho, ho, ho!" And he made a circle with his hook-nailed finger round his own yellow neck, and grinned with a horrible triumph. "I promise you that fellow was surprised when he found his head in the pannier. Ha! ha! Do you ever cease to hate those whom you hate?"—fire flashed terrifically from his glass eye as he spoke—"or to love dose whom you once loved. Oh, never, never!" And here his natural eye was bedewed with tears. "But here we are at the 'Gray's-inn Coffee-house.' James, what is the joint?"

That very respectful and efficient waiter brought in the bill of fare, and I, for my part, chose boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding, which my acquaintance said would do as well as anything else; though I remarked he only trifled with the pease-pudding, and left all the pork on the plate. In fact, he scarcely ate anything. But he drank a prodigious quantity of wine; and I must say that my friend Mr. Hart's port-wine is so good that I myself took—well, I should think, I took three glasses. Yes, three, certainly. *He*—I mean Mr. P.—the old rogue, was insatiable; for we had to call for a second bottle in no time. When that

was gone, my companion wanted another. A little red mounted up to his yellow cheeks as he drank the wine, and he winked at it in a strange manner. "I remember," said he, musing, "when port-wine was scarcely drunk in this country—though the Queen liked it, and so did Harley! but Bolingbroke didn't—he drank Florence and Champagne. Doctor Swift put water to his wine. 'Jonathan,' I once said to him—— but bah! *autres temps, autres mœurs.* Another magnum, James."

This was all very well. "My good sir," I said, "it may suit *you* to order bottles of '20 port, at a guinea a bottle; but that kind of price does not suit me. I only happen to have thirty-four-and-sixpence in my pocket, of which I want a shilling for the waiter and eighteenpence for my cab. You rich foreigners and *swells* may spend what you like" (I had him there: for my friend's dress was as shabby as an old-clothes-man's); "but a man with a family, Mr. What-d'-you-call-'im, cannot afford to spend seven or eight hundred a year on his dinner alone."

"Bah!" he said. "Nunkey pays for all, as you say. I will what you call stant the dinner, if you are *so poor!*" and again he gave that disagreeable grin, and placed an odious crooked-nailed and by no means clean finger to his nose. But I was not so afraid of him now, for we were in a public place: and the three glasses of port-wine had, you see, given me courage.

"What a pretty snuff-box!" he remarked, as I handed him mine, which I am still old-fashioned enough to carry. It is a pretty old gold box enough, but valuable to me especially as a relic of an old old relative, whom I can just remember as a child, when she was very kind to me. "Yes; a pretty box. I can remember when many ladies—most ladies—carried a box,—nay, two boxes—*tabatière* and *bonbonnière*. What lady carries snuff-box now, hey? Suppose your astonishment if a lady in an assembly were to offer you a *prise?* I can remember a lady with such a box as this, with a *tour*, as we used to call it then; with *paniers*, with a tortoiseshell cane, with the prettiest little high-heeled velvet shoes in the world!—ah! that was a time, that was a time! Ah, Eliza, Eliza, I have thee now in my mind's eye! At Bungay on the Waveney, did I not walk with thee, Eliza? Aha, did I not love thee? Did I not walk with thee then? Do I not see thee still?"

This was passing strange. My ancestress—but there is no need to publish her revered name—did indeed live at Bungay Saint Mary's, where she lies buried. She used to walk with a tortoiseshell cane. She used to wear little black velvet shoes, with the prettiest high heels in the world.

"Did you—did you—know, then, my great-gr–ndm–ther?" I said.

He pulled up his coat sleeve—"Is that her name?" he said.

"Eliza ———"

There, I declare, was the very name of the kind old creature written in red on his arm.

"*You* knew her old," he said, divining my thoughts (with his strange knack); "*I* knew her young and lovely. I danced with her at the Bury ball. Did I not, dear dear Miss ———?"

As I live, he here mentioned dear gr–nny's *maiden* name. Her maiden name was ——— Her honoured married name was ———

"She married your great-gr–ndf–th–r the year Poseidon won the Newmarket Plate," Mr. Pinto drily remarked.

Merciful powers! I remember, over the old shagreen knife and spoon case on the sideboard in my gr–nny's parlour, a print by Stubbs of that very horse. My grandsire, in a red coat and his fair hair flowing over his shoulders, was over the mantelpiece, and Poseidon won the Newmarket Cup in the year 1783!

"Yes; you are right. I danced a minuet with her at Bury that very night, before I lost my poor leg. And I quarrelled with your grandf——, ha!"

As he said "Ha!" there came three quiet little taps on the table—it is the middle table in the "Gray's-inn Coffee-house," under the bust of the late Duke of W–ll–ngt–n.

"I fired in the air," he continued; "did I not?" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Your grandfather hit me in the leg. He married three months afterwards. 'Captain Brown,' I said, 'who could see Miss Sm–th without loving her?' She is there! She is there!" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Yes, my first love——"

But here there came tap, tap, which everybody knows means "No."

"I forgot," he said, with a faint blush stealing over his wan features, "she was not my first love. In Germ—— in my own country—there *was* a young woman——"

Tap, tap, tap. There was here quite a lively little treble knock; and when the old man said, "But I loved thee better than all the world, Eliza," the affirmative signal was briskly repeated.

And this I declare UPON MY HONOUR. There was, I have said, a bottle of port-wine before us—I should say a decanter. That decanter was LIFTED UP, and out of it into our respective glasses two bumpers of wine were poured. I appeal to Mr. Hart, the landlord—I appeal to James, the respectful and intelligent waiter,

if this statement is not true? And when we had finished that magnum, and I said—for I did not now in the least doubt of her presence—"Dear gr–nny, may we have another magnum?"—the table *distinctly* rapped "No."

"Now, my good sir," Mr. Pinto said, who really began to be affected by the wine, "you understand the interest I have taken in you. I loved Eliza——" (of course I don't mention family names). "I knew you had that box which belonged to her—I will give you what you like for that box. Name your price at once, and I pay you on the spot."

"Why, when we came out, you said you had not sixpence in your pocket."

"Bah! give you anything you like—fifty—a hundred—a tausend pound."

"Come, come," said I, "the gold of the box may be worth nine guineas, and the *façon*, we will put at six more."

"One tausend guineas!" he screeched. "One tausend and fifty pound, dere!" and he sank back in his chair—no, by the way, on his bench, for he was sitting with his back to one of the partitions of the boxes, as I daresay James remembers.

"*Don't* go on in this way," I continued, rather weakly, for I did not know whether I was in a dream. "If you offer me a thousand guineas for this box I *must* take it. Mustn't I, dear gr–nny?"

The table most distinctly said, "Yes;" and putting out his claws to seize the box, Mr. Pinto plunged his hooked nose into it and eagerly inhaled some of my '47 with a dash of Hardman.

"But stay, you old harpy!" I exclaimed, being now in a sort of rage, and quite familiar with him. "Where is the money? Where is the cheque?"

"James, a piece of note-paper and a receipt-stamp!"

"This is all mighty well, sir," I said, "but I don't know you; I never saw you before. I will trouble you to hand me that box back again, or give me a cheque with some known signature."

"Whose? Ha, Ha, HA!"

The room happened to be very dark. Indeed, all the waiters were gone to supper, and there were only two gentlemen snoring in their respective boxes. I saw a hand come quivering down from the ceiling—a very pretty hand, on which was a ring with a coronet, with a lion rampant gules for a crest. *I saw that hand take a dip of ink and write across the paper.* Mr. Pinto, then taking a grey receipt-stamp out of his blue leather pocket-book, fastened it on to the paper by the usual process; and the hand then wrote across the receipt-stamp, went across the table and shook hands with

Pinto, and then, as if waving him an adieu, vanished in the direction of the ceiling.

There was the paper before me, wet with the ink. There was the pen which THE HAND had used. Does anybody doubt me? *I have that pen now.* A cedar-stick of a not uncommon sort, and holding one of Gillott's pens. It is in my inkstand now, I tell you. Anybody may see it. The handwriting on the cheque, for such the document was, was the writing of a female. It ran thus:—"London, midnight, March 31, 1862. Pay the bearer one thousand and fifty pounds. Rachel Sidonia. To Messrs. Sidonia, Pozzosanto & Co., London."

"Noblest and best of women!" said Pinto, kissing the sheet of paper with much reverence. "My good Mr. Roundabout, I suppose you do not question *that* signature?"

Indeed, the house of Sidonia, Pozzosanto & Co. is known to be one of the richest in Europe, and as for the Countess Rachel, she was known to be the chief manager of that enormously wealthy establishment. There was only one little difficulty, *the Countess Rachel died last October.*

I pointed out this circumstance, and tossed over the paper to Pinto with a sneer.

"C'est à brendre ou à laisser," he said with some heat. "You literary men are all imbrudent; but I did not tink you such a fool *wie* dis. Your box is not worth twenty pound, and I offer you a tausend because I know you want money to pay dat rascal Tom's college bills." (This strange man actually knew that my scapegrace Tom has been a source of great expense and annoyance to me.) "You see money costs me nothing, and you refuse to take it! Once, twice; will you take this cheque in exchange for your trumpery snuff-box?"

What could I do? My poor granny's legacy was valuable and dear to me, but after all a thousand guineas are not to be had every day. "Be it a bargain," said I. "Shall we have a glass of wine on it?" says Pinto; and to this proposal I also unwillingly acceded, reminding him, by the way, that he had not yet told me the story of the headless man.

"Your poor gr–ndm–ther was right just now, when she said she was not my first love. 'Twas one of those *banale* expressions" (here Mr. P. blushed once more) "which we use to women. We tell each she is our first passion. They reply with a similar illusory formula. No man is any woman's first love; no woman any man's. We are in love in our nurse's arms, and women coquette with their eyes before their tongue can form a word. How could your lovely

relative love me? I was far, far too old for her. I am older than I look. I am so old that you would not believe my age were I to tell you. I have loved many and many a woman before your relative. It has not always been fortunate for them to love me. Ah, Sophronia! Round the dreadful circus where you fell, and whence I was dragged corpselike by the heels, there sat multitudes more savage than the lions which mangled your sweet form! Ah, tenez! when we marched to the terrible stake together at Valladolid —the Protestant and the J—— But away with memory! Boy! it was happy for thy grandam that she loved me not.

"During that strange period," he went on, "when the teeming Time was great with the revolution that was speedily to be born, I was on a mission in Paris with my excellent, my maligned friend, Cagliostro. Mesmer was one of our band. I seemed to occupy but an obscure rank in it; though, as you know, in secret societies the humble man may be a chief and director—the ostensible leader but a puppet moved by unseen hands. Never mind who was chief, or who was second. Never mind my age. It boots not to tell it: why should I expose myself to your scornful incredulity or reply to your questions in words that are familiar to you, but which yet you cannot understand? Words are symbols of things which you know, or of things which you don't know. If you don't know them, to speak is idle." (Here I confess Mr. P. spoke for exactly thirty-eight minutes, about physics, metaphysics, language, the origin and destiny of man, during which time I was rather bored, and, to relieve my *ennui*, drank a half glass or so of wine.) "Love, friend, is the fountain of youth! It may not happen to me once—once in an age: but when I love, then I am young. I loved when I was in Paris. Bathilde, Bathilde, I loved thee—ah, how fondly! Wine, I say, more wine! Love is ever young. I was a boy at the little feet of Bathilde de Béchamel—the fair, the fond, the fickle, ah, the false!" The strange old man's agony was here really terrific, and he showed himself much more agitated than he had been when speaking about my gr–ndm–th–r.

"I thought Blanche might love me. I could speak to her in the language of all countries, and tell her the lore of all ages. I could trace the nursery legends which she loved up to their Sanscrit source, and whisper to her the darkling mysteries of Egyptian Magi. I could chant for her the wild chorus that rang in the dishevelled Eleusinian revel: I could tell her, an I would, the watchword never known but to one woman, the Saban Queen, which Hiram breathed in the abysmal ear of Solomon—You don't attend. Psha! you have drunk too much wine!" Perhaps I may as well own that I was *not* attending, for he had been carrying on for

about fifty-seven minutes; and I don't like a man to have *all* the talk to himself.

"Blanche de Béchamel was wild, then, about this secret of Masonry. In early early days I loved, I married a girl fair as Blanche, who, too, was tormented by curiosity, who, too, would peep into my closet—into the only secret I guarded from her. A dreadful fate befell poor Fatima. An *accident* shortened her life. Poor thing! she had a foolish sister who urged her on. I always told her to beware of Ann. She died. They said her brothers killed me. A gross falsehood. *Am* I dead? If I were, could I pledge you in this wine?"

"Was your name," I asked, quite bewildered, "was your name, pray, then, ever Blueb——?"

"Hush! the waiter will overhear you. Methought we were speaking of Blanche de Béchamel. I loved her, young man. My pearls, and diamonds, and treasure, my wit, my wisdom, my passion, I flung them all into the child's lap. I was a fool! Was strong Sampson not as weak as I? Was Solomon the Wise much better when Balkis wheedled him? I said to the King—— But enough of that, I spake of Blanche de Béchamel.

"Curiosity was the poor child's foible. I could see, as I talked to her, that her thoughts were elsewhere (as yours, my friend, have been absent once or twice to-night). To know the secret of Masonry was the wretched child's mad desire. With a thousand wiles, smiles, caresses, she strove to coax it from me—from *me*—ha! ha!

"I had an apprentice—the son of a dear friend, who died by my side at Rossbach, when Soubise, with whose army I happened to be, suffered a dreadful defeat for neglecting my advice. The young Chevalier Goby de Mouchy was glad enough to serve as my clerk, and help in some chemical experiments in which I was engaged with my friend Doctor Mesmer. Bathilde saw this young man. Since women were, has it not been their business to smile and deceive, to fondle and lure? Away! from the very first it has been so!" And as my companion spoke, he looked as wicked as the serpent that coiled round the tree, and hissed a poisoned counsel to the first woman.

"One evening I went, as was my wont, to see Blanche. She was radiant: she was wild with spirits: a saucy triumph blazed in her blue eyes. She talked, she rattled on in her childish way. She uttered, in the course of her rhapsody, a hint—an intimation—so terrible that the truth flashed across me in a moment. Did I ask her? She would lie to me. But I know how to make falsehood impossible. And I *ordered her to go to sleep.*"

At this moment the clock (after its previous convulsions)

sounded TWELVE. And as the new Editor* of the *Cornhill Magazine*—and *he*, I promise you, won't stand any nonsense—will only allow seven pages, I am obliged to leave off at THE VERY MOST INTERESTING POINT OF THE STORY.

PART III.

ARE you of our fraternity? I see you are not. The secret which Mademoiselle de Béchamel confided to me in her mad triumph and wild hoyden spirits—she was but a child, poor thing, poor thing, scarce fifteen:—but I love them young—a folly not unusual with the old!" (Here Mr. Pinto thrust his knuckles into his hollow eyes; and, I am sorry to say, so little regardful was he of personal cleanliness, that his tears made streaks of white over his gnarled dark hands.) "Ah, at fifteen, poor child, thy fate was terrible! Go to! It is not good to love me, friend. They prosper not who do. I divine you. You need not say what you are thinking——"

In truth, I was thinking, if girls fall in love with this sallow, hook-nosed, glass-eyed, wooden-legged, dirty, hideous old man, with the sham teeth, they have a queer taste. *That* is what I was thinking.

"Jack Wilkes said the handsomest man in London had but half-an-hour's start of him. And without vanity, I am scarcely uglier than Jack Wilkes. We were members of the same club at Medmenham Abbey, Jack and I, and had many a merry night together. Well, sir, I—Mary of Scotland knew me but as a little hunchbacked music-master; and yet, and yet, I think *she* was not indifferent to her David Riz—— and *she* came to misfortune. They all do—they all do!"

"Sir, you are wandering from your point!" I said, with some severity. For, really, for this old humbug to hint that he had been the baboon who frightened the club at Medmenham, that he had been in the Inquisition at Valladolid—that under the name of D. Riz, as he called it, he had known the lovely Queen of Scots—was a *little* too much. "Sir," then I said, "you were speaking about a Miss de Béchamel. I really have not time to hear all your biography."

"Faith, the good wine gets into my head." (I should think so,

* Mr. Thackeray retired from the Editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* in March 1862.

the old toper! Four bottles all but two glasses.) "To return to poor Blanche. As I sat laughing, joking with her, she let slip a word, a little word, which filled me with dismay. Some one had told her a part of the Secret—the secret which has been divulged scarce thrice in three thousand years—the Secret of the Freemasons. Do you know what happens to those uninitiate who learn that secret? to those wretched men, the initiate who reveal it?"

As Pinto spoke to me, he looked through and through me with his horrible piercing glance, so that I sat quite uneasily on my bench. He continued: "Did I question her awake, I knew she would lie to me. Poor child! I loved her no less because I did not believe a word she said. I loved her blue eye, her golden hair, her delicious voice, that was true in song, though when she spoke, false as Eblis! You are aware that I possess in rather a remarkable degree what we have agreed to call the mesmeric power. I set the unhappy girl to sleep. *Then* she was obliged to tell me all. It was as I had surmised. Goby de Mouchy, my wretched, besotted, miserable secretary, in his visits to the château of the old Marquis de Béchamel, who was one of our society, had seen Blanche. I suppose it was because she had been warned that he was worthless, and poor, artful, and a coward, she loved him. She wormed out of the besotted wretch the secrets of our Order. 'Did he tell you the NUMBER ONE?' I asked.

"She said, 'Yes.'"

"'Did he,' I further inquired, 'tell you the——'

"'Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me!' she said, writhing on the sofa, where she lay in the presence of the Marquis de Béchamel, her most unhappy father. Poor Béchamel, poor Béchamel! How pale he looked as I spoke! 'Did he tell you,' I repeated with a dreadful calm, 'the NUMBER TWO?' She said, 'Yes.'

"The poor old Marquis rose up, and clasping his hands, fell on his knees before Count Cagl—— Bah! I went by a different name then. Vat's in a name? Dat vich ve call a Rosicrucian by any other name vil smell as sveet. 'Monsieur,' he said, 'I am old—I am rich. I have five hundred thousand livres of rentes in Picardy. I have half as much in Artois. I have two hundred and eighty thousand on the Grand Livre. I am promised by my Sovereign a dukedom and his orders with a reversion to my heir. I am a grandee of Spain of the First Class, and Duke of Volovento. Take my titles, my ready money, my life, my honour, everything I have in the world, but don't ask the THIRD QUESTION.'

"'Godefroid de Bouillon, Comte de Béchamel, Grandee of Spain and Prince of Volovento, in our Assembly what was the oath

you swore?' The old man writhed as he remembered its terrific purport.

"Though my heart was racked with agony, and I would have died, ay, cheerfully" (died, indeed, as if *that* were a penalty!), "to spare yonder lovely child a pang, I said to her calmly, 'Blanche de Béchamel, did Goby de Mouchy tell you secret NUMBER THREE?'

"She whispered a *oui* that was quite faint, faint and small. But her poor father fell in convulsions at her feet.

"She died suddenly that night. Did I not tell you those I love come to no good? When General Bonaparte crossed the Saint Bernard, he saw in the convent an old monk with a white beard, wandering about the corridors, cheerful and rather stout, but mad —mad as a March hare. 'General,' I said to him, 'did you ever see that face before?' He had not. He had not mingled much with the higher classes of our society before the Revolution. *I* knew the poor old man well enough; he was the last of a noble race, and I loved his child."

"And did she die by——?"

"Man! did I say so? Do I whisper the secrets of the Vehmgericht? I say she died that night: and he—he, the heartless, the villain, the betrayer—you saw him seated in yonder curiosity-shop, by yonder guillotine, with his scoundrelly head in his lap.

"You saw how slight that instrument was? It was one of the first which Guillotin made, and which he showed to private friends in a *hangar* in the Rue Picpus, where he lived. The invention created some little conversation amongst scientific men at the time, though I remember a machine in Edinburgh of a very similar construction, two hundred—well, many many years ago—and at a breakfast which Guillotin gave he showed us the instrument, and much talk arose amongst us as to whether people suffered under it.

"And now I must tell you what befell the traitor who had caused all this suffering. Did he know that the poor child's death was a SENTENCE? He felt a cowardly satisfaction that with her was gone the secret of his treason. Then he began to doubt. I had MEANS to penetrate all his thoughts, as well as to know his acts. Then he became a slave to a horrible fear. He fled in abject terror to a convent. They still existed in Paris; and behind the walls of Jacobins the wretch thought himself secure. Poor fool! I had but to set one of my somnambulists to sleep. Her spirit went forth and spied the shuddering wretch in his cell. She described the street, the gate, the convent, the very dress which he wore, and which you saw to-day.

"And now *this* is what happened. In his chamber in the Rue Saint Honoré, at Paris, sat a man *alone*—a man who has been maligned, a man who has been called a knave and charlatan, a man who has been persecuted even to the death, it is said, in Roman Inquisitions, forsooth, and elsewhere. Ha! ha! A man who has a mighty will.

"And looking towards the Jacobins Convent (of which, from his chamber, he could see the spires and trees), this man WILLED. And it was not yet dawn. And he willed; and one who was lying in his cell in the convent of Jacobins, awake and shuddering with terror for a crime which he had committed, fell asleep.

"But though he was asleep his eyes were open.

"And after tossing and writhing, and clinging to the pallet, and saying, 'No, I will not go,' he rose up and donned his clothes—a grey coat, a vest of white piqué, black satin smallclothes, ribbed silk stockings, and a white stock with a steel buckle; and he arranged his hair, and he tied his queue, all the while being in that strange somnolence which walks, which moves, which FLIES sometimes, which sees, which is indifferent to pain, which OBEYS. And he put on his hat, and he went forth from his cell; and though the dawn was not yet, he trod the corridors as seeing them. And he passed into the cloister, and then into the garden where lie the ancient dead. And he came to the wicket, which Brother Jerome was opening just at the dawning. And the crowd was already waiting with their cans and bowls to receive the alms of the good brethren.

"And he passed through the crowd and went on his way, and the few people then abroad who marked him, said, 'Tiens! How very odd he looks! He looks like a man walking in his sleep!' This was said by various persons:—

"By milk-women, with their cans and carts, coming into the town.

"By roysterers who had been drinking at the taverns of the Barrier, for it was Mid-Lent.

"By the sergeants of the watch, who eyed him sternly as he passed near their halberds.

"But he passed on unmoved by the halberds,

"Unmoved by the cries of the roysterers,

"By the market-women coming with their milk and eggs.

"He walked through the Rue Saint Honoré, I say:—

"By the Rue Rambuteau,

"By the Rue Saint Antoine,

"By the King's Château of the Bastille,

"By the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

"And he came to No. 29 in the Rue Picpus—a house which then stood between a court and garden——

"That is, there was a building of one story, with a great coach-door.

"Then there was a court, around which were stables, coach-houses, offices.

"Then there was a house—a two-storied house, with a *perron* in front.

"Behind the house was a garden—a garden of two hundred and fifty French feet in length.

"And as one hundred feet of France equal one hundred and six feet of England, this garden, my friends, equalled exactly two hundred and sixty-five feet of British measure.

"In the centre of the garden was a fountain and a statue—or, to speak more correctly, two statues. One was recumbent,—a man. Over him, sabre in hand, stood a woman.

"The man was Olofernes. The woman was Judith. From the head, from the trunk, the water gushed. It was the taste of the doctor;—was it not a droll of taste?

"At the end of the garden was the doctor's cabinet of study. My faith, a singular cabinet, and singular pictures!—

"Decapitation of Charles Premier at Vitehall.

"Decapitation of Montrose at Edimbourg.

"Decapitation of Cinq Mars. When I tell you that he was a man of a taste, charming!

"Through this garden, by these statues, up these stairs, went the pale figure of him who, the porter said, knew the way of the house. He did. Turning neither right nor left, he seemed to walk *through* the statues, the obstacles, the flower-beds, the stairs, the door, the tables, the chairs.

"In the corner of the room was THAT INSTRUMENT which Guillotin had just invented and perfected. One day he was to lay his own head under his own axe. Peace be to his name! With him I deal not!

"In a frame of mahogany, neatly worked, was a board with a half-circle in it, over which another board fitted. Above was a heavy axe, which fell—you know how. It was held up by a rope, and when this rope was untied, or cut, the steel fell.

"To the story which I now have to relate you may give credence, or not, as you will. The sleeping man went up to that instrument.

"He laid his head in it, asleep."

"Asleep!"

"He then took a little penknife out of the pocket of his white dimity waistcoat.

"He cut the rope asleep.

"The axe descended on the head of the traitor and villain. The notch in it was made by the steel buckle of his stock, which was cut through.

"A strange legend has got abroad that after the deed was done, the figure rose, took the head from the basket, walked forth through the garden, and by the screaming porters at the gate, and went and laid itself down at the Morgue. But for this I will not vouch. Only of this be sure. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' More and more the light peeps through the chinks. Soon, amidst music ravishing, the curtain will rise, and the glorious scene be displayed. Adieu! Remember me. Ha! 'tis dawn," Pinto said. And he was gone.

I am ashamed to say that my first movement was to clutch the cheque which he had left with me, and which I was determined to present the very moment the bank opened. I know the importance of these things, and that men *change their mind* sometimes. I sprang through the streets to the great banking house of Manasseh in Duke Street. It seemed to me as if I actually flew as I walked. As the clock struck ten I was at the counter and laid down my cheque.

The gentleman who received it, who was one of the Hebrew persuasion, as were the other two hundred clerks of the establishment, having looked at the draft with terror in his countenance, then looked at me, then called to himself two of his fellow-clerks, and queer it was to see all their aquiline beaks over the paper.

"Come, come!" said I, "don't keep me here all day. Hand me over the money, short, if you please!" for I was, you see, a little alarmed, and so determined to assume some extra bluster.

"Will you have the kindness to step into the parlour to the partners?" the clerk said, and I followed him.

"What, *again?*" shrieked a bald-headed, red-whiskered gentleman, whom I knew to be Mr. Manasseh. "Mr. Salathiel, this is too bad. Leave me with this gentleman, S." And the clerk disappeared.

"Sir," he said, "I know how you came by this; the Count de Pinto gave it you. It is too bad! I honour my parents; I honour *their* parents; I honour their bills! But this one of grandma's is too bad—it is, upon my word, now! She've been dead these five-and-thirty years. And this last four months she has left her burial-place and took to drawing on our 'ouse! It's too bad, grandma; it is too bad!" and he appealed to me, and tears actually trickled down his nose.

"Is it the Countess Sidonia's cheque or not?" I asked haughtily.

"But, I tell you, she's dead! It's a shame!—it's a shame!—it is, grandmamma!" and he cried, and wiped his great nose in his yellow pocket-handkerchief. "Look year—will you take pounds instead of guineas? She's dead, I tell you! It's no go! Take the pounds—one tausend pound!—ten nice, neat, crisp hundred-pound notes, and go away vid you, do!"

"I will have my bond, sir, or nothing," I said; and I put on an attitude of resolution which I confess surprised even myself.

"Wery vell," he shrieked, with many oaths, "then you shall have noting—ha, ha, ha!—noting but a policeman! Mr. Abednego, call a policeman! Take that, you humbug and impostor!" and here, with an abundance of frightful language which I dare not repeat, the wealthy banker abused and defied me.

Au bout du compte, what was I to do, if a banker did not choose to honour a cheque drawn by his dead grandmother? I began to wish I had my snuff-box back. I began to think I was a fool for changing that little old-fashioned gold for this slip of strange paper.

Meanwhile the banker had passed from his fit of anger to a paroxysm of despair. He seemed to be addressing some person invisible, but in the room: "Look here, ma'am, you've really been coming it too strong. A hundred thousand in six months, and now a thousand more! The 'ouse can't stand it; it *won't* stand it, I say! What? Oh! mercy, mercy!"

As he uttered these words, A HAND fluttered over the table in the air! It was a female hand: that which I had seen the night before. That female hand took a pen from the green-baize table, dipped it in a silver inkstand, and wrote on a quarter of a sheet of foolscap on the blotting-book, "How about the diamond robbery? If you do not pay, I will tell him where they are."

What diamonds? what robbery? what was this mystery? That will never be ascertained, for the wretched man's demeanour instantly changed. "Certainly, sir;—oh, certainly," he said, forcing a grin. "How will you have the money, sir? All right, Mr. Abednego. This way out."

"I hope I shall often see you again," I said; on which I own poor Manasseh gave a dreadful grin, and shot back into his parlour.

I ran home, clutching the ten delicious, crisp hundred pounds, and the dear little fifty which made up the account. I flew through the streets again. I got to my chambers. I bolted the outer doors. I sank back in my great chair and slept. . . .

My first thing on waking was to feel for my money. Perdition!

Where was I? Ha!—on the table before me was my grandmother's snuff-box, and by its side one of those awful—those admirable—sensation novels, which I had been reading, and which are full of delicious wonder.

But that the guillotine is still to be seen at Mr. Gale's, No. 47 High Holborn, I give you MY HONOUR. I suppose I was dreaming about it. I don't know. What is dreaming? What is life? Why shouldn't I sleep on the ceiling?—and am I sitting on it now, or on the floor? I am puzzled. But enough. If the fashion for sensation novels goes on, I tell you I will write one in fifty volumes. For the present, DIXI. But between ourselves, this Pinto, who fought at the Colosseum, who was nearly being roasted by the Inquisition, and sang duets at Holyrood, I am rather sorry to lose him after three little bits of Roundabout Papers. *Et vous?*

DE FINIBUS

WHEN Swift was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month, by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee-house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; "never letting go her kind hand, as it were," as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Mr. Johnson, walking to Dodsley's, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it,—impelled I know not by what superstition. I have this I hope not dangerous mania too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another; it may be to write only half-a-dozen lines: but that is something towards Number the Next. The printer's boy has not yet reached Green Arbour Court with the copy. Those people who were alive half-an-hour since, Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin, have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children's cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro*. How lonely it looks now all these people are gone! My dear good friends, some folk are utterly tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. * * * I resume my original subject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study alone and quiet, now all

these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them, and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house, that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family and scarcely have heard what my neighbour said to me. They are gone at last, and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me; or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness? and are novel-writers at all entitled to strait-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine* that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.———No? No movement. No grey shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs.

And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible! Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black —a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

. . . . . .

Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous "Faust" of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town!) has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events; the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see; but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merrymaking which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter bitter grief which we buried.

And, such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold shortcomings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two, half-a-dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different, in my mind's eye, as—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume 84 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

Another Finis written. Another mile-stone passed on this

journey from birth to the next world! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquis to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, in the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap: head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion: eyes close: soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. "And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers?" says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with "Pendennis," or the "Newcomes," in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet, soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seize me at odd intervals and prostrate me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed; and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind.

Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved "Jacob Faithful": once, at Frankfort O.M., the delightful "Vingt Ans Après" of Monsieur Dumas: once, at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling "Woman in White": and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares: no remorse about idleness: no visitors: and the Woman in White or the Chevalier d'Artagnan to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbour who lent me, volume by volume, the "W. in W.") How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake: no love-making: no observations about society: little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other: plenty of fighting: and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before Finis. I don't like your melancholy Finis. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not* à la mode le pays de Pole (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of Philip, just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the *President*, or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned; thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance —ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his death-bed. Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavour to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who

ought to be angry and unforgiving: for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognisance of our squabbles, and tittle-tattles, and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres!* It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an undertone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), "Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus."

Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. This is the sin of schoolmasters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not for ever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly; he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my char-

acters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of "Pendennis," written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*Bedad, ye may*," says he, "*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an Army Agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police-court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits and water I know I did: but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognisance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are

visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather-stocking were to glide silently in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do, we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half-hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbour Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

ON A PEAL OF BELLS

AS some bells in a church hard by are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden reading his first novel. It was called the "Scottish Chiefs." The little boy (who is now ancient and not little) read this book in the summer-house of his great-grandmamma. She was eighty years of age then. A most lovely and picturesque old lady, with a long tortoiseshell cane, with a little puff, or *tour*, of snow-white (or was it powdered?) hair under her cap, with the prettiest little black-velvet slippers and high heels you ever saw. She had a grandson, a lieutenant in the navy; son of her son, a captain in the navy; grandson of her husband, a captain in the navy. She lived for scores and scores of years in a dear little old Hampshire town inhabited by the wives, widows, daughters of navy captains, admirals, lieutenants. Dear me! Don't I remember Mrs. Duval, widow of Admiral Duval; and the Miss Dennets, at the Great House at the other end of the town, Admiral Dennet's daughters; and the Miss Barrys, the late Captain Barry's daughters; and the good old Miss Maskews, Admiral Maskews's daughter; and that dear little Miss Norval, and the kind Miss Bookers, one of whom married Captain, now Admiral, Sir Henry Excellent, K.C.B.? Far far away into the past I look and see the little town with its friendly glimmer. That town was so like a novel of Miss Austen's that I wonder was she born and bred there? No, we should have known, and the good old ladies would have pronounced her to be a little idle thing, occupied with her silly books and neglecting her housekeeping. There were other towns in England, no doubt, where dwelt the widows and wives of other navy captains; where they tattled, loved each other, and quarrelled; talked about Betty the maid, and her fine ribbons indeed! took their dish of tea at six, played at quadrille every night till ten, when there was a little bit of supper, after which Betty came with the lanthorn; and next

day came, and next, and next, and so forth, until a day arrived when the lanthorn was out, when Betty came no more: all that little company sank to rest under the daisies, whither some folks will presently follow them. How did they live to be so old, those good people? *Moi qui vous parle*, I perfectly recollect old Mr. Gilbert, who had been to sea with Captain Cook; and Captain Cook, as you justly observe, dear Miss, quoting out of your "Mangnall's Questions," was murdered by the natives of Owhyhee, anno 1779. Ah! don't you remember his picture, standing on the seashore, in tights and gaiters, with a musket in his hand, pointing to his people not to fire from the boats, whilst a great tattooed savage is going to stab him in the back? Don't you remember those houris dancing before him and the other officers at the great Otaheite ball? Don't you know that Cook was at the siege of Quebec, with the glorious Wolfe, who fought under the Duke of Cumberland, whose Royal father was a distinguished officer at Ramillies, before he commanded in chief at Dettingen? Huzza! Give it them, my lads! My horse is down! Then I know I shall not run away. Do the French run? then I die content. Stop. Wo! *Quo me rapis?* My Pegasus is galloping off, goodness knows where, like his Majesty's charger at Dettingen.

How do these rich historical and personal reminiscences come out of the subject at present in hand? What *is* that subject, by the way? My dear friend, if you look at the last essaykin (though you may leave it alone, and I shall not be in the least surprised or offended), if you look at the last paper, where the writer imagines Athos and Porthos, Dalgetty and Ivanhoe, Amelia and Sir Charles Grandison, Don Quixote and Sir Roger, walking in at the garden-window, you will at once perceive that NOVELS and their heroes and heroines are our present subject of discourse, into which we will presently plunge. Are you one of us, dear sir, and do you love novel-reading? To be reminded of your first novel will surely be a pleasure to you. Hush! I never read quite to the end of my first, the "Scottish Chiefs." I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. Miss Porter, like a kind dear tender-hearted creature, would not have Wallace's head chopped off at the end of Vol. V. She made him die in prison,* and if I remember right (protesting I have not read the book for forty-two or three years), Robert Bruce made a speech to his

* I find, on reference to the novel, that Sir William died on the scaffold, not in prison. His last words were, "'My prayer is heard. Life's cord is cut by Heaven. Helen! Helen! May Heaven preserve my country, and——' He stopped. He fell. And with that mighty shock the scaffold shook to its foundation."

soldiers, in which he said, "And Bannockburn shall equal Cambuskenneth."* But I repeat, I could not read the end of the fifth volume of that dear delightful book for crying. Good heavens! It was as sad, as sad as going back to school.

The glorious Scott cycle of romances came to me some four or five years afterwards; and I think boys of our year were specially fortunate in coming upon those delightful books at that special time when we could best enjoy them. Oh, that sunshiny bench on half-holidays, with Claverhouse or Ivanhoe for a companion! I have remarked of very late days some little men in a great state of delectation over the romances of Captain Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard's Prairie and Indian Stories, and during occasional holiday visits, lurking off to bed with the volume under their arms. But are those Indians and warriors so terrible as *our* Indians and warriors were? (I say, are they? Young gentlemen, mind, I do not say they are not.) But, as an oldster, I can be heartily thankful for the novels of the 1–10 Geo. IV., let us say, and so downward to a period not unremote. Let us see; there is, first, our dear Scott. Whom do I love in the works of that dear old master? Amo—

The Baron of Bradwardine, and Fergus. (Captain Waverley is certainly very mild.)

Amo Ivanhoe; LOCKSLEY; the Templar.

Amo Quentin Durward, and specially Quentin's uncle, who brought the Boar to bay. I forget the gentleman's name.

I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood, or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (circa 1825).

Amo SALADIN and the Scotch knight in the "Talisman." The Sultan best.

Amo CLAVERHOUSE.

Amo MAJOR DALGETTY. Delightful Major. To think of him is to desire to jump up, run to the book, and get the volume down

* The remark of Bruce (which I protest I had not read for forty-two years), I find to be as follows:—"When this was uttered by the English heralds, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with an heroic smile, 'Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall page with Cambuskenneth!'" In the same amiable author's famous novel of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," there is more crying than in any novel I ever remember to have read. See, for example, the last page:—"Incapable of speaking, Thaddeus led his wife back to her carriage. . . . His tears gushed out in spite of himself, and mingling with hers, poured those thanks, those assurances, of animated approbation through her heart, which made it even ache with excess of happiness." And a sentence or two further: "Kosciusko did bless him, and embalmed the benediction with a shower of tears."

from the shelf. About all those heroes of Scott, what a manly bloom there is, and honourable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their position of hero, and as it were to say, "Since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple, courageous, not too clever. If I were a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Walter-Scott-hero sort.

Much as I like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz.:—

Leather-stocking,
Uncas,
Hardheart,
Tom Coffin,

are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any one in "Scott's lot." *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.

At school, in my time, there was a public day, when the boys' relatives, an examining bigwig or two from the Universities, old schoolfellows, and so forth, came to the place. The boys were all paraded; prizes were administered; each lad being in a new suit of clothes—and magnificent dandies, I promise you, some of us were. Oh, the chubby cheeks, clean collars, glossy new raiment, beaming faces, glorious in youth—fit *tueri cælum*—bright with truth, and mirth, and honour! To see a hundred boys marshalled in a chapel or old hall! to hear their sweet fresh voices when they chant, and look in their brave calm faces: I say, does not the sight and sound of them smite you, somehow, with a pang of exquisite kindness? . . . Well. As about boys, so about Novelists. I fancy the boys of Parnassus School all paraded. I am a lower boy myself in that academy. I like our fellows to look well, upright, gentlemanlike. There is Master Fielding—he with the black eye. What a magnificent build of a boy! There is Master Scott, one of the heads of the school. Did you ever see a fellow more hearty and manly? Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering after the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne—a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church: for shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! Let him have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice if I were Doctor Birch, and master of the school.

Let us drop this school metaphor, this birch and all pertaining thereto. Our subject, I beg leave to remind the reader's humble servant, is novel heroes and heroines. How do you like your heroes, ladies? Gentlemen, what novel heroines do you prefer? When I set this essay going, I sent the above question to two of the most inveterate novel-readers of my acquaintance. The gentleman refers me to Miss Austen; the lady says Athos, Guy Livingstone, and (pardon my rosy blushes) Colonel Esmond, and owns that in youth she was very much in love with Valancourt.

"Valancourt? and who was he?" cry the young people. Valancourt, my dears, was the hero of one of the most famous romances which ever was published in this country. The beauty and elegance of Valancourt made your young grandmammas' gentle hearts to beat with respectful sympathy. He and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me, that the glory of novels should ever decay; that dust should gather round them on the shelves; that the annual cheques from Messieurs the publishers should dwindle, dwindle! Inquire at Mudie's, or the London Library, who asks for the "Mysteries of Udolpho" now? Have not even the "Mysteries of Paris" ceased to frighten? Alas, our novels are but for a season; and I know characters whom a painful modesty forbids me to mention, who shall go to limbo along with "Valancourt" and "Doricourt" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

A dear old sentimental friend, with whom I discoursed on the subject of novels yesterday, said that her favourite hero was Lord Orville, in "Evelina," that novel which Doctor Johnson loved so. I took down the book from a dusty old crypt at a club, where Mrs. Barbauld's novelists repose: and this is the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in which your ancestors found pleasure:—

"And here, whilst I was looking for the books, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, 'Is this true, Miss Anville—are you going?'

"'I believe so, my Lord,' said I, still looking for the books.

"'So suddenly, so unexpectedly: must I lose you?'

"'No great loss, my Lord,' said I, endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

"'Is it possible,' said he gravely, 'Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?'

"'I can't imagine,' cried I, 'what Mrs. Selwyn has done with those books.'

"'Would to Heaven,' continued he, 'I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!'

"'I must run upstairs,' cried I, greatly confused, 'and ask what she has done with them.'

"'You are going then,' cried he, taking my hand, 'and you give me not the smallest hope of any return! Will you not, my too lovely friend, will you not teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?'

"'My Lord,' cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, 'pray let me go!'

"'I will,' cried he to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, 'if you wish me to leave you.'

"'Oh, my Lord,' exclaimed I, 'rise, I beseech you; rise. Surely your Lordship is not so cruel as to mock me.'

"'Mock you!' repeated he earnestly; 'no, I revere you. I esteem and admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom my soul is attached, as to its better half. You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.'

"I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed; the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville hastily rising supported me to a chair upon which I sank almost lifeless.

"I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape; in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!" *

* Contrast this old perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation with the present modern talk. If the two young people wished to hide their emotions nowadays, and express themselves in modest language, the story would run:—

"Whilst I was looking for the books, Lord Orville came in. He looked uncommonly down in the mouth, as he said: 'Is this true, Miss Anville; are you going to cut?'

"'To absquatulate, Lord Orville,' said I, still pretending that I was looking for the books.

"'You're very quick about it,' said he.

"'Guess it's no great loss,' I remarked, as cheerfully as I could.

"'You don't think I'm chaffing?' said Orville, with much emotion.

"'What has Mrs. Selwyn done with the books?' I went on.

"'What, going?' said he, 'and going for good? I wish I was such a good-plucked one as you, Miss Anville,'" &c.

The conversation, you perceive, might be easily written down to this key; and if the hero and heroine were modern, they would not be suffered to go through their dialogue on stilts, but would converse in the natural graceful way at present customary. By the way, what a strange custom that is in modern lady novelists to make the men bully the women! In the time of

Other people may not much like this extract, madam, from your favourite novel, but when you come to read it, *you* will like it. I suspect that when you read that book which you so love, you read it *à deux*. Did you not yourself pass a winter at Bath, when you were the belle of the assembly? Was there not a Lord Orville in your case too? As you think of him eleven lustres pass away. You look at him with the bright eyes of those days, and your hero stands before you, the brave, the accomplished, the simple, the true gentleman; and he makes the most elegant of bows to one of the most beautiful young women the world ever saw; and he leads you out to the cotillon, to the dear unforgotten music. Hark to the horns of Elfland, blowing, blowing! *Bonne vieille*, you remember their melody, and your heartstrings thrill with it still.

Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Count de la Fère, is my favourite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through how many volumes? Forty? Fifty? I wish for my part there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio. I think I like D'Artagnan in his own Memoirs best. I bought him years and years ago, price fivepence, in a little parchment-covered Cologne-printed volume, at a stall in Gray's Inn Lane. Dumas glorifies him, and makes a Marshal of him; if I remember rightly, the original D'Artagnan was a needy adventurer, who died in exile very early in Louis XIV.'s reign. Did you ever read the "Chevalier d'Harmenthal"? Did you ever read the "Tulipe Noire," as modest as a story by Miss Edgeworth? I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me, with thanks and wonder. To what a series of splendid entertainments he has treated me! Where does he find the money for these prodigious feasts? They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du métier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels; and on his arrival,

Miss Porter and Madame D'Arblay, we have respect, profound bows and curtseys, graceful courtesy, from men to women. In the time of Miss Brontë, absolute rudeness. Is it true, mesdames, that you like rudeness, and are pleased at being ill-used by men? I could point to more than one lady novelist who so represents you.

at eleven o'clock, would say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the Archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in Encyclopædia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales's 'London,' letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Colour in with local colouring. The daughter will come down, and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs," &c. &c. Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol., London, M.DCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner, the Archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right; and Jones has gone home to his family some hours. Sir Christopher is the architect of St. Paul's. He has not laid the stones or carried up the mortar. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply. A smart professional hand! I give you my word, there seem to me parts of novels—let us say the love-making, the "business," the villain in the cupboard, and so forth, which I should like to order John Footman to take in hand, as I desire him to bring the coals and polish the boots. Ask *me* indeed to pop a robber under a bed; to hide a will which shall be forthcoming in due season; or at my time of life to write a namby-pamby love conversation between Emily and Lord Arthur! I feel ashamed of myself, and especially when my business obliges me to do the love-passages, I blush so, though quite alone in my study, that you would fancy I was going off in an apoplexy. Are authors affected by their own works? I don't know about other gentlemen, but if I make a joke myself, I cry; if I write a pathetic scene, I am laughing wildly all the time—at least Tomkins thinks so. You know I am such a cynic!

The editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* (no soft and yielding character like his predecessor, but a man of stern resolution) will only allow these harmless papers to run to a certain length. But for this veto I should gladly have prattled over half a sheet more, and have discoursed on many heroes and heroines of novels whom fond memory brings back to me. Of these books I have been a diligent student from those early days, which are recorded at the commencement of this little essay. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered! Oh, novels sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood! Do I forget one night after prayers (when we under-boys were sent to bed) lingering at my

cupboard to read one little half-page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head! Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years! Thou wert twenty years old (say) and I but twelve, when I knew thee. At sixty odd, love, most of the ladies of thy Orient race have lost the bloom of youth, and bulged beyond the line of beauty; but to me thou art ever young and fair, and I will do battle with any felon Templar who assails thy fair name.

ON A PEAR-TREE

A GRACIOUS reader no doubt has remarked that these humble sermons have for subjects some little event which happens at the preacher's own gate, or which falls under his peculiar cognisance. Once, you may remember, we discoursed about a chalk-mark on the door. This morning Betsy, the housemaid, comes with a frightened look, and says, "Law, mum! there's three bricks taken out of the garden wall, and the branches broke, and all the pears taken off the pear-tree!" Poor peaceful suburban pear-tree! Gaol-birds have hopped about thy branches, and robbed them of their smoky fruit. But those bricks removed; that ladder evidently prepared, by which unknown marauders may enter and depart from my little Englishman's castle; is not this a subject of thrilling interest, and may it not *be continued in a future number?*—that is the terrible question. Suppose, having escaladed the outer wall, the miscreants take a fancy to storm the castle? Well—well! we are armed; we are numerous; we are men of tremendous courage, who will defend our spoons with our lives; and there are barracks close by (thank goodness!) whence, at the noise of our shouts and firing, at least a thousand bayonets will bristle to our rescue.

What sound is yonder? A church bell. I might go myself, but how listen to the sermon? I am thinking of those thieves who have made a ladder of my wall, and a prey of my pear-tree. They may be walking to church, at this moment, neatly shaved, in clean linen, with every outward appearance of virtue. If I went, I know I should be watching the congregation, and thinking, "Is that one of the fellows who came over my wall?" If, after the reading of the eighth commandment, a man sang out with particular energy, "Incline our hearts to keep this law," I should think, "Aha, Master Basso, did you have pears for breakfast this morning?" Crime is walking round me, that is clear. Who is the perpetrator? . . . What a changed aspect the world has, since these last few lines were written! I have been walking round about my premises, and in consultation with a gentleman in a single-breasted blue coat,

with pewter buttons, and a tape ornament on the collar. He has looked at the holes in the wall, and the amputated tree. We have formed our plan of defence—*perhaps of attack.* Perhaps some day you may read in the papers, "DARING ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY—HEROIC VICTORY OVER THE VILLAINS," &c. &c. Rascals as yet unknown! perhaps you, too, may read these words, and may be induced to pause in your fatal intention. Take the advice of a sincere friend, and keep off. To find a man writhing in my man-trap, another mayhap impaled in my ditch, to pick off another from my tree (scoundrel! as though he were a pear) will give me no pleasure; but such things may happen. Be warned in time, villains! Or, if you *must* pursue your calling as cracksmen, have the goodness to try some other shutters. Enough! subside into your darkness, children of night! Thieves! we seek not to have *you* hanged—you are but as pegs whereon to hang others.

I may have said before, that if I were going to be hanged myself, I think I should take an accurate note of my sensations, request to stop at some public-house on the road to Tyburn, and be provided with a private room and writing-materials, and give an account of my state of mind. Then, gee up, carter! I beg your reverence to continue your apposite, though not novel remarks on my situation; —and so we drive up to Tyburn turnpike, where an expectant crowd, the obliging sheriffs, and the dexterous and rapid Mr. Ketch are already in waiting.

A number of labouring people are sauntering about the streets and taking their rest on this holiday—fellows who have no more stolen my pears than they have robbed the Crown jewels out of the Tower—and I say I cannot help thinking in my own mind, "Are you the rascal who got over my wall last night?" Is the suspicion haunting my mind written on my countenance? I trust not. What if one man after another were to come up to me and say, "How dare you, sir, suspect me in your mind of stealing your fruit? Go be hanged, you and your jargonels!" You rascal thief! it is not merely three-halfp'orth of sooty fruit you rob me of, it is my peace of mind—my artless innocence and trust in my fellow-creatures, my childlike belief that everything they say is true. How can I hold out the hand of friendship in this condition, when my first impression is, "My good sir, I strongly suspect that you were up my pear-tree last night"? It is a dreadful state of mind. The core is black; the death-stricken fruit drops on the bough, and a great worm is within—fattening, and feasting, and wriggling! Who stole the pears? I say. Is it you, brother? Is it you, madam? Come! are you ready to answer—*respondere parati et cantare pares?* (O shame! shame!)

Will the villains ever be discovered and punished who stole my fruit? Some unlucky rascals who rob orchards are caught up the tree at once. Some rob through life with impunity. If I, for my part, were to try and get up the smallest tree, on the darkest night, in the most remote orchard, I wager any money I should be found out—be caught by the leg in a man-trap, or have Towler fastening on me. I always am found out; have been; shall be. It's my luck. Other men will carry off bushels of fruit, and get away undetected, unsuspected; whereas I know woe and punishment would fall upon me were I to lay my hand on the smallest pippin. So be it. A man who has this precious self-knowledge will surely keep his hands from picking and stealing, and his feet upon the paths of virtue.

I will assume, my benevolent friend and present reader, that you yourself are virtuous, not from a fear of punishment, but from a sheer love of good; but as you and I walk through life, consider what hundreds of thousands of rascals we must have met, who have not been found out at all. In high places and low, in Clubs and on 'Change, at church or the balls and routs of the nobility and gentry, how dreadful it is for benevolent beings like you and me to have to think these undiscovered though not unsuspected scoundrels are swarming! What is the difference between you and a galley-slave? Is yonder poor wretch at the hulks not a man and a brother too? Have you ever forged, my dear sir? Have you ever cheated your neighbour? Have you ever ridden to Hounslow Heath and robbed the mail? Have you ever entered a first-class railway carriage, where an old gentleman sat alone in a sweet sleep, daintily murdered him, taken his pocket-book, and got out at the next station? You know that this circumstance occurred in France a few months since. If we have travelled in France this autumn we may have met the ingenious gentleman who perpetrated this daring and successful *coup*. We may have found him a well-informed and agreeable man. I have been acquainted with two or three gentlemen who have been discovered after—after the performance of illegal actions. What? That agreeable rattling fellow we met was the celebrated Mr. John Sheppard? Was that amiable quiet gentleman in spectacles the well-known Mr. Fauntleroy? In Hazlitt's admirable paper, "Going to a Fight," he describes a dashing sporting fellow who was in the coach, and who was no less a man than the eminent destroyer of Mr. William Weare. Don't tell me that you would not like to have met (out of business) Captain Sheppard, the Reverend Doctor Dodd, or others rendered famous by their actions and misfortunes, by their lives and their deaths. They are the subjects of ballads, the

heroes of romance. A friend of mine had the house in Mayfair, out of which poor Doctor Dodd was taken handcuffed. There was the paved hall over which he stepped. That little room at the side was, no doubt, the study where he composed his elegant sermons. Two years since I had the good fortune to partake of some admirable dinners in Tyburnia—magnificent dinners indeed; but rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the house was that occupied by the late Mr. Sadleir. One night the late Mr. Sadleir took tea in that dining-room, and, to the surprise of his butler, went out, having put into his pocket his own cream-jug. The next morning, you know, he was found dead on Hampstead Heath, with the cream-jug lying by him, into which he had poured the poison by which he died. The idea of the ghost of the late gentleman flitting about the room gave a strange interest to the banquet. Can you fancy him taking his tea alone in the dining-room? He empties that cream-jug and puts it in his pocket; and then he opens yonder door, through which he is never to pass again. Now he crosses the hall: and hark! the hall door shuts upon him, and his steps die away. They are gone into the night. They traverse the sleeping city. They lead him into the fields, where the grey morning is beginning to glimmer. He pours something from a bottle into a little silver jug. It touches his lips, the lying lips. Do they quiver a prayer ere that awful draught is swallowed? When the sun rises they are dumb.

I neither knew this unhappy man nor his countryman—Laërtes let us call him—who is at present in exile, having been compelled to fly from remorseless creditors. Laërtes fled to America, where he earned his bread by his pen. I own to having a kindly feeling towards this scapegrace, because, though an exile, he did not abuse the country whence he fled. I have heard that he went away taking no spoil with him, penniless almost; and on his voyage he made acquaintance with a certain Jew; and when he fell sick, at New York, this Jew befriended him, and gave him help and money out of his own store, which was but small. Now, after they had been awhile in the strange city, it happened that the poor Jew spent all his little money, and he too fell ill, and was in great penury. And now it was Laërtes who befriended that Ebrew Jew. He fee'd doctors; he fed and tended the sick and hungry. Go to, Laërtes! I know thee not. It may be thou art justly *exul patriæ*. But the Jew shall intercede for thee, thou not, let us trust, hopeless Christian sinner.

Another exile to the same shore I knew: who did not? Julius Cæsar hardly owed more money than Cucedicus: and, gracious powers! Cucedicus, how did you manage to spend and owe so

much? All day he was at work for his clients; at night he was occupied in the Public Council. He had neither wife nor children. The rewards which he received for his orations were enough to maintain twenty rhetoricians. Night after night I have seen him eating his frugal meal, consisting but of a fish, a small portion of mutton, and a small measure of Iberian or Trinacrian wine, largely diluted with the sparkling waters of Rhenish Gaul. And this was all he had; and this man earned and paid away talents upon talents; and fled, owing who knows how many more? Does a man earn fifteen thousand pounds a year, toiling by day, talking by night, having horrible unrest in his bed, ghastly terrors at waking, seeing an officer lurking at every corner, a sword of justice for ever hanging over his head—and have for his sole diversion a newspaper, a lonely mutton-chop, and a little sherry and seltzer-water? In the German stories we read how men sell themselves to—a certain Personage, and that Personage cheats them. He gives them wealth; yes, but the gold-pieces turn into worthless leaves. He sets them before splendid banquets: yes, but what an awful grin that black footman has who lifts up the dish-cover; and don't you smell a peculiar sulphurous odour in the dish? Faugh! take it away; I can't eat. He promises them splendours and triumphs. The conqueror's car rolls glittering through the city, the multitudes shout and huzza. Drive on, coachman. Yes, but who is that hanging on behind the carriage? Is this the reward of eloquence, talents, industry? Is this the end of a life's labour? Don't you remember how, when the dragon was infesting the neighbourhood of Babylon, the citizens used to walk dismally out of evenings, and look at the valleys round about strewed with the bones of the victims whom the monster had devoured? O insatiate brute, and most disgusting, brazen, and scaly reptile! Let us be thankful, children, that it has not gobbled us up too. Quick! Let us turn away, and pray that we may be kept out of the reach of his horrible maw, jaw, claw!

When I first came up to London, as innocent as Monsieur Gil Blas, I also fell in with some pretty acquaintances, found my way into several caverns, and delivered my purse to more than one gallant gentleman of the road. One I remember especially—one who never eased me personally of a single maravedi—one than whom I never met a bandit more gallant, courteous, and amiable. Rob me? Rolando feasted me; treated me to his dinner and his wine; kept a generous table for his friends, and I know was most liberal to many of them. How well I remember one of his speculations! It was a great plan for smuggling tobacco. Revenue officers were to be bought off; silent ships were to ply on the Thames;

cunning depôts were to be established, and hundreds of thousands of pounds to be made by the *coup*. How his eyes kindled as he propounded the scheme to me! How easy and certain it seemed! It might have succeeded: I can't say: but the bold and merry, the hearty and kindly Rolando came to grief—a little matter of imitated signatures occasioned a Bank persecution of Rolando the brave. He walked about armed, and vowed he would never be taken alive: but taken he was: tried, condemned, sentenced to perpetual banishment; and I heard that for some time he was universally popular in the colony which had the honour to possess him. What a song he could sing! 'Twas when the cup was sparkling before us, and Heaven gave a portion of its blue, boys, blue, that I remember the song of Roland at the "Old Piazza Coffee-house." And now where is the "Old Piazza Coffee-house"? Where is Thebes? where is Troy? where is the Colossus of Rhodes?—Ah, Rolando, Rolando! thou wert a gallant captain, a cheery, a handsome, a merry. At *me* thou never presentedst pistol. Thou badest the bumper of burgundy fill, fill for me, giving those who preferred it champagne. *Cœlum non animum*, &c. Do you think he has reformed now that he has crossed the sea, and changed the air? I have my own opinion. Howbeit, Rolando, thou wert a most kind and hospitable bandit. And I love not to think of thee with a chain at thy shin.

Do you know how all these memories of unfortunate men have come upon me? When they came to frighten me this morning by speaking of my robbed pears, my perforated garden wall, I was reading an article in the *Saturday Review* about Rupilius. I have sat near that young man at a public dinner, and beheld him in a gilded uniform. But yesterday he lived in splendour, had long hair, a flowing beard, a jewel at his neck, and a smart surtout. So attired, he stood but yesterday in court; and to-day he sits over a bowl of prison cocoa, with a shaved head, and in a felon's jerkin.

That beard and head shaved, that gaudy deputy-lieutenant's coat exchanged for felon uniform, and your daily bottle of champagne for prison cocoa, my poor Rupilius, what a comfort it must be to have the business brought to an end! Champagne was the honourable gentleman's drink in the House of Commons' dining-room, as I am informed. What uncommonly dry champagne that must have been! When we saw him outwardly happy, how miserable he must have been! when we thought him prosperous, how dismally poor! When the great Mr. Harker, at the public dinners, called out—"Gentlemen, charge your glasses, and please silence for the Honourable Member for Lambeth!" how that Honourable Member must

have writhed inwardly! One day, when there was a talk of a gentleman's honour being questioned, Rupilius said, "If any man doubted mine, I would knock him down." But that speech was in the way of business. The Spartan boy, who stole the fox, smiled while the beast was gnawing him under his cloak: I promise you Rupilius had some sharp fangs gnashing under his. We have sat at the same feast, I say: we have paid our contribution to the same charity. Ah! when I ask this day for my daily bread, I pray not to be led into temptation, and to be delivered from evil.

DESSEIN'S

I ARRIVED by the night-mail packet from Dover. The passage had been rough, and the usual consequences had ensued. I was disinclined to travel farther that night on my road to Paris, and knew the Calais hotel of old as one of the cleanest, one of the dearest, one of the most comfortable hotels on the continent of Europe. There is no town more French than Calais. That charming old "Hôtel Dessein," with its court, its gardens, its lordly kitchen, its princely waiter—a gentleman of the old school, who has welcomed the finest company in Europe—have long been known to me. I have read complaints in the *Times*, more than once, I think, that the Dessein bills are dear. A bottle of soda-water certainly costs——well, never mind how much. I remember as a boy, at the "Ship" at Dover (*imperante Carolo Decimo*), when, my place to London being paid, I had but 12s. left after a certain little Paris excursion (about which my benighted parents never knew anything), ordering for dinner a whiting, a beef-steak, and a glass of negus, and the bill was, dinner 7s., glass of negus 2s., waiter 6d., and only half-a-crown left, as I was a sinner, for the guard and coachman on the way to London! And I *was* a sinner. I had gone without leave. What a long, dreary, guilty forty hours' journey it was from Paris to Calais, I remember! How did I come to think of this escapade, which occurred in the Easter vacation of the year 1830? I always think of it when I am crossing to Calais. Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory, and I feel easier in my mind now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo. I met my college tutor only yesterday. We were travelling, and stopped at the same hotel. He had the very next room to mine. After he had gone into his apartment, having shaken me quite kindly by the hand, I felt inclined to knock at his door and say, "Doctor Bentley, I beg your pardon, but do you remember, when I was going down at the Easter vacation in 1830, you asked me where I was going to spend my vacation? And I said, With my friend Slingsby, in Huntingdonshire. Well, sir, I grieve to have to confess that I told you a fib. I had got £20 and was going for a lark

to Paris, where my friend Edwards was staying." There, it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

They gave me a bedroom there; a very neat room on the first-floor, looking into the pretty garden. The hotel must look pretty much as it did a hundred years ago when *he* visited it. I wonder whether he paid his bill? Yes: his journey was just begun. He had borrowed or got the money somehow. Such a man would spend it liberally enough when he had it, give generously—nay, drop a tear over the fate of the poor fellow whom he relieved. I don't believe a word he says, but I never accused him of stinginess about money. That is a fault of much more virtuous people than he. Mr. Laurence is ready enough with his purse when there are anybody's guineas in it. Still when I went to bed in the room, in *his* room; when I think how I admire, dislike, and have abused him, a certain dim feeling of apprehension filled my mind at the midnight hour. What if I should see his lean figure in the black satin breeches, his sinister smile, his long thin finger pointing to me in the moonlight (for I am in bed, and have popped my candle out), and he should say, "You mistrust me, you hate me, do you? And you, don't you know how Jack, Tom, and Harry, your brother authors, hate *you?*" I grin and laugh in the moonlight, in the midnight, in the silence. "O you ghost in black satin breeches and a wig! I like to be hated by some men," I say. "I know men whose lives are a scheme, whose laughter is a conspiracy, whose smile means something else, whose hatred is a cloak, and I had rather these men should hate me than not."

"My good sir," says he, with a ghastly grin on his lean face, "you have your wish."

"*Après?*" I say. "Please let me go to sleep. I shan't sleep any the worse because——"

"Because there are insects in the bed, and they sting you?" (This is only by way of illustration, my good sir; the animals don't bite me now. All the house at present seems to me excellently clean.) "'Tis absurd to affect this indifference. If you are thin-skinned, and the reptiles bite, they keep you from sleep."

"There are some men who cry out at a flea-bite as loud as if they were torn by a vulture," I growl.

"Men of the *genus irritabile*, my worthy good gentleman!—and you are one."

"Yes, sir, I am of the profession, as you say; and I daresay make a great shouting and crying at a small hurt."

"You are ashamed of that quality by which you earn your sub-

sistence, and such reputation as you have? Your sensibility is your livelihood, my worthy friend. You feel a pang of pleasure or pain? It is noted in your memory, and some day or other makes its appearance in your manuscript. Why, in your last Roundabout rubbish you mention reading your first novel on the day when King George IV. was crowned. I remember him in his cradle at St. James's, a lovely little babe; a gilt Chinese railing was before him, and I dropped the tear of sensibility as I gazed on the sleeping cherub."

"A tear—a fiddlestick, Mr. STERNE," I growled out, for of course I knew my friend in the wig and satin breeches to be no other than the notorious, nay, celebrated Mr. Laurence Sterne.

"Does not the sight of a beautiful infant charm and melt you, *mon ami?* If not, I pity you. Yes, he was beautiful. I was in London the year he was born. I used to breakfast at the 'Mount Coffee-house.' I did not become the fashion until two years later, when my 'Tristram' made his appearance, who has held his own for a hundred years. By the way, *mon bon monsieur*, how many authors of your present time will last till the next century? Do you think Brown will?"

I laughed with scorn as I lay in my bed (and so did the ghost give a ghastly snigger).

"Brown!" I roared. "One of the most overrated men that ever put pen to paper!"

"What do you think of Jones?"

I grew indignant with this old cynic. "As a reasonable ghost, come out of the other world, you don't mean," I said, "to ask me a serious opinion of Mr. Jones? His books may be very good reading for maid-servants and schoolboys, but you don't ask *me* to read them? As a scholar yourself you must know that——"

"Well, then, Robinson?"

"Robinson, I am told, has merit. I daresay; I never have been able to read his books, and can't, therefore, form any opinion about Mr. Robinson. At least you will allow that I am not speaking in a prejudiced manner about *him*."

"Ah! I see you men of letters have your cabals and jealousies, as we had in my time. There was an Irish fellow by the name of Goldsmith, who used to abuse me; but he went into no genteel company—and faith! it mattered little, his praise or abuse. I never was more surprised than when I heard that Mr Irving, an American gentleman of parts and elegance, had wrote the fellow's life. To make a hero of that man, my dear sir, 'twas ridiculous! You followed in the fashion, I hear, and chose to lay a wreath before this queer little idol. Preposterous! A pretty writer, who

has turned some neat couplets. Bah! I have no patience with Master Posterity, that has chosen to take up this fellow, and make a hero of him! And there was another gentleman of my time, Mr. Thiefcatcher Fielding, forsooth! a fellow with the strength, and the tastes, and the manners of a porter! What madness has possessed you all to bow before that Calvert Butt of a man?—a creature without elegance or sensibility! The dog had spirits, certainly. I remember my Lord Bathurst praising them: but as for reading his books—*ma foi*, I would as lief go and dive for tripe in a cellar. The man's vulgarity stifles me. He wafts me whiffs of gin. Tobacco and onions are in his great coarse laugh, which choke me, *pardi;* and I don't think much better of the other fellow —the Scots' gallipot purveyor — Peregrine Clinker, Humphrey Random—how did the fellow call his rubbish? Neither of these men had the *bel air*, the *bon ton*, the *je ne scais quoy*. Pah! If I meet them in my walks by our Stygian river, I give them a wide berth, as that hybrid apothecary fellow would say. An ounce of civet, good apothecary: horrible, horrible! The mere thought of the coarseness of those men gives me the *chair de poule*. Mr. Fielding, especially, has no more sensibility than a butcher in Fleet Market. He takes his heroes out of ale-house kitchens, or worse places still. And this is the person whom Posterity has chosen to honour along with me—*me!* Faith, Monsieur Posterity, you have put me in pretty company, and I see you are no wiser than we were in our time. Mr. Fielding, forsooth! Mr. Tripe and Onions! Mr. Cowheel and Gin! Thank you for nothing, Monsieur Posterity!"

"And so," thought I, "even among these Stygians this envy and quarrelsomeness (if you will permit me the word) survive? What a pitiful meanness! To be sure, I can understand this feeling to a certain extent; a sense of justice will prompt it. In my own case, I often feel myself forced to protest against the absurd praises lavished on contemporaries. Yesterday, for instance, Lady Jones was good enough to praise one of my works. *Très bien.* But in the very next minute she began, with quite as great enthusiasm, to praise Miss Hobson's last romance. My good creature, what is that woman's praise worth who absolutely admires the writings of Miss Hobson? I offer a friend a bottle of '44 claret, fit for a pontifical supper. 'This is capital wine,' says he; 'and now we have finished the bottle, will you give me a bottle of that ordinaire we drank the other day?' Very well, my good man. You are a good judge—of ordinaire, I daresay. Nothing so provokes my anger, and rouses my sense of justice, as to hear other men undeservedly praised. In a word, if you wish to remain

friends with me, don't praise anybody. You tell me that the Venus de' Medici is beautiful, or Jacob Omnium is tall. *Que diable!* Can't I judge for myself? Haven't I eyes and a foot-rule? I don't think the Venus *is* so handsome, since you press me. She is pretty, but she has no expression. And as for Mr. Omnium, I can see much taller men in a fair for twopence."

"And so," I said, turning round to Mr. Sterne, "you are actually jealous of Mr. Fielding? O you men of letters, you men of letters! Is not the world (your world I mean) big enough for all of you?"

I often travel in my sleep. I often of a night find myself walking in my night-gown about the grey streets. It is awkward at first, but somehow nobody makes any remark. I glide along over the ground with my naked feet. The mud does not wet them. The passers-by do not tread on them. I am wafted over the ground, down the stairs, through the doors. This sort of travelling, dear friends, I am sure you have all of you indulged in.

Well, on the night in question (and, if you wish to know the precise date, it was the 31st of September last), after having some little conversation with Mr. Sterne in our bedroom, I must have got up, though I protest I don't know how, and come downstairs with him into the coffee-room of the "Hôtel Dessein," where the moon was shining, and a cold supper was laid out. I forget what we had—"vol-au-vent d'œufs de Phénix—agneau aux pistaches à la Barmécide,"—what matters what we had?

"As regards supper this is certain, the less you have of it the better."

That is what one of the guests remarked,—a shabby old man, in a wig, and such a dirty, ragged, disreputable dressing-gown that I should have been quite surprised at him, only one never *is* surprised in dr——under certain circumstances.

"I can't eat 'em now," said the greasy man (with his false old teeth, I wonder he could eat anything). "I remember Alvanley eating three suppers once at Carlton House—one night *de petite comité.*"

"*Petit comité,* sir," said Mr. Sterne.

"Dammy, sir, let me tell my own story my own way. I say, one night at Carlton House, playing at blind hookey with York, Wales, Tom Raikes, Prince Boothby, and Dutch Sam the boxer, Alvanley ate three suppers, and won three and twenty hundred pounds in ponies. Never saw a fellow with such an appetite, except Wales in his *good* time. But he destroyed the finest digestion a man ever had with maraschino, by Jove—always at it."

"Try mine," said Mr. Sterne.

"What a doosid queer box!" says Mr. Brummel.

"I had it from a Capuchin friar in this town. The box is but a horn one; but to the nose of sensibility Araby's perfume is not more delicate."

"I call it doosid stale old rappee," says Mr. Brummel—(as for me, I declare I could not smell anything at all in either of the boxes). "Old boy in smock-frock, take a pinch?"

The old boy in the smock-frock, as Mr. Brummel called him, was a very old man, with long white beard, wearing, not a smock-frock, but a shirt; and he had actually nothing else save a rope round his neck, which hung behind his chair in the queerest way.

"Fair sir," he said, turning to Mr. Brummel, "when the Prince of Wales and his father laid siege to our town——"

"What nonsense are you talking, old cock?" says Mr. Brummel; "Wales was never here. His late Majesty George IV. passed through on his way to Hanover. My good man, you don't seem to know what's up at all. What is he talkin' about the siege of Calais? I lived here fifteen years! Ought to know. What's his old name?"

"I am Master Eustace of Saint Peter's," said the old gentleman in the shirt. "When my Lord King Edward laid siege to this city——"

"Laid siege to Jericho!" cries Mr. Brummel. "The old man is cracked—cracked, sir!"

"——Laid siege to this city," continued the old man, "I and five more promised Messire Gautier de Mauny that we would give ourselves up as ransom for the place. And we came before our Lord King Edward, attired as you see, and the fair Queen begged our lives out of her gramercy."

"Queen, nonsense! you mean the Princess of Wales—pretty woman, *petit nez retroussé*, grew monstrous stout?" suggested Mr. Brummel, whose reading was evidently not extensive. "Sir Sidney Smith was a fine fellow, great talker, hook nose, so has Lord Cochrane, so has Lord Wellington. She was very sweet on Sir Sidney."

"Your acquaintance with the history of Calais does not seem to be considerable," said Mr. Sterne to Mr. Brummel, with a shrug.

"Don't it, Bishop?—for I conclude you are a bishop by your wig. I know Calais as well as any man. I lived here for years before I took that confounded consulate at Caen. Lived in this hotel, then at Leleux's. People used to stop here. Good fellows used to ask for poor George Brummel; Hertford did, so did the Duchess of Devonshire. Not know Calais indeed! That is a good joke. Had many a good dinner here: sorry I ever left it."

"My Lord King Edward," chirped the queer old gentleman in the shirt, "colonised the place with his English, after we had yielded it up to him. I have heard tell they kept it for nigh three hundred years, till my Lord de Guise took it from a fair Queen, Mary of blessed memory, a holy woman. Eh, but Sire Gautier of Mauny was a good knight, a valiant captain, gentle and courteous withal! Do you remember his ransoming the——"

"What is the old fellow twaddlin' about?" cries Brummel. "He is talking about some knight?—I never spoke to a knight, and very seldom to a baronet. Firkins, my butterman, was a knight—a knight and alderman. Wales knighted him once on going into the City."

"I am not surprised that the gentleman should not understand Messire Eustace of Saint Peter's," said the ghostly individual addressed as Mr. Sterne. "Your reading doubtless has not been very extensive?"

"Dammy, sir, speak for yourself!" cries Mr. Brummel testily. "I never professed to be a reading man, but I was as good as my neighbours. Wales wasn't a reading man; York wasn't a reading man; Clarence wasn't a reading man; Sussex was, but he wasn't a man in society. I remember reading your 'Sentimental Journey,' old boy: read it to the Duchess at Beauvoir, I recollect, and she cried over it. Doosid clever amusing book, and does you great credit. Birron wrote doosid clever books, too; so did Monk Lewis. George Spencer was an elegant poet, and my dear Duchess of Devonshire, if she had not been a grande dame, would have beat 'em all, by George! Wales couldn't write: he could sing, but he couldn't spell."

"Ah, you know the great world? so did I in my time, Mr. Brummel. I have had the visiting tickets of half the nobility at my lodgings in Bond Street. But they left me there no more cared for than last year's calendar," sighed Mr. Sterne. "I wonder who is the mode in London now? One of our late arrivals, my Lord Macaulay, has prodigious merit and learning, and, faith, his histories are more amusing than any novels, my own included."

"Don't know, I'm sure; not in my line. Pick this bone of chicken," says Mr. Brummel, trifling with a skeleton bird before him.

"I remember in this city of Calais worse fare than yon bird," said old Mr. Eustace of Saint Peter's. "Marry, sirs, when my Lord King Edward laid siege to us, lucky was he who could get a slice of horse for his breakfast, and a rat was sold at the price of a hare."

"Hare is coarse food, never tasted rat," remarked the Beau.

"Table-d'hôte poor fare enough for a man like me, who has been accustomed to the best of cookery. But rat—stifle me! I couldn't swallow that: never could bear hardship at all."

"We had to bear enough when my Lord of England pressed us. 'Twas pitiful to see the faces of our women as the siege went on, and hear the little ones asking for dinner."

"Always a bore, children. At dessert, they are bad enough, but at dinner they're the deuce and all," remarked Mr. Brummel.

Messire Eustace of Saint Peter's did not seem to pay much attention to the Beau's remarks, but continued his own train of thought as old men will do.

"I hear," said he, "that there has actually been no war between us of France and you men of England for well-nigh fifty year. Ours has ever been a nation of warriors. And besides her regular found men-at-arms, 'tis said the English of the present time have more than a hundred thousand of archers with weapons that will carry for half a mile. And a multitude have come amongst us of late from a great Western country, never so much as heard of in my time—valiant men and great drawers of the long-bow, and they say they have ships in armour that no shot can penetrate. Is it so? Wonderful! wonderful! The best armour, gossips, is a stout heart."

"And if ever manly heart beat under shirt-frill, thine is that heart, Sir Eustace!" cried Mr. Sterne enthusiastically.

"We, of France, were never accused of lack of courage, sir, in so far as I know," said Messire Eustace. "We have shown as much in a thousand wars with you English by sea and land; and sometimes we conquered, and sometimes, as is the fortune of war, we were discomfited. And notably in a great sea-fight which befell off Ushant on the first of June—— Our Amiral, Messire Villaret de Joyeuse, on board his galleon named the *Vengeur*, being sore pressed by an English bombard, rather than yield the crew of his ship to mercy, determined to go down with all on board of her: and to the cry of Vive la Répub—— or, I would say, of Notre Dame à la Rescousse, he and his crew all sank to an immortal grave——"

"Sir," said I, looking with amazement at the old gentleman, "surely, surely, there is some mistake in your statement. Permit me to observe that the action of the first of June took place five hundred years after your time, and——"

"Perhaps I am confusing my dates," said the old gentleman, with a faint blush. "You say I am mixing up the transactions of my time on earth with the story of my successors? It may be so. We take no count of a few centuries more or less in our dwelling by the darkling Stygian river. Of late, there came amongst us a

good knight, Messire de Cambronne, who fought against you English in the country of Flanders, being captain of the guard of my Lord the King of France, in a famous battle where you English would have been utterly routed but for the succour of the Prussian heathen. This Messire de Cambronne, when bidden to yield by you of England, answered this, 'The Guard dies but never surrenders;' and fought a long time afterwards, as became a good knight. In our wars with you of England it may have pleased the Fates to give you the greater success; but on our side, also, there has been no lack of brave deeds performed by brave men."

"King Edward may have been the victor, sir, as being the strongest, but you are the hero of the siege of Calais!" cried Mr. Sterne. "Your story is sacred, and your name has been blessed for five hundred years. Wherever men speak of patriotism and sacrifice, Eustace of Saint Pierre shall be beloved and remembered. I prostrate myself before the bare feet which stood before King Edward. What collar of chivalry is to be compared to that glorious order which you wear? Think, sir, how out of the myriad millions of our race, you, and some few more, stand forth as exemplars of duty and honour. *Fortunati nimium!*"

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "I did but my duty at a painful moment; and 'tis matter of wonder to me that men talk still, and glorify such a trifling matter. By Our Lady's grace, in the fair kingdom of France, there are scores of thousands of men, gentle and simple, who would do as I did. Does not every sentinel at his post, does not every archer in the front of battle, brave it, and die where his captain bids him? Who am I that I should be chosen out of all France to be an example of fortitude? I braved no tortures, though these I trust I would have endured with a good heart. I was subject to threats only. Who was the Roman knight of whom the Latin clerk Horatius tells?"

"A Latin clerk? Faith, I forget my Latin," says Mr. Brummel. "Ask the parson here.

"Messire Regulus, I remember, was his name. Taken prisoner by the Saracens, he gave his knightly word, and was permitted to go seek a ransom among his own people. Being unable to raise the sum that was a fitting ransom for such a knight, he returned to Afric, and cheerfully submitted to the tortures which the Paynims inflicted. And 'tis said he took leave of his friends as gaily as though he were going to a village kermes, or riding to his garden-house in the suburb of the city."

"Great, good, glorious man!" cried Mr. Sterne, very much moved. "Let me embrace that gallant hand, and bedew it with my tears! As long as honour lasts thy name shall be remembered.

See this dewdrop twinkling on my cheek! 'Tis the sparkling tribute that Sensibility pays to Valour. Though in my life and practice I may turn from Virtue, believe me, I never have ceased to honour her! Ah, Virtue! Ah, Sensibility! Oh——"

Here Mr. Sterne was interrupted by a monk of the Order of Saint Francis, who stepped into the room, and begged us all to take a pinch of his famous old rappee. I suppose the snuff was very pungent, for, with a great start, I woke up; and now perceived that I must have been dreaming altogether. "Dessein's" of nowadays is not the "Dessein's" which Mr. Sterne, and Mr. Brummel, and I recollect in the good old times. The town of Calais has bought the old hotel, and "Dessein" has gone over to "Quillacq's." And I was there yesterday. And I remember old diligences, and old postillions in pigtails and jackboots, who were once as alive as I am, and whose cracking whips I have heard in the midnight many and many a time. Now, where are they? Behold, they have been ferried over Styx, and have passed away into limbo.

I wonder what time does my boat go? Ah! here comes the waiter bringing me my little bill

ON SOME CARP AT SANS SOUCI

WE have lately made the acquaintance of an old lady of ninety, who has passed the last twenty-five years of her old life in a great metropolitan establishment, the workhouse, namely, of the parish of Saint Lazarus. Stay—twenty-three or four years ago, she came out once, and thought to earn a little money by hop-picking; but being overworked, and having to lie out at night, she got a palsy which has incapacitated her from all further labour, and has caused her poor old limbs to shake ever since.

An illustration of that dismal proverb which tells us how poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, this poor old shaking body has to lay herself down every night in her workhouse bed by the side of some other old woman with whom she may or may not agree. She herself can't be a very pleasant bedfellow, poor thing! with her shaking old limbs and cold feet. She lies awake a deal of the night, to be sure, not thinking of happy old times, for hers never were happy; but sleepless with aches, and agues, and rheumatism of old age. "The gentleman gave me brandy-and-water," she said, her old voice shaking with rapture at the thought. I never had a great love for Queen Charlotte, but I like her better now from what this old lady told me. The Queen, who loved snuff herself, has left a legacy of snuff to certain poorhouses; and in her watchful nights, this old woman takes a pinch of Queen Charlotte's snuff, "and it do comfort me, sir, that it do!" *Pulveris exigui munus.* Here is a forlorn aged creature, shaking with palsy, with no soul among the great struggling multitude of mankind to care for her, not quite trampled out of life, but passed and forgotten in the rush, made a little happy and soothed in her hours of unrest by this penny legacy. Let me think as I write. (The next month's sermon, thank goodness! is safe to press.) This discourse will appear at the season when I have read that wassail-bowls make their appearance; at the season of pantomime, turkey and sausages, plum-puddings, jollifications for schoolboys; Christmas bills, and reminiscences more or less sad and sweet for elders. If we oldsters are not merry, we shall be having a semblance of

merriment. We shall see the young folk laughing round the holly-bush. We shall pass the bottle round cosily as we sit by the fire. That old thing will have a sort of festival too. Beef, beer, and pudding will be served to her for that day also. Christmas falls on a Thursday. Friday is the workhouse day for coming out. Mary, remember that old Goody Twoshoes has her invitation for Friday, 26th December! Ninety is she, poor old soul? Ah! what a bonny face to catch under a mistletoe! "Yes, ninety, sir," she says, "and my mother was a hundred, and my grandmother was a hundred and two."

Herself ninety, her mother a hundred, her grandmother a hundred and two? What a queer calculation!

Ninety! Very good, granny: you were born, then, in 1772.

Your mother, we will say, was twenty-seven when you were born, and was born therefore in 1745.

Your grandmother was thirty when her daughter was born, and was born therefore in 1715.

We will begin with the present granny first. My good old creature, you can't of course remember, but that little gentleman for whom your mother was laundress in the Temple was the ingenious Mr. Goldsmith, author of a "History of England," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and many diverting pieces. You were brought almost an infant to his chambers in Brick Court, and he gave you some sugar-candy, for the Doctor was always good to children. That gentleman who well-nigh smothered you by sitting down on you as you lay in a chair asleep was the learned Mr. S. Johnson, whose history of "Rasselas" you have never read, my poor soul; and whose tragedy of "Irene" I don't believe any man in these kingdoms ever perused. That tipsy Scotch gentleman who used to come to the chambers sometimes, and at whom everybody laughed, wrote a more amusing book than any of the scholars, your Mr. Burke and your Mr. Johnson, and your Doctor Goldsmith. Your father often took him home in a chair to his lodgings; and has done as much for Parson Sterne in Bond Street, the famous wit. Of course, my good creature, you remember the Gordon Riots, and crying, "No Popery!" before Mr. Langdale's house, the Popish distiller's, and that bonny fire of my Lord Mansfield's books in Bloomsbury Square? Bless us, what a heap of illuminations you have seen! For the glorious victory over the Americans at Breed's Hill; for the peace in 1814, and the beautiful Chinese bridge in St. James's Park; for the coronation of his Majesty, whom you recollect as Prince of Wales, Goody, don't you? Yes; and you went in a procession of laundresses to pay your respects to his good lady, the injured Queen of England, at Brandenburg House; and you remember your mother

told you how she was taken to see the Scotch lords executed at the Tower. And as for your grandmother, she was born five months after the battle of Malplaquet, she was; where her poor father was killed, fighting like a bold Briton for the Queen. With the help of a "Wade's Chronology," I can make out ever so queer a history for you, my poor old body, and a pedigree as authentic as many in the peerage-books.

Peerage-books and pedigrees? What does she know about them? Battles and victories, treasons, kings, and beheadings, literary gentlemen, and the like, what have they ever been to her? Granny, did you ever hear of General Wolfe? Your mother may have seen him embark, and your father may have carried a musket under him. Your grandmother may have cried huzza for Marlborough; but what is the Prince Duke to you, and did you ever so much as hear tell of his name? How many hundred or thousand of years had that toad lived who was in the coal at the defunct Exhibition?—and yet he was not a bit better informed than toads seven or eight hundred years younger.

"Don't talk to me your nonsense about Exhibitions, and Prince Dukes, and toads in coals, or coals in toads, or what is it?" says Granny. "I know there was a good Queen Charlotte, for she left me snuff; and it comforts me of a night when I lie awake."

To me there is something very touching in the notion of that little pinch of comfort doled out to Granny, and gratefully inhaled by her in the darkness. Don't you remember what traditions there used to be of chests of plate, bulses of diamonds, laces of inestimable value, sent out of the country privately by the old Queen, to enrich certain relations in M–ckl–nb–rg Str–l–tz? Not all the treasure went. *Non omnis moritur.* A poor old palsied thing at midnight is made happy sometimes as she lifts her shaking old hand to her nose. Gliding noiselessly among the beds where lie the poor creatures huddled in their cheerless dormitory, I fancy an old ghost with a snuff-box that does not creak. "There, Goody, take of my rappee. You will not sneeze, and I shall not say 'God bless you.' But you will think kindly of old Queen Charlotte, won't you? Ah! I had a many troubles, a many troubles. I was a prisoner almost as much as you are. I had to eat boiled mutton every day: *entre nous*, I abominated it. But I never complained. I swallowed it. I made the best of a hard life. We have all our burdens to bear. But hark! I hear the cock-crow, and snuff the morning air." And with this the Royal ghost vanishes up the chimney—if there be a chimney in that dismal harem, where poor old Two-shoes and her companions pass their nights—their dreary nights,

their restless nights, their cold long nights, shared in what glum companionship, illumined by what a feeble taper!

"Did I understand you, my good Twoshoes, to say that your mother was seven-and-twenty years old when you were born, and that she married your esteemed father when she herself was twenty-five? 1745, then, was the date of your dear mother's birth. I daresay her father was absent in the Low Countries, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, under whom he had the honour of carrying a halberd at the famous engagement of Fontenoy —or if not there, he may have been at Preston Pans, under General Sir John Cope, when the wild Highlanders broke through all the laws of discipline and the English lines; and, being on the spot, did he see the famous ghost which didn't appear to Colonel Gardiner of the Dragoons? My good creature, is it possible you don't remember that Doctor Swift, Sir Robert Walpole (my Lord Orford, as you justly say), old Sarah Marlborough, and little Mr. Pope of Twitnam, died in the year of your birth? What a wretched memory you have! What? haven't they a library, and the commonest books of reference at the old convent of Saint Lazarus, where you dwell?"

"Convent of Saint Lazarus, Prince William, Doctor Swift, Atossa, and Mr. Pope of Twitnam! What is the gentleman talking about?" says old Goody, with a "Ho! ho!" and a laugh like an old parrot—you know they live to be as old as Methuselah, parrots do, and a parrot of a hundred is comparrotively young (ho! ho! ho!). Yes, and likewise carp live to an immense old age. Some which Frederick the Great fed at Sans Souci are there now, with great humps of blue mould on their old backs; and they could tell all sorts of queer stories, if they chose to speak—but they are very silent, carp are—of their nature *peu communicatives*. Oh! what has been thy long life, old Goody, but a dole of bread and water and a perch on a cage; a dreary swim round and round a Lethe of a pond? What are Rossbach or Jena to those mouldy ones? and do they know it is a grandchild of England who brings bread to feed them?

No! Those Sans Souci carp may live to be a thousand years old and have nothing to tell but that one day is like another; and the history of friend Goody Twoshoes has not much more variety than theirs. Hard labour, hard fare, hard bed, numbing cold all night, and gnawing hunger most days. That is her lot. Is it lawful in my prayers to say, "Thank Heaven, I am not as one of these"? If I were eighty, would I like to feel the hunger always gnawing, gnawing? to have to get up and make a bow when Mr. Bumble the beadle entered the common room? To have to listen

to Miss Prim, who came to give me her ideas of the next world? If I were eighty, I own I should not like to have to sleep with another gentleman of my own age, gouty, a bad sleeper, kicking in his old dreams, and snoring; to march down my vale of years at word of command, accommodating my tottering old steps to those of the other prisoners in my dingy hopeless old gang; to hold out a trembling hand for a sickly pittance of gruel, and say, "Thank you, ma'am," to Miss Prim when she has done reading her sermon. John! when Goody Twoshoes comes next Friday, I desire she may not be disturbed by theological controversies. You have a very fair voice, and I heard you and the maids singing a hymn very sweetly the other night, and was thankful that our humble household should be in such harmony. Poor old Twoshoes is so old and toothless and quaky, that she can't sing a bit; but don't be giving yourself airs over her, because she can't sing and you can. Make her comfortable at our kitchen hearth. Set that old kettle to sing by our hob. Warm her old stomach with nut-brown ale and a toast laid in the fire. Be kind to the poor old schoolgirl of ninety, who has had leave to come out for a day of Christmas holiday. Shall there be many more Christmases for thee? Think of the ninety she has seen already; the fourscore and ten cold, cheerless, nipping New Years!

If you were in her place, would you like to have a remembrance of better early days, when you were young, and happy, and loving, perhaps; or would you prefer to have no past on which your mind could rest? About the year 1788, Goody, were your cheeks rosy, and your eyes bright, and did some young fellow in powder and a pigtail look in them? We may grow old, but to us some stories never are old. On a sudden they rise up, not dead, but living—not forgotten, but freshly remembered. The eyes gleam on us as they used to do. The dear voice thrills in our hearts. The rapture of the meeting, the terrible terrible parting, again and again the tragedy is acted over. Yesterday, in the street, I saw a pair of eyes so like two which used to brighten at my coming once, that the whole past came back as I walked lonely, in the rush of the Strand, and I was young again in the midst of joys and sorrows, alike sweet and sad, alike sacred and fondly remembered.

If I tell a tale out of school, will any harm come to my old schoolgirl? Once, a lady gave her a half-sovereign, which was a source of great pain and anxiety to Goody Twoshoes. She sewed it away in her old stays somewhere, thinking here at least was a safe investment—(*vestis*—a vest—an investment,—pardon me, thou poor old thing, but I cannot help the pleasantry). And what do you think? Another *pensionnaire* of the establishment cut the

coin out of Goody's stays—*an old woman who went upon two crutches!* Faugh, the old witch! What? Violence amongst these toothless, tottering, trembling, feeble ones? Robbery amongst the penniless? Dogs coming and snatching Lazarus's crumbs out of his lap? Ah, how indignant Goody was as she told the story! To that pond at Potsdam where the carp live for hundreds of hundreds of years, with hunches of blue mould on their back, I daresay the little Prince and Princess of Preussen-Britannien come sometimes with crumbs and cakes to feed the mouldy ones. Those eyes may have goggled from beneath the weeds at Napoleon's jackboots; they have seen Frederick's lean shanks reflected in their pool; and perhaps Monsieur de Voltaire has fed them—and now, for a crumb of biscuit they will fight, push, hustle, rob, squabble, gobble, relapsing into their tranquillity when the ignoble struggle is over. Sans souci, indeed! It is mighty well writing "Sans souci" over the gate; but where is the gate through which Care has not slipped? She perches on the shoulders of the sentry in the sentry-box: she whispers the porter sleeping in his arm-chair: she glides up the staircase, and lies down between the king and queen in their bed-royal: this very night I daresay she will perch upon poor old Goody Twoshoes's meagre bolster, and whisper, "Will the gentleman and those ladies ask me again? No, no; they will forget poor old Twoshoes." Goody! For shame of yourself! Do not be cynical. Do not mistrust your fellow-creatures. What? Has the Christmas morning dawned upon thee ninety times? For fourscore and ten years has it been thy lot to totter on this earth, hungry and obscure? Peace and goodwill to thee, let us say at this Christmas season. Come, drink, eat, rest awhile at our hearth, thou poor old pilgrim! And of the bread which God's bounty gives us, I pray, brother reader, we may not forget to set aside a part for those noble and silent poor, from whose innocent hands war has torn the means of labour. Enough! As I hope for beef at Christmas, I vow a note shall be sent to Saint Lazarus Union House, in which Mr. Roundabout requests the honour of Mrs. Twoshoes's company on Friday, 26th December.

AUTOUR DE MON CHAPEAU

NEVER have I seen a more noble tragic face. In the centre of the forehead there was a great furrow of care, towards which the brows rose piteously. What a deep solemn grief in the eyes! They looked blankly at the object before them, but through it, as it were, and into the grief beyond. In moments of pain, have you not looked at some indifferent object so? It mingles dumbly with your grief, and remains afterwards connected with it in your mind. It may be some indifferent thing—a book which you were reading at the time when you received her farewell letter (how well you remember the paragraph afterwards—the shape of the words, and their position on the page); the words you were writing when your mother came in, and said it was all over—she was MARRIED—Emily married—to that insignificant little rival at whom you have laughed a hundred times in her company. Well, well; my friend and reader, whoe'er you be—old man or young, wife or maiden—you have had your grief-pang. Boy, you have lain awake the first night at school, and thought of home. Worse still, man, you have parted from the dear ones with bursting heart: and, lonely boy, recall the bolstering an unfeeling comrade gave you; and, lonely man, just torn from your children—their little tokens of affection yet in your pocket—pacing the deck at evening in the midst of the roaring ocean, you can remember how you were told that supper was ready, and how you went down to the cabin and had brandy-and-water and biscuit. You remember the taste of them. Yes; for ever. You took them whilst you and your Grief were sitting together, and your Grief clutched you round the soul. Serpent, how you have writhed round me, and bitten me! Remorse, Remembrance, &c., come in the night season, and I feel you gnawing, gnawing! . . . I tell you that man's face was like Laocoon's (which, by the way, I always think overrated. The real head is at Brussels, at the Duke Daremberg's, not at Rome).

That man! What man? That man of whom I said that his magnificent countenance exhibited the noblest tragic woe. He was not of European blood. He was handsome, but not of European

beauty His face white—not of a northern whiteness; his eyes protruding somewhat, and rolling in their grief. Those eyes had seen the Orient sun, and his beak was the eagle's. His lips were full. The beard, curling round them, was unkempt and tawny. The locks were of a deep deep coppery red. The hands, swart and powerful, accustomed to the rough grasp of the wares in which he dealt, seemed unused to the flimsy artifices of the bath. He came from the Wilderness, and its sands were on his robe, his cheek, his tattered sandal, and the hardy foot it covered.

And his grief—whence came his sorrow? I will tell you. He bore it in his hand. He had evidently just concluded the compact by which it became his. His business was that of a purchaser of domestic raiment. At early dawn—nay, at what hour when the city is alive—do we not all hear the nasal cry of "Clo"? In Paris, *Habits, Galons, Marchand d'habits*, is the twanging signal with which the wandering merchant makes his presence known. It was in Paris I saw this man. Where else have I not seen him? In the Roman Ghetto—at the Gate of David, in his fathers' once imperial city. The man I mean was an itinerant vendor and purchaser of wardrobes—what you call an—— Enough! You know his name.

On his left shoulder hung his bag; and he held in that hand a white hat, which I am sure he had just purchased, and which was the cause of the grief which smote his noble features. Of course I cannot particularise the sum, but he had given too much for that hat. He felt he might have got the thing for less money. It was not the amount, I am sure; it was the principle involved. He had given fourpence (let us say) for that which threepence would have purchased. He had been done: and a manly shame was upon him, that he, whose energy, acuteness, experience, point of honour, should have made him the victor in any mercantile duel in which he should engage, had been overcome by a porter's wife, who very likely sold him the old hat, or by a student who was tired of it. I can understand his grief. Do I seem to be speaking of it in a disrespectful or flippant way? Then you mistake me. He had been outwitted. He had desired, coaxed, schemed, haggled, got what he wanted, and now found he had paid too much for his bargain. You don't suppose I would ask you to laugh at that man's grief? It is you, clumsy cynic, who are disposed to sneer, whilst it may be tears of genuine sympathy are trickling down this nose of mine. What do you mean by laughing? If you saw a wounded soldier on the field of battle, would you laugh? If you saw a ewe robbed of her lamb, would you laugh, you brute? It is you who are the cynic, and have no feeling: and you sneer because

that grief is unintelligible to you which touches my finer sensibility. The OLD-CLOTHES'-MAN had been defeated in one of the daily battles of his most interesting, chequered, adventurous life.

Have you ever figured to yourself what such a life must be? The pursuit and conquest of twopence must be the most eager and fascinating of occupations. We might all engage in that business if we would. Do not whist-players, for example, toil, and think, and lose their temper over sixpenny points? They bring study, natural genius, long forethought, memory, and careful historical experience to bear upon their favourite labour. Don't tell me that it is the sixpenny points, and five shillings the rub, which keeps them for hours over their painted pasteboard. It is the desire to conquer. Hours pass by. Night glooms. Dawn, it may be, rises unheeded; and they sit calling for fresh cards at the "Portland," or the "Union," while waning candles splutter in the sockets, and languid waiters snooze in the ante-room. Sol rises. Jones has lost four pounds: Brown has won two; Robinson lurks away to his family house and (mayhap indignant) Mrs. R. Hours of evening, night, morning, have passed away whilst they have been waging this sixpenny battle. What is the loss of four pounds to Jones, the gain of two to Brown? B. is, perhaps, so rich that two pounds more or less are as naught to him; J. is so hopelessly involved that to win four pounds cannot benefit his creditors, or alter his condition; but they play for that stake: they put forward their best energies: they ruff, finesse (what are the technical words, and how do I know?). It is but a sixpenny game if you like; but they want to win it. So as regards my friend yonder with the hat. He stakes his money: he wishes to win the game, not the hat merely. I am not prepared to say that he is not inspired by a noble ambition. Cæsar wished to be first in a village. If first of a hundred yokels, why not first of two? And my friend the old-clothes'-man wishes to win his game, as well as to turn his little sixpence.

Suppose in the game of life—and it is but a twopenny game after all—you are equally eager of winning. Shall you be ashamed of your ambition, or glory in it? There are games, too, which are becoming to particular periods of life. I remember in the days of our youth, when my friend Arthur Bowler was an eminent cricketer. Slim, swift, strong, well-built, he presented a goodly appearance on the ground in his flannel uniform. *Militâsti non sine gloria*, Bowler my boy! Hush! We tell no tales. Mum is the word. Yonder comes Charley his son. Now Charley his son has taken the field, and is famous among the eleven of his school. Bowler senior, with his capacious waistcoat, &c., waddling

after a ball, would present an absurd object, whereas it does the eyes good to see Bowler junior scouring the plain—a young exemplar of joyful health, vigour, activity. The old boy wisely contents himself with amusements more becoming his age and waist; takes his sober ride; visits his farm soberly—busies himself about his pigs, his ploughing, his peaches, or what not. Very small *routinier* amusements interest him; and (thank goodness!) nature provides very kindly for kindly-disposed fogies. We relish those things which we scorned in our lusty youth. I see the young folk of an evening kindling and glowing over their delicious novels. I look up and watch the eager eye flashing down the page, being, for my part, perfectly contented with my twaddling old volume of "Howel's Letters," or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I am actually arrived at such a calm frame of mind that I like batter-pudding. I never should have believed it possible; but it is so. Yet a little while, and I may relish water-gruel. It will be the age of *mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit*. And then—the cotton extinguisher is pulled over the old noddle, and the little flame of life is popped out.

Don't you know elderly people who make learned notes in Army Lists, Peerages, and the like? This is the batter-pudding, water-gruel of old age. The worn-out old digestion does not care for stronger food. Formerly it could swallow twelve hours' tough reading, and digest an encyclopædia.

If I had children to educate, I would, at ten or twelve years of age, have a professor, or professoress, of whist for them, and cause them to be well grounded in that great and useful game. You cannot learn it well when you are old, any more than you can learn dancing or billiards. In our house at home we youngsters did not play whist because we were dear obedient children, and the elders said playing at cards was "a waste of time." A waste of time, my good people! *Allons!* What do elderly home-keeping people do of a night after dinner? Darby gets his newspaper; my dear Joan her *Missionary Magazine* or her volume of Cumming's Sermons—and don't you know what ensues? Over the arm of Darby's arm-chair the paper flutters to the ground unheeded, and he performs the trumpet obbligato *que vous savez* on his old nose. My dear old Joan's head nods over her sermon (awakening though the doctrine may be). Ding, ding, ding: can that be ten o'clock? It is time to send the servants to bed, my dear—and to bed master and mistress go too. But they have not wasted their time playing at cards. Oh no! I belong to a club where there is whist of a night; and not a little amusing is it to hear Brown speak of Thompson's play, and *vice versâ*. But

there is one man—Greatorex let us call him—who is the acknowledged captain and primus of all the whist-players. We all secretly admire him—I, for my part, watch him in private life, hearken to what he says, note what he orders for dinner, and have that feeling of awe for him that I used to have as a boy for the cock of the school. Not play at whist? "Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!" were the words of the great and good Bishop of Autun. I can't. It is too late now. Too late! too late! Ah! humiliating confession! That joy might have been clutched, but the life-stream has swept us by it—the swift life-stream rushing to the nearing sea. Too late! too late! Twentystone, my boy! when you read in the papers "Valse à deux temps," and all the fashionable dances taught to adults by "Miss Lightfoots," don't you feel that you would like to go in and learn? Ah, it is too late! You have passed the *choreas*, Master Twentystone, and the young people are dancing without you.

I don't believe much of what my Lord Byron the poet says; but when he wrote, "So, for a good old gentlemanly vice, I think I shall put up with avarice," I think his Lordship meant what he wrote, and if he practised what he preached, shall not quarrel with him. As an occupation in declining years, I declare I think saving is useful, amusing, and not unbecoming. It must be a perpetual amusement. It is a game that can be played by day, by night, at home and abroad, and at which you must win in the long run. I am tired and want a cab. The fare to my house, say, is two shillings. The cabman will naturally want half-a-crown. I pull out my book. I show him the distance is exactly three miles and fifteen hundred and ninety yards. I offer him my card—my winning card. As he retires with the two shillings, blaspheming inwardly, every curse is a compliment to my skill. I have played him and beat him; and a sixpence is my spoil and just reward. This is a game, by the way, which women play far more cleverly than we do. But what an interest it imparts to life! During the whole drive home I know I shall have my game at the journey's end; am sure of my hand, and shall beat my adversary. Or I can play in another way. I won't have a cab at all, I will wait for the omnibus: I will be one of the damp fourteen in that steaming vehicle. I will wait about in the rain for an hour, and 'bus after 'bus shall pass, but I will not be beat. I *will* have a place, and get it at length, with my boots wet through, and an umbrella dripping between my legs. I have a rheumatism, a cold, a sore throat, a sulky evening,—a doctor's bill to-morrow perhaps? Yes, but I have won my game, and am gainer of a shilling on this rubber.

If you play this game all through life it is wonderful what daily interest it has, and amusing occupation. For instance, my wife goes to sleep after dinner over her volume of sermons. As soon as the dear soul is sound asleep, I advance softly and puff out her candle. Her pure dreams will be all the happier without that light; and, say she sleeps an hour, there is a penny gained.

As for clothes, *parbleu!* there is not much money to be saved in clothes, for the fact is, as a man advances in life—as he becomes an *Ancient Briton* (mark the pleasantry)—he goes without clothes. When my tailor proposes something in the way of a change of raiment, I laugh in his face. My blue coat and brass buttons will last these ten years. It is seedy? What then? I don't want to charm anybody in particular. You say that my clothes are shabby? What do I care? When I wished to look well in somebody's eyes, the matter may have been different. But now, when I receive my bill of £10 (let us say) at the year's end, and contrast it with old tailors' reckonings, I feel that I have played the game with master tailor, and beat him; and my old clothes are a token of the victory.

I do not like to give servants board-wages, though they are cheaper than household bills: but I know they save out of board-wages, and so beat me. This shows that it is not the money but the game which interests me. So about wine. I have it good and dear. I will trouble you to tell me where to get it good and cheap. You may as well give me the address of a shop where I can buy meat for fourpence a pound, or sovereigns for fifteen shillings apiece. At the game of auctions, docks, shy wine-merchants, depend on it there is *no* winning; and I would as soon think of buying jewellery at an auction in Fleet Street as of purchasing wine from one of your dreadful needy wine-agents such as infest every man's door. Grudge myself good wine? As soon grudge my horse corn. *Merci!* that would be a very losing game indeed, and your humble servant has no relish for such.

But in the very pursuit of saving there must be a hundred harmless delights and pleasures which we who are careless necessarily forego. What do you know about the natural history of your household? Upon your honour and conscience, do you know the price of a pound of butter? Can you say what sugar costs, and how much your family consumes and ought to consume? How much lard do you use in your house? As I think on these subjects I own I hang down the head of shame. I suppose for a moment that you, who are reading this, are a middle-aged gentleman, and paterfamilias. Can you answer the above questions? You know, sir, you cannot. Now turn round, lay down the book, and suddenly ask Mrs. Jones and your daughters if *they* can answer? They

cannot. They look at one another. They pretend they can answer. They can tell you the plot and principal characters of the last novel. Some of them know something about history, geology, and so forth. But of the natural history of home—*Nichts*, and for shame on you all! *Honnis soyez!* For shame on you? for shame on us!

In the early morning I hear a sort of call or *jodel* under my window, and know 'tis the matutinal milkman leaving his can at my gate. O household gods! have I lived all these years and don't know the price or the quantity of the milk which is delivered in that can? Why don't I know? As I live, if I live till to-morrow morning, as soon as I hear the call of Lactantius, I will dash out upon him. How many cows? How much milk, on an average, all the year round? What rent? What cost of food and dairy servants? What loss of animals, and average cost of purchase? If I interested myself properly about my pint (or hogshead, whatever it be) of milk, all this knowledge would ensue; all this additional interest in life. What is this talk of my friend, Mr. Lewes, about objects at the seaside, and so forth?* Objects at the seaside? Objects at the area-bell: objects before my nose: objects which the butcher brings me in his tray: which the cook dresses and puts down before me, and over which I say grace! My daily life is surrounded with objects which ought to interest me. The pudding I eat (or refuse, that is neither here nor there; and, between ourselves, what I have said about batter-pudding may be taken *cum grano*—we are not come to *that* yet, except for the sake of argument or illustration)—the pudding, I say, on my plate, the eggs that made it, the fire that cooked it, the tablecloth on which it is laid, and so forth—are each and all of these objects a knowledge of which I may acquire—a knowledge of the cost and production of which I might advantageously learn? To the man who *does* know these things, I say the interest of life is prodigiously increased. The milkman becomes a study to him; the baker a being he curiously and tenderly examines. Go, Lewes, and clap a hideous sea-anemone into a glass: I will put a cabman under mine, and make a vivisection of a butcher. O Lares, Penates, and gentle household gods, teach me to sympathise with all that comes within my doors! Give me an interest in the butcher's book. Let me look forward to the ensuing number of the grocer's account with eagerness. It seems ungrateful to my kitchen-chimney not to know the cost of sweeping it; and I trust that many a man who reads this, and muses on it, will feel, like the writer, ashamed of himself, and hang down his head humbly.

* "Seaside Studies." By G. H. Lewes.

Now, if to this household game you could add a little money interest, the amusement would be increased far beyond the mere money value, as a game at cards for sixpence is better than a rubber for nothing. If you can interest yourself about sixpence, all life is invested with a new excitement. From sunrise to sleeping you can always be playing that game—with butcher, baker, coal-merchant, cabman, omnibus-man—nay, diamond-merchant and stockbroker. You can bargain for a guinea over the price of a diamond necklace, or for a sixteenth per cent. in a transaction at the Stock Exchange. We all know men who have this faculty who are not ungenerous with their money. They give it on great occasions. They are more able to help than you and I who spend ours, and say to poor Prodigal who comes to us out at elbow, "My dear fellow, I should have been delighted: but I have already anticipated my quarter, and am going to ask Screwby if he can do anything for me."

In this delightful, wholesome, ever-novel twopenny game, there is a danger of excess, as there is in every other pastime or occupation of life. If you grow too eager for your twopence, the acquisition or the loss of it may affect your peace of mind, and peace of mind is better than any amount of twopences. My friend the old-clothes'-man, whose agonies over the hat have led to this rambling disquisition, has, I very much fear, by a too eager pursuit of small profits disturbed the equanimity of a mind that ought to be easy and happy. "Had I stood out," he thinks, "I might have had the hat for threepence," and he doubts whether, having given fourpence for it, he will ever get back his money. My good Shadrach, if you go through life passionately deploring the irrevocable, and allow yesterday's transactions to embitter the cheerfulness of to-day and to-morrow—as lief walk down to the Seine, souse in, hats, body, clothes-bag and all, and put an end to your sorrow and sordid cares. Before and since Mr. Franklin wrote his pretty apologue of the Whistle, have we not all made bargains of which we repented, and coveted and acquired objects for which we have paid too dearly? Who has not purchased his hat in some market or other? There is General M'Clellan's cocked-hat for example: I daresay he was eager enough to wear it, and he has learned that it is by no means cheerful wear. There were the military beavers of Messeigneurs of Orleans: * they wore them gallantly in the face of battle; but I suspect they were glad enough to pitch them into the James River and come home in mufti. Ah, *mes amis! à chacun son shako!* I was looking at a bishop the other day,

* Two cadets of the House of Orleans who served as volunteers under General M'Clellan in his campaign against Richmond.

and thinking, "My right reverend lord, that broad-brim and rosette must bind your great broad forehead very tightly, and give you many a headache. A good easy wideawake were better for you, and I would like to see that honest face with a cutty-pipe in the middle of it." There is my Lord Mayor. My once dear lord, my kind friend, when your two years' reign was over, did you not jump for joy and fling your *chapeau-bras* out of window: and hasn't *that* hat cost you a pretty bit of money? There, in a splendid travelling chariot, in the sweetest bonnet, all trimmed with orange-blossoms and Chantilly lace, sits my Lady Rosa, with old Lord Snowden by her side. Ah, Rosa! what a price have you paid for that hat which you wear; and is your Ladyship's coronet not purchased too dear? Enough of hats. Sir, or Madam, I take off mine, and salute you with profound respect.

*ON ALEXANDRINES**

A LETTER TO SOME COUNTRY COUSINS

DEAR COUSINS,—Be pleased to receive herewith a packet of Mayall's photographs, and copies of *Illustrated News*, *Illustrated Times*, *London Review*, *Queen*, and *Observer*, each containing an account of the notable festivities of the past week. If, besides these remembrances of home, you have a mind to read a letter from an old friend, behold here it is. When I was at school, having left my parents in India, a good-natured captain or colonel would come sometimes and see us Indian boys, and talk to us about papa and mamma, and give us coins of the realm, and write to our parents, and say, "I drove over yesterday and saw Tommy at Doctor Birch's. I took him to the 'George,' and gave him a dinner. His appetite is fine. He states that he is reading 'Cornelius Nepos,' with which he is much interested. His masters report," &c. And though Doctor Birch wrote by the same mail a longer, fuller, and official statement, I have no doubt the distant parents preferred the friend's letter, with its artless, possibly ungrammatical, account of their little darling.

I have seen the young heir of Britain. These eyes have beheld him and his bride, on Saturday in Pall Mall, and on Tuesday in the nave of Saint George's Chapel at Windsor, when the young Princess Alexandra of Denmark passed by with her blooming procession of bridesmaids; and half-an-hour later, when the Princess of Wales came forth from the chapel, her husband by her side robed in the purple mantle of the famous Order which his forefather established here five hundred years ago. We were to see her yet once again, when her open carriage passed out of the Castle gate to the station of the near railway which was to convey her to Southampton.

Since womankind existed, has any woman ever had such a greeting? At ten hours' distance, there is a city far more magnificent than ours. With every respect for Kensington turnpike, I

* This paper, it is almost needless to say, was written just after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in March 1863.

own that the Arc de l'Etoile at Paris is a much finer entrance to an Imperial capital. In our black, orderless, zigzag streets, we can show nothing to compare with the magnificent array of the Rue de Rivoli, that enormous regiment of stone stretching for five miles and presenting arms before the Tuileries. Think of the late Fleet Prison and Waithman's Obelisk, and of the Place de la Concorde and the Luxor Stone! "The finest site in Europe," as Trafalgar Square has been called by some obstinate British optimist, is disfigured by trophies, fountains, columns, and statues so puerile, disorderly, and hideous, that a lover of the arts must hang the head of shame as he passes to see our dear old queen city arraying herself so absurdly; but when all is said and done, we can show one or two of the greatest sights in the world. I doubt if any Roman festival was as vast or as striking as the Derby day, or if any Imperial triumph could show such a prodigious muster of faithful people as our young Princess saw on Saturday, when the nation turned out to greet her. The calculators are squabbling about the numbers of hundreds of thousands, of millions, who came forth to see her and bid her welcome. Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, yards manned, ships and forts saluting with their thunder, every steamer and vessel, every town and village from Ramsgate to Gravesend, swarming with happy gratulation; young girls with flowers scattering roses before her; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech, and bow the knee, and bid her welcome! Who is this who is honoured with such a prodigious triumph, and received with a welcome so astonishing? A year ago we had never heard of her. I think about her pedigree and family not a few of us are in the dark still, and I own, for my part, to be much puzzled by the allusions of newspaper genealogists and bards and skalds to Vikings, Berserkers, and so forth. But it would be interesting to know how many hundreds of thousands of photographs of the fair bright face have by this time made it beloved and familiar in British homes. Think of all the quiet country nooks from Land's End to Caithness, where kind eyes have glanced at it. The farmer brings it home from market; the Curate from his visit to the Cathedral town; the rustic folk peer at it through the little village shop-window; the squire's children gaze on it round the drawing-room table; every eye that beholds it looks tenderly on its bright beauty and sweet artless grace, and young and old pray God bless her. We have an elderly friend (a certain Goody Twoshoes) who inhabits, with many other old ladies, the Union House of the parish of Saint Lazarus in Soho. One of your cousins from this house went to see her, and found Goody and her companion crones all in a flutter of excitement about the marriage.

The whitewashed walls of their bleak dormitory were ornamented with prints out of the illustrated journals, and hung with festoons and true-lovers' knots of tape and coloured paper; and the old bodies had had a good dinner, and the old tongues were chirping and clacking away, all eager, interested, sympathising; and one very elderly and rheumatic Goody, who is obliged to keep her bed (and has, I trust, an exaggerated idea of the cares attending on Royalty), said, "Pore thing, pore thing! I pity her." Yes, even in that dim place there was a little brightness and a quavering huzza, a contribution of a mite subscribed by those dozen poor old widows to the treasure of loyalty with which the nation endows the Prince's bride.

Three hundred years ago, when our dread Sovereign Lady Elizabeth came to take possession of her realm and capital city, Holinshed, if you please (whose pleasing history of course you carry about with you), relates in his fourth volume folio, that—"At hir entring the citie, she was of the people received maruellous intierlie, as appeared by the assemblies, praiers, welcommings, cries, and all other signes which argued a woonderfull earnest loue:" and at various halting-places on the Royal progress children habited like angels appeared out of allegoric edifices and spoke verses to her—

> "Welcome, O Queen, as much as heart can think;
> Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell;
> Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink.
> God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!"

Our new Princess, you may be sure, has also had her Alexandrines, and many minstrels have gone before her singing her praises. Mr. Tupper, who begins in very great force and strength, and who proposes to give her no less than eight hundred thousand welcomes in the first twenty lines of his ode, is not satisfied with this most liberal amount of acclamation, but proposes at the end of his poem a still more magnificent subscription. Thus we begin, "A hundred thousand welcomes, a hundred thousand welcomes." (In my copy the figures are in the well-known Arabic numerals, but let us have the numbers literally accurate):—

> "A hundred thousand welcomes!
> A hundred thousand welcomes!
> And a hundred thousand more!
> O happy heart of England,
> Shout aloud and sing, land,
> As no land sang before;
> And let the pæans soar
> And ring from shore to shore,
> A hundred thousand welcomes,
> And a hundred thousand more;

And let the cannons roar
The joy-stunned city o'er.
And let the steeples chime it
A hundred thousand welcomes,
And a hundred thousand more;
And let the people rhyme it
From neighbour's door to door,
From every man's heart's core,
A hundred thousand welcomes,
And a hundred thousand more."

This contribution, in twenty not long lines, of 900,000 (say nine hundred thousand) welcomes is handsome indeed; and shows that when our bard is inclined to be liberal, he does not look to the cost. But what is a sum of 900,000 to his further proposal?—

"O let all these declare it,
Let miles of shouting swear it,
In all the years of yore,
Unparalleled before!
And thou, most welcome Wand'rer
Across the Northern Water,
Our England's ALEXANDRA,
Our dear adopted daughter—
Lay to thine heart, conned o'er and o'er,
In future years remembered well,
The magic fervour of this spell
That shakes the land from shore to shore,
And makes all hearts and eyes brim o'er;
Our hundred thousand welcomes,
Our fifty million welcomes,
And a hundred million more!"

Here we have, besides the most liberal previous subscription, a further call on the public for no less than one hundred and fifty million one hundred thousand welcomes for her Royal Highness. How much is this per head for all of us in the three kingdoms? Not above five welcomes apiece, and I am sure many of us have given more than five hurrahs to the fair young Princess.

Each man sings according to his voice, and gives in proportion to his means. The guns at Sheerness "from their adamantine lips" (which had spoken in quarrelsome old times a very different language) roared a hundred thundering welcomes to the fair Dane. The maidens of England strewed roses before her feet at Gravesend when she landed. Mr. Tupper, with the million and odd welcomes, may be compared to the thundering fleet; Mr. Chorley's song,

to the flowerets scattered on her Royal Highness's happy and carpeted path :—

"Blessings on that fair face!
Safe on the shore
Of her home-dwelling place,
Stranger no more.
Love, from her household shrine,
Keep sorrow far!
May for her hawthorn twine,
June bring sweet eglantine,
Autumn, the golden vine,
Dear Northern Star!"

Hawthorn for May, eglantine for June, and in autumn a little tasse of the golden vine for our Northern Star. I am sure no one will grudge the Princess these simple enjoyments, and of the produce of the last-named pleasing plant, I wonder how many bumpers were drunk to her health on the happy day of her bridal? As for the Laureate's verses, I would respectfully liken his Highness to a giant showing a beacon torch on "a windy headland." His flaring torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which nobody can wield but himself. He waves it: and four times in the midnight he shouts mightily, "Alexandra!" and the Pontic pine is whirled into the ocean, and Enceladus goes home.

Whose muse, whose cornemuse, sounds with such plaintive sweetness from Arthur's Seat, while Edinburgh and Musselburgh lie rapt in delight, and the mermaids come flapping up to Leith shore to hear the exquisite music? Sweeter piper Edina knows not than Aytoun, the Bard of the Cavaliers, who has given in his frank adhesion to the reigning dynasty. When a most beautiful, celebrated and unfortunate princess whose memory the Professor loves—when Mary, wife of Francis the Second, King of France, and by her own right proclaimed Queen of Scotland and England (poor soul!), entered Paris with her young bridegroom, good Peter Ronsard wrote of her—

"Toi qui as veu l'excellence de celle
Qui rend le ciel de l'Escosse envieux,
Dy hardiment, contentez vous mes yeux,
Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle."*

"Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle." Here is an Alexandrine written three hundred years ago, as simple as *bon jour*. Professor Aytoun is more ornate. After elegantly complimenting the spring, and a description of her Royal Highness's well-known ancestors the "Berserkers," he bursts forth—

* Quoted in Mignet's "Life of Mary."

"The Rose of Denmark comes, the Royal Bride!
O loveliest Rose! our paragon and pride—
Choice of the Prince whom England holds so dear—
What homage shall we pay
To one who has no peer?
What can the bard or wildered minstrel say
More than the peasant who on bended knee
Breathes from his heart an earnest prayer for thee?
Words are not fair, if that they would express
Is fairer still; so lovers in dismay
Stand all abashed before that loveliness
They worship most, but find no words to pray.
Too sweet for incense! (*bravo!*) Take our loves instead—
Most freely, truly, and devoutly given;
Our power for blessings on that gentle head,
For earthly happiness and rest in heaven!
May never sorrow dim those dovelike eyes,
But peace as pure as reigned in Paradise,
Calm and untainted on creation's eve,
Attend thee still! May holy angels," &c.

This is all very well, my dear country cousins. But will you say "Amen" to this prayer? I won't. Assuredly our fair Princess will shed many tears out of the "dovelike eyes," or the heart will be little worth. Is she to know no parting, no care, no anxious longing, no tender watches by the sick, to deplore no friends and kindred, and feel no grief? Heaven forbid! When a bard or wildered minstrel writes so, best accept his own confession, that he is losing his head. On the day of her entrance into London who looked more bright and happy than the Princess? On the day of the marriage, the fair face wore its marks of care already, and looked out quite grave, and frightened almost, under the wreaths and lace and orange-flowers. Would you have had her feel no tremor? A maiden on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess led up to the steps of a throne? I think her pallor and doubt became her as well as her smiles. That, I can tell you, was *our* vote who sate in X compartment, let us say, in the nave of Saint George's Chapel at Windsor, and saw a part of one of the brightest ceremonies ever performed there.

My dear cousin Mary, you have an account of the dresses; and I promise you there were princesses besides the bride whom it did the eyes good to behold. Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses, and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet—thirty shillings a yard, my dear, not of course including the lining, which,

I have no doubt, was of the richest satin, or that costly "miniver" which we used to read about in poor Jerrold's writings. The young Princes were habited in kilts; and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His eyrie is amongst the Eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little chieftain.

The heralds in their tabards were marvellous to behold, and a nod from Rouge Croix gave me the keenest gratification. I tried to catch Garter's eye, but either I couldn't or he wouldn't. In his robes, he is like one of the Three Kings in old missal illuminations. Goldstick in waiting is even more splendid. With his gold rod and robes and trappings of many colours, he looks like a Royal enchanter, and as if he had raised up all this scene of glamour by a wave of his glittering wand. The silver trumpeters wear such quaint caps, and behind the trumpeters came a drum-bearer, on whose back a gold laced drummer drubbed his march.

When the silver clarions had blown, and under a clear chorus of white-robed children chanting round the organ, the noble procession passed into the chapel, and was hidden from our sight for a while, there was silence, or from the inner chapel ever so faint a hum. Then hymns arose, and in the lull we knew that prayers were being said, and the sacred rite performed which joined Albert Edward to Alexandra his wife. I am sure hearty prayers were offered outside the gate as well as within for that princely young pair, and for their Mother and Queen. The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which her rule guarantees, are part of my birthright as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share. Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech, or laws which protect me so well? Her part of her compact with her people, what sovereign ever better performed? If ours sits apart from the festivities of the day, it is because she suffers from a grief so recent that the loyal heart cannot master it as yet, and remains *treu und fest* to a beloved memory. A part of the music which celebrates the day's service was composed by the husband who is gone to the place where the just and pure of life meet the reward promised by the Father of all of us to good and faithful servants who have done well here below. As this one gives in his account, surely we may remember how the Prince was the friend of all peaceful arts and learning; how he was true and fast always to duty, home, honour; how, through a life of complicated trials, he was sagacious, righteous, active and self-denying. And as we trace in the young faces of his many children the father's features and likeness, what Englishman will not pray that they

may have inherited also some of the great qualities which won for the Prince Consort the love and respect of our country?

The papers tell us how, on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, all over England and Scotland illuminations were made, the poor and children were feasted, and in village and city thousands of kindly schemes were devised to mark the national happiness and sympathy. "The bonfire on Coptpoint at Folkestone was seen in France," the *Telegraph* says, "more clearly than even the French marine lights could be seen at Folkestone." Long may the fire continue to burn! There are European coasts (and inland places) where the liberty light has been extinguished, or is so low that you can't see to read by it—there are great Atlantic shores where it flickers and smokes very gloomily. Let us be thankful to the honest guardians of ours, and for the kind sky under which it burns bright and steady.

ON A MEDAL OF GEORGE THE FOURTH

BEFORE me lies a coin bearing the image and superscription of King George the Fourth, and of the nominal value of two-and-sixpence. But an official friend at a neighbouring turnpike says the piece is hopelessly bad; and a chemist tested it, returning a like unfavourable opinion. A cabman, who had brought me from a Club, left it with the Club porter, appealing to the gent who gave it a pore cabby, at ever so much o'clock of a rainy night, which he hoped he would give him another. I have taken that cabman at his word. He has been provided with a sound coin. The bad piece is on the table before me, and shall have a hole drilled through it, as soon as this essay is written, by a loyal subject who does not desire to deface the Sovereign's image, but to protest against the rascal who has taken his name in vain. *Fid. Def.* indeed! Is this what you call defending the faith? You dare to forge your Sovereign's name, and pass your scoundrel pewter as his silver? I wonder who you are, wretch and most consummate trickster? This forgery is so complete that even now I am deceived by it—I can't see the difference between the base and sterling metal. Perhaps this piece is a little lighter;—I don't know. A little softer:—is it? I have not bitten it, not being a connoisseur in the tasting of pewter or silver. I take the word of three honest men, though it goes against me; and though I have given two-and-sixpence worth of honest consideration for the counter, I shall not attempt to implicate anybody else in my misfortune, or transfer my ill-luck to a deluded neighbour.

I say the imitation is so curiously successful, the stamping, milling of the edges, lettering, and so forth, are so neat, that even now, when my eyes are open, I cannot see the cheat. How did those experts, the cabman, and pikeman, and tradesman, come to find it out? How do they happen to be more familiar with pewter and silver than I am? You see, I put out of the question another point which I might argue without fear of defeat, namely, the cabman's statement that I gave him this bad piece of money. Suppose every cabman who took a shilling fare were to drive away

and return presently with a bad coin and an assertion that I had given it to him! This would be absurd and mischievous; an encouragement of vice amongst men who already are subject to temptations. Being *homo*, I think if I were a cabman myself, I might sometimes stretch a furlong or two in my calculation of distance. But don't come *twice*, my man, and tell me I have given you a bad half-crown. No, no! I have paid once like a gentleman, and once is enough. For instance, during the Exhibition time I was stopped by an old countrywoman in black, with a huge umbrella, who, bursting into tears, said to me, "Master, be this the way to Harlow, in Essex?" "This the way to Harlow? This is the way to Exeter, my good lady, and you will arrive there if you walk about 170 miles in your present direction," I answered courteously, replying to the old creature. Then she fell a-sobbing as though her old heart would break. She had a daughter a-dying at Harlow. She had walked already "vifty-dree mile that day." Tears stopped the rest of her discourse, so artless, genuine, and abundant that—I own the truth—I gave her, in I believe genuine silver, a piece of the exact size of that coin which forms the subject of this essay. Well. About a month since, near to the very spot where I had met my old woman, I was accosted by a person in black, a person in a large draggled cap, a person with a huge umbrella, who was beginning, "I say, Master, can you tell me if this be the way to Har——" but here she stopped. Her eyes goggled wildly. She started from me, as Macbeth turned from Macduff. She would not engage with me. It was my old friend of Harlow, in Essex. I daresay she has informed many other people of her daughter's illness, and her anxiety to be put upon the right way to Harlow. Not long since a very gentlemanlike man, Major Delamere let us call him (I like the title of Major very much), requested to see me, named a dead gentleman who he said had been our mutual friend, and on the strength of this mutual acquaintance, begged me to cash his cheque for five pounds!

It is these things, my dear sir, which serve to make a man cynical. I do conscientiously believe that had I cashed the Major's cheque there would have been a difficulty about payment on the part of the respected bankers on whom he drew. On your honour and conscience, do you think that old widow who was walking from Tunbridge Wells to Harlow had a daughter ill, and was an honest woman at all? The daughter couldn't always, you see, be being ill, and her mother on her way to her dear child through Hyde Park. In the same way some habitual sneerers may be inclined to hint that the cabman's story was an invention—or at any rate, choose to ride off (so to speak) on the doubt. No. My opinion,

I own, is unfavourable as regards the widow from Tunbridge Wells, and Major Delamere; but, believing the cabman was honest, I am glad to think he was not injured by the reader's most humble servant.

What a queer exciting life this rogue's march must be: this attempt of the bad half-crowns to get into circulation! Had my distinguished friend the Major knocked at many doors that morning before operating on mine? The sport must be something akin to the pleasure of tiger or elephant hunting. What ingenuity the sportsman must have in tracing his prey—what daring and caution in coming upon him! What coolness in facing the angry animal (for, after all, a man on whom you draw a cheque *à bout portant* will be angry). What a delicious thrill of triumph, if you can bring him down! If I have money at the banker's, and draw for a portion of it over the counter, that is mere prose—any dolt can do that. But, having no balance, say I drive up in a cab, present a cheque at Coutts's, and, receiving the amount, drive off? What a glorious morning's sport that has been! How superior in excitement to the common transactions of every-day life! . . . I must tell a story; it is against myself, I know, but it *will* out, and perhaps my mind will be the easier.

More than twenty years ago, in an island remarkable for its verdure, I met four or five times one of the most agreeable companions with whom I have passed a night. I heard that evil times had come upon this gentleman; and, overtaking him in a road near my own house one evening, I asked him to come home to dinner. In two days he was at my door again. At breakfast-time was this second appearance. He was in a cab (of course he was in a cab; they always are, these unfortunate, these courageous men). To deny myself was absurd. My friend could see me over the parlour blinds, surrounded by my family, and cheerfully partaking of the morning meal. Might he have a word with me? and can you imagine its purport? By the most provoking delay, his uncle the admiral not being able to come to town till Friday—would I cash him a cheque? I need not say it would be paid on Saturday without fail. I tell you that man went away with money in his pocket, and I regret to add that his gallant relative has not *come to town yet!*

Laying down the pen, and sinking back in my chair, here, perhaps, I fall into a five minutes' reverie, and think of one, two, three, half-a-dozen cases in which I have been content to accept that sham promissory coin in return for sterling money advanced. Not a reader, whatever his age, but could tell a like story. I vow and believe there are men of fifty, who will dine well to-day, who have

not paid their school debts yet, and who have not taken up their long-protested promises to pay. Tom, Dick, Harry, my boys, I owe you no grudge, and rather relish that wince with which you will read these meek lines and say, "He means me." Poor Jack in Hades! Do you remember a certain pecuniary transaction, and a little sum of money you borrowed "until the meeting of Parliament"? Parliament met often in your lifetime: Parliament has met since: but I think I should scarce be more surprised if your ghost glided into the room now, and laid down the amount of our little account, than I should have been if you had paid me in your lifetime with the actual acceptances of the Bank of England. You asked to borrow, but you never intended to pay. I would as soon have believed that a promissory note of Sir John Falstaff (accepted by Messrs. Bardolph and Nym, and payable in Aldgate), would be as sure to find payment, as that note of the departed—nay, lamented—Jack Thriftless.

He who borrows, meaning to pay, is quite a different person from the individual here described. Many—most, I hope—took Jack's promise for what it was worth—and quite well knew that when he said, "Lend me," he meant, "Give me" twenty pounds. "Give me change for this half-crown," said Jack; "I know it's a pewter piece;" and you gave him the change in honest silver, and pocketed the counterfeit gravely.

What a queer consciousness that must be which accompanies such a man in his sleeping, in his waking, in his walk through life, by his fireside with his children round him. "For what we are going to receive," &c.—he says grace before his dinner. "My dears! Shall I help you to some mutton? I robbed the butcher of the meat. I don't intend to pay him. Johnson, my boy, a glass of champagne? Very good, isn't it? Not too sweet. Forty-six. I get it from So-and-so, whom I intend to cheat." As eagles go forth and bring home to their eaglets the lamb or the pavid kid, I say there are men who live and victual their nests by plunder. We all know highway robbers in white neckcloths, domestic bandits, marauders, passers of bad coin. What was yonder cheque which Major Delamere proposed I should cash but a piece of bad money? What was Jack Thriftless's promise to pay? Having got his booty, I fancy Jack or the Major returning home, and wife and children gathering round about him. Poor wife and children! They respect papa very likely. They don't know he is false coin. Maybe the wife has a dreadful inkling of the truth, and, sickening, tries to hide it from the daughters and sons. Maybe she is an accomplice: herself a brazen forgery. If Turpin and Jack Sheppard were married, very likely Mesdames Sheppard and Turpin did not know, at first,

what their husbands' real profession was, and fancied, when the men left home in the morning, they only went away to follow some regular and honourable business. Then a suspicion of the truth may have come: then a dreadful revelation; and presently we have the guilty pair robbing together, or passing forged money each on his own account. You know Doctor Dodd? I wonder whether his wife knows that he is a forger and scoundrel? Has she had any of the plunder, think you, and were the darling children's new dresses bought with it? The Doctor's sermon last Sunday was certainly charming, and we all cried. Ah, my poor Dodd! Whilst he is preaching most beautifully, pocket-handkerchief in hand, he is peering over the pulpit cushions, looking out piteously for Messrs. Peachum and Lockit from the police-office. By Doctor Dodd you understand I would typify the rogue of respectable exterior, not committed to gaol yet, but not undiscovered. We all know one or two such. This very sermon perhaps will be read by some, or more likely—for depend upon it, your solemn hypocrite scoundrels don't care much for light literature—more likely, I say, this discourse will be read by some of their wives, who think, "Ah, mercy! does that horrible cynical wretch know how my poor husband blacked my eye, or abstracted mamma's silver teapot, or forced me to write So-and-so's name on that piece of stamped paper, or what not?' My good creature, I am not angry with *you*. If your husband has broken your nose, you will vow that he had authority over your person, and a right to demolish any part of it: if he has conveyed away your mamma's teapot, you will say that she gave it to him at your marriage, and it was very ugly, and what not? if he takes your aunt's watch, and you love him, you will carry it ere long to the pawnbroker's, and perjure yourself—oh, how you will perjure yourself—in the witness-box! I know this is a degrading view of woman's noble nature, her exalted mission, and so forth, and so forth. I know you will say this is bad morality. Is it? Do you, or do you not, expect your womankind to stick by you for better or for worse? Say I have committed a forgery, and the officers come in search of me, is my wife, Mrs. Dodd, to show them into the dining-room and say, "Pray step in, gentlemen! My husband has just come home from church. That bill with my Lord Chesterfield's acceptance, I am bound to own, was never written by his Lordship, and the signature is in the Doctor's handwriting." I say, would any man of sense or honour, or fine feeling, praise his wife for telling the truth under such circumstances? Suppose she made a fine grimace, and said, "Most painful as my position is, most deeply as I feel for my William, yet truth must prevail, and I deeply lament to state that the beloved partner of my life *did*

commit the flagitious act with which he is charged, and is at this present moment located in the two-pair back, up the chimney, whither it is my duty to lead you." Why, even Dodd himself, who was one of the greatest humbugs who ever lived, would not have had the face to say that he approved of his wife telling the truth in such a case. Would you have had Flora Macdonald beckon the officers, saying, "This way, gentlemen! You will find the Young Chevalier asleep in that cavern." Or don't you prefer her to be *splendide mendax*, and ready at all risks to save him!? If ever I lead a rebellion, and my women betray me, may I be hanged but I will not forgive them: and if ever I steal a teapot, and *my* women don't stand up for me, pass the article under their shawls, whisk down the street with it, outbluster the policeman, and utter any amount of fibs before Mr. Beak, those beings are not what I take them to be, and—for a fortune—I won't give them so much as a bad half-crown.

Is conscious guilt a source of unmixed pain to the bosom which harbours it? Has not your criminal, on the contrary, an excitement, an enjoyment within quite unknown to you and me who never did anything wrong in our lives? The housebreaker must snatch a fearful joy as he walks unchallenged by the policeman with his sack full of spoons and tankards. Do not cracksmen, when assembled together, entertain themselves with stories of glorious old burglaries which they or bygone heroes have committed? But that my age is mature and my habits formed, I should really just like to try a little criminality. Fancy passing a forged bill to your banker; calling on a friend and sweeping his sideboard of plate, his hall of umbrellas and coats; and then going home to dress for dinner, say—and to meet a bishop, a judge, and a police magistrate or so, and talk more morally than any man at table! How I should chuckle (as my host's spoons clinked softly in my pocket) whilst I was uttering some noble speech about virtue, duty, charity! I wonder do we meet garotters in society? In an average tea-party, now, how many returned convicts are there? Does John Footman, when he asks permission to go and spend the evening with some friends, pass his time in thuggee; waylay and strangle an old gentleman or two; let himself into your house, with the house-key of course, and appear as usual with the shaving-water when you ring your bell in the morning? The very possibility of such a suspicion invests John with a new and romantic interest in my mind. Behind the grave politeness of his countenance I try and read the lurking treason. Full of this pleasing subject, I have been talking thief-stories with a neighbour. The neighbour tells me how some friends of hers used to keep a jewel-box under a bed

in their room; and, going into the room, they thought they heard a noise under the bed. They had the courage to look. The cook was under the bed—under the bed with the jewel-box. Of course she said she had come for purposes connected with her business; but this was absurd. A cook under a bed is not there for professional purposes. A relation of mine had a box containing diamonds under her bed, which diamonds she told me were to be mine. Mine! One day, at dinner-time, between the entrées and the roast, a cab drove away from my relative's house containing the box wherein lay the diamonds. John laid the dessert, brought the coffee, waited all the evening—and oh, how frightened he was when he came to learn that his mistress's box had been conveyed out of her own room, and it contained diamonds—"Law bless us, did it now?" I wonder whether John's subsequent career has been prosperous? Perhaps the gentlemen from Bow Street were all in the wrong when they agreed in suspecting John as the author of the robbery. His noble nature was hurt at the suspicion. You conceive he would not like to remain in a family where they were mean enough to suspect him of stealing a jewel-box out of a bedroom—and the injured man and my relatives soon parted. But, inclining (with my usual cynicism) to think that he did steal the valuables, think of his life for the month or two whilst he still remains in the service! He shows the officers over the house, agrees with them that the *coup* must have been made by persons familiar with it; gives them every assistance; pities his master and mistress with a manly compassion; points out what a cruel misfortune it is to himself as an honest man, with his living to get and his family to provide for, that this suspicion should fall on him. Finally, he takes leave of his place, with a deep though natural melancholy that he had ever accepted it. What's a thousand pounds to gentlefolks? A loss certainly, but they will live as well without the diamonds as with them. But to John his Hhhonour was worth more than diamonds, his Hhonour was. Whohever is to give him back his character? Who is to prevent hanyone from saying, "Ho yes. This is the footman which was in the family where the diamonds was stole"? &c.

I wonder has John prospered in life subsequently? If he is innocent, he does not interest me in the least. The interest of the case lies in John's behaviour supposing him to be guilty. Imagine the smiling face, the daily service, the orderly performance of duty, whilst within John is suffering pangs lest discovery should overtake him. Every bell of the door which he is obliged to open may bring a police-officer. The accomplices may peach. What an exciting life John's must have been for a while. And now, years and years

after, when pursuit has long ceased, and detection is impossible, does he ever revert to the little transaction? Is it possible those diamonds cost a thousand pounds? What a rogue the fence must have been who only gave him so and so! And I pleasingly picture to myself an old ex-footman and an ancient receiver of stolen goods meeting and talking over this matter, which dates from times so early that her present Majesty's fair image could only just have begun to be coined or forged.

I choose to take John at the time when his little peccadillo is suspected, perhaps, but when there is no specific charge of robbery against him. He is not yet convicted: he is not even on his trial; how then can we venture to say he is guilty? Now think what scores of men and women walk the world in a like predicament; and what false coin passes current! Pinchbeck strives to pass off his history as sound coin. He knows it is only base metal, washed over with a thin varnish of learning. Poluphloisbos puts his sermons in circulation: sounding brass, lacquered over with white metal, and marked with the stamp and image of piety. What say you to Drawcansir's reputation as a military commander? to Tibbs's pretensions to be a fine gentleman? to Sapphira's claims as a poetess, or Rodoessa's as a beauty? His bravery, his piety, high birth, genius, beauty—each of these deceivers would palm his falsehood on us, and have us accept his forgeries as sterling coin. And we talk here, please to observe, of weaknesses rather than crimes. Some of us have more serious things to hide than a yellow cheek behind a raddle of rouge, or a white poll under a wig of jetty curls. You know, neighbour, there are not only false teeth in this world, but false tongues: and some make up a bust and an appearance of strength with padding, cotton, and what not? while another kind of artist tries to take you in by wearing under his waistcoat, and perpetually thumping, an immense sham heart. Dear sir, may yours and mine be found, at the right time, of the proper size and in the right place.

And what has this to do with half-crowns, good or bad? Ah, friend! may our coin, battered, and clipped, and defaced though it be, be proved to be Sterling Silver on the day of the Great Assay!

"STRANGE TO SAY, ON CLUB PAPER"

BEFORE the Duke of York's column, and between the "Athenæum" and "United Service" Clubs, I have seen more than once, on the esplanade, a preacher holding forth to a little congregation of *badauds* and street-boys, whom he entertains with a discourse on the crimes of a rapacious aristocracy, or warns of the imminent peril of their own souls. Sometimes this orator is made to "move on" by brutal policemen. Sometimes, on a Sunday, he points to a white head or two visible in the windows of the Clubs to the right and left of him, and volunteers a statement that those quiet and elderly Sabbath-breakers will very soon be called from this world to another, where their lot will by no means be so comfortable as that which the reprobates enjoy here, in their arm-chairs by their snug fires.

At the end of last month, had I been a Pall Mall preacher, I would have liked to send a whip round to all the Clubs in St. James's, and convoke the few members remaining in London to hear a discourse *sub Dio* on a text from the *Observer* newspaper. I would have taken my post under the statue of Fame, say, where she stands distributing wreaths to the three Crimean Guardsmen. (The crossing-sweeper does not obstruct the path, and I suppose is away at his villa on Sundays.) And, when the congregation was pretty quiet, I would have begun :—

In the *Observer* of the 27th September 1863, in the fifth page and the fourth column, it is thus written :—

"The codicil appended to the will of the late Lord Clyde, executed at Chatham, and bearing the signature of Clyde, F.M., is written, strange to say, on a sheet of paper *bearing the 'Athenæum Club' mark.*"

What the codicil is, my dear brethren, it is not our business to inquire. It conveys a benefaction to a faithful and attached friend of the good Field-Marshal. The gift may be a lakh of rupees, or it may be a house and its contents—furniture, plate, and wine-cellar. My friends, I know the wine-merchant, and, for the sake of the legatee, hope heartily that the stock is large.

Am I wrong, dear brethren, in supposing that you expect a preacher to say a seasonable word on death here? If you don't, I fear you are but little familiar with the habits of preachers, and are but lax hearers of sermons. We might contrast the vault where the warrior's remains lie shrouded and coffined, with that in which his worldly provision of wine is stowed away. Spain and Portugal and France—all the lands which supplied his store—as hardy and obedient subaltern, as resolute captain, as colonel daring but prudent—he has visited the fields of all. In India and China he marches always unconquered; or at the head of his dauntless Highland brigade he treads the Crimean snow; or he rides from conquest to conquest in India once more; succouring his countrymen in the hour of their utmost need; smiting down the scared mutiny, and trampling out the embers of rebellion; at the head of an heroic army, a consummate chief. And now his glorious old sword is sheathed, and his honours are won; and he has bought him a house, and stored it with modest cheer for his friends (the good old man put water in his own wine, and a glass or two sufficed him)—behold the end comes, and his legatee inherits these modest possessions by virtue of a codicil to his Lordship's will, written, "*strange to say, on a sheet of paper bearing the 'Athenæum Club' mark.*"

It is to this part of the text, my brethren, that I propose to address myself particularly, and if the remarks I make are offensive to any of you, you know the doors of our meeting-house are open, and you can walk out when you will. Around us are magnificent halls and palaces frequented by such a multitude of men as not even the Roman Forum assembled together. Yonder are the Martium and the Palladium. Next to the Palladium is the elegant Viatorium, which Barry gracefully stole from Rome. By its side is the massive Reformatorium: and the—the Ultratorium rears its granite columns beyond. Extending down the street palace after palace rises magnificent, and under their lofty roofs warriors and lawyers, merchants and nobles, scholars and seamen, the wealthy, the poor, the busy, the idle assemble. Into the halls built down this little street and its neighbourhood the principal men of all London come to hear or impart the news; and the affairs of the State or of private individuals, the quarrels of empires or of authors, the movements of the Court, or the splendid vagaries of fashion, the intrigues of statesmen or of persons of another sex yet more wily, the last news of battles in the great occidental continents, nay, the latest betting for the horse-races, or the advent of a dancer at the theatre—all that men do is discussed in these Pall Mall agoræ, where we of London daily assemble.

Now among so many talkers, consider how many false reports

must fly about: in such multitudes imagine how many disappointed men there must be; how many chatterboxes; how many feeble and credulous (whereof I mark some specimens in my congregation); how many mean, rancorous, prone to believe ill of their betters, eager to find fault; and then, my brethren, fancy how the words of my text must have been read and received in Pall Mall! (I perceive several of the congregation looking most uncomfortable. One old boy with a dyed moustache turns purple in the face, and struts back to the Martium: another, with a shrug of the shoulder and a murmur of "Rubbish," slinks away in the direction of the Togatorium, and the preacher continues.) The will of Field-Marshal Lord Clyde—signed *at Chatham*, mind, where his Lordship died—is written, *strange to say*, on a sheet of paper bearing the "Athenæum Club" mark!

The inference is obvious. A man cannot get Athenæum paper except at the "Athenæum." Such paper is not sold at Chatham, where the last codicil to his Lordship's will is dated. And so the painful belief is forced upon us, that a Peer, a Field-Marshal, wealthy, respected, illustrious, could pocket paper at his Club, and carry it away with him to the country. One fancies the hall-porter conscious of the old lord's iniquity, and holding down his head as the Marshal passes the door. What is that roll which his Lordship carries? Is it his Marshal's bâton gloriously won? No; it is a roll of foolscap conveyed from the Club. What has he on his breast, under his great-coat? Is it his Star of India? No; it is a bundle of envelopes, bearing the head of Minerva, some sealing-wax, and a half-score of pens.

Let us imagine how in the hall of one or other of these Clubs this strange anecdote will be discussed.

"Notorious screw," says Sneer. "The poor old fellow's avarice has long been known."

"Suppose he wishes to imitate the Duke of Marlborough," says Simper.

"Habit of looting contracted in India, you know; ain't so easy to get over, you know," says Snigger.

"When officers dined with him in India," remarks Solemn, "it was notorious that the spoons were all of a different pattern."

"Perhaps it isn't true. Suppose he wrote his paper at the Club?" interposes Jones.

"It is dated at Chatham, my good man," says Brown. "A man if he is in London says he is in London. A man if he is in Rochester says he is in Rochester. This man happens to forget that he is using the Club paper: and he happens to be found out: many men *don't* happen to be found out. I've seen literary fellows

at Clubs writing their rubbishing articles; I have no doubt they take away reams of paper. They crib thoughts: why shouldn't they crib stationery? One of your literary vagabonds who is capable of stabbing a reputation, who is capable of telling any monstrous falsehood to support his party, is surely capable of stealing a ream of paper."

"Well, well, we have all our weaknesses," sighs Robinson. "Seen that article, Thompson, in the *Observer* about Lord Clyde and the Club paper? You'll find it upstairs. In the third column of the fifth page towards the bottom of the page. I suppose he was so poor he couldn't afford to buy a quire of paper. Hadn't fourpence in the world. Oh, no!"

"And they want to get up a testimonial to this man's memory —a statue or something!" cries Jawkins. "A man who wallows in wealth and takes paper away from his Club! I don't say he is not brave. Brutal courage most men have. I don't say he was not a good officer: a man with such experience *must* have been a good officer, unless he was a born fool. But to think of this man loaded with honours—though of a low origin—so lost to self-respect as actually to take away the 'Athenæum' paper! These parvenus, sir, betray their origin—betray their origin. I said to my wife this very morning, 'Mrs. Jawkins,' I said, 'there is talk of a testimonial to this man. I will not give one shilling. I have no idea of raising statues to fellows who take away Club paper. No, by George! I have not. Why, they will be raising statues to men who take Club spoons next! Not one penny of *my* money shall they have!'"

And now, if you please, we will tell the real story which has furnished this scandal to a newspaper, this tattle to Club gossips and loungers. The Field-Marshal, wishing to make a further provision for a friend, informed his lawyer what he desired to do. The lawyer, a member of the "Athenæum Club," there wrote the draft of such a codicil as he would advise, and sent the paper by the post to Lord Clyde at Chatham. Lord Clyde, finding the paper perfectly satisfactory, signed it and sent it back: and hence we have the story of "the codicil bearing the signature of Clyde, F.M., and written, strange to say, upon paper bearing the 'Athenæum Club' mark."

Here I have been imagining a dialogue between a half-dozen gossips such as congregate round a Club fireplace of an afternoon. I wonder how many people besides—whether any chance reader of this very page has read and believed this story about the good old lord? Have the country papers copied the anecdote, and our "own correspondents" made their remarks on it? If, my good sir, or

madam, you have read it and credited it, don't you own to a little feeling of shame and sorrow, now that the trumpery little mystery is cleared? To "the new inhabitant of light," passed away and out of reach of our censure, misrepresentation, scandal, dulness, malice, a silly falsehood matters nothing. Censure and praise are alike to him—

> 'The music warbling to the deafened ear,
> The incense wasted on the funeral bier,"

the pompous eulogy pronounced over the gravestone, or the lie that slander spits on it. Faithfully though this brave old chief did his duty, honest and upright though his life was, glorious his renown—you see he could write at Chatham on London paper; you see men can be found to point out how "strange" his behaviour was.

And about ourselves? My good people, do you by chance know any man or woman who has formed unjust conclusions regarding his neighbour? Have you ever found yourself willing, nay, eager to believe evil of some man whom you hate? Whom you hate because he is successful, and you are not: because he is rich, and you are poor: because he dines with great men who don't invite you: because he wears a silk gown, and yours is still stuff: because he has been called in to perform the operation, though you lived close by: because his pictures have been bought, and yours returned home unsold: because he fills his church, and you are preaching to empty pews? If your rival prospers, have you ever felt a twinge of anger? If his wife's carriage passes you and Mrs. Tomkins, who are in a cab, don't you feel that those people are giving themselves absurd airs of importance? If he lives with great people, are you not sure he is a sneak? And if you ever felt envy towards another, and if your heart has ever been black towards your brother, if you have been peevish at his success, pleased to hear his merit depreciated, and eager to believe all that is said in his disfavour—my good sir, as you yourself contritely own that you are unjust, jealous, uncharitable, so, you may be sure, some men are uncharitable, jealous, and unjust regarding *you*.

The proofs and manuscript of this little sermon have just come from the printer's, and as I look at the writing, I perceive, not without a smile, that one or two of the pages bear, "strange to say," the mark of a Club of which I have the honour to be a member. Those lines quoted above are from some noble verses written by one of Mr. Addison's men, Mr. Tickell, on the death of Cadogan, who was amongst the most prominent "of Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends." If you are acquainted

with the history of those times, you have read how Cadogan had his feuds and hatreds too, as Tickell's patron had his, as Cadogan's great chief had his. "The Duke of Marlborough's character has been so variously drawn" (writes a famous contemporary of the Duke's), "that it is hard to pronounce on either side without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies among the soldiers have rendered problematical. Those maligners who deny him personal valour, seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a general is too seldom exposed, and that fear which is said sometimes to have disconcerted him before action might probably be more for his army than himself." If Swift could hint a doubt of Marlborough's courage, what wonder that a nameless scribe of our day should question the honour of Clyde?

DENIS DUVAL

DENIS DUVAL

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY TREE

TO plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, *sus. per coll.* in the reign of Charles II., dangling from a top branch. But this is only my joke with her High Mightiness my wife, and his Serene Highness my son. None of us Duvals have been *suspercollated* to my knowledge. As a boy, I have tasted a rope's end often enough, but not round my neck; and the persecutions endured by my ancestors in France for our Protestant religion, which we early received and steadily maintained, did not bring death upon us, as upon many of our faith, but only fines and poverty, and exile from our native country. The world knows how the bigotry of Louis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of the British Crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea, in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time and the dreadful day of Saint Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people: another *fester Burg*, where, under Britannia's sheltering buckler, we have been free to exercise our fathers' worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.

My grandfather was elder and precentor of the Church of Winchelsea, the pastor being Monsieur Denis, father of Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Denis, Baronet, my kind and best patron. He sailed with Anson in the famous *Centurion*, and obtained his first promotion through that great seaman: and of course you will all remember that it was Captain Denis who brought our good Queen Charlotte to England (7th September 1761), after a stormy passage of nine days, from Stade. As a child I was taken to his

house in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, and also to the Admiral's country-seat, Valence, near Westerham, in Kent, where Colonel Wolfe lived, father of the famous General James Wolfe, the glorious conqueror of Quebec.*

My father, who was of a wandering disposition, happened to be at Dover in the year 1761, when the Commissioners passed through, who were on their way to sign the treaty of peace, known as the Peace of Paris. He had parted, after some hot words, I believe, from his mother, who was, like himself, of a quick temper, and he was on the look-out for employment when Fate threw these gentlemen in his way. Mr. Duval spoke English, French, and German, his parents being of Alsace, and Mr. —— having need of a confidential person to attend him, who was master of the languages my father offered himself, and was accepted mainly through the good offices of Captain Denis, our patron, whose ship was then in the Downs. Being at Paris, father must needs visit Alsace, our native country, and having scarce one guinea to rub against another, of course chose to fall in love with my mother and marry her out of hand. *Monsieur mon père*, I fear, was but a prodigal; but he was his parents' only living child, and when he came home to Winchelsea, hungry and penniless, with a wife on his hand, they killed their fattest calf, and took both wanderers in. A short while after her marriage, my mother inherited some property from her parents in France, and most tenderly nursed my grandmother through a long illness, in which the good lady died. Of these matters I knew nothing personally, being at the time a child two or three years old; crying and sleeping, drinking and eating, growing, and having my infantile ailments, like other little darlings.

A violent woman was my mother, jealous, hot, and domineering, but generous and knowing how to forgive. I fancy my papa gave her too many opportunities of exercising this virtue, for, during his brief life, he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, and was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea: but the cause of his death I never knew until my good friend Sir Peter Denis told me in later years, when I had come to have troubles of my own.

I was born on the same day with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, viz. the 13th of August 1763, and used to be called the Bishop of Osnaburg by the boys in Winchelsea, where

* I remember a saying of G—— Aug st-s S-lw-n, Esquire, regarding the General, which has not been told, as far as I know, in the anecdotes. A Macaroni guardsman, speaking of Mr. Wolfe, was asked, "Was he a Jew? Wolfe was a Jewish name." "Certainly," says Mr. S-lw-n, "Mr. Wolfe was the *Height of Abraham.*"

between us French boys and the English boys I promise you there was many a good battle. Besides being *ancien* and precentor of the French church at Winchelsea, grandfather was a perruquier and barber by trade; and, if you must know it, I have curled and powdered a gentleman's head before this, and taken him by the nose and shaved him. I do not brag of having used lather and brush: but what is the use of disguising anything? *Tout se sçait*, as the French have it, and a great deal more too. There is Sir Humphrey Howard, who served with me second-lieutenant in the *Meleager*—he says he comes from the N—f–lk Howards; but his father was a shoemaker, and we always called him Humphrey Snob in the gunroom.

In France very few wealthy ladies are accustomed to nurse their children, and the little ones are put out to farmers' wives and healthy nurses, and perhaps better cared for than by their own meagre mothers. My mother's mother, an honest farmer's wife in Lorraine (for I am the first gentleman of my family, and chose my motto * of *Fecimus ipsi* not with pride, but with humble thanks for my good fortune), had brought up Mademoiselle Clarisse de Viomesnil, a Lorraine lady, between whom and her foster-sister there continued a tender friendship long after the marriage of both. Mother came to England, the wife of Monsieur mon papa; and Mademoiselle de Viomesnil married in her own country. She was of the Protestant branch of the Viomesnil family, and all the poorer in consequence of her parents' fidelity to their religion. Other members of the family were of the Catholic religion, and held in high esteem at Versailles.

Some short time after my mother's arrival in England, she heard that her dear foster-sister Clarisse was going to marry a Protestant gentleman of Lorraine, Vicomte de Barr, only son of M. le Comte de Saverne, a chamberlain to his Polish Majesty King Stanislas, father of the French Queen. M. de Saverne, on his son's marriage, gave up to the Vicomte de Barr his house at Saverne, and here for a while the newly-married couple lived. I do not say the young couple, for the Vicomte de Barr was five-and-twenty years older than his wife, who was but eighteen when her parents married her. As my mother's eyes were very weak, or, to say truth, she was not very skilful in reading, it used to be my lot as a boy to spell out my Lady Viscountess's letters to her *sœur de lait*, her good Ursule: and many a smart rap with the rolling-pin have I had over my noddle from Mother as I did my

* The Admiral insisted on taking or on a bend sable, three razors displayed proper, with the above motto. The family have adopted the mother's coat-of-arms.

best to read. It was a word and a blow with Mother. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child, and that I suppose is the reason why I am so well grown—six feet two in my stockings, and fifteen stone four last Tuesday, when I was weighed along with our pig. Mem.—My neighbour's hams at Rose Cottage are the best in all Hampshire.

I was so young that I could not understand all I read. But I remember Mother used to growl in her rough way (she had a grenadier height and voice, and a pretty smart pair of black whiskers too)—my mother used to cry out, "She suffers—my Biche is unhappy—she has got a bad husband. He is a brute. All men are brutes." And with this she would glare at grandpapa, who was a very humble little man, and trembled before his *bru*, and obeyed her most obsequiously. Then Mother would vow she would go home, she would go and succour her Biche; but who would take care of these two imbeciles? meaning me and my grandpapa. Besides, Madame Duval was wanted at home. She dressed my ladies' heads, with very great taste, in the French way, and could shave, frizz, cut hair, and tie a queue along with the best barber in the country. Grandfather and the apprentice wove the wigs; when I was at home, I was too young for that work, and was taken off from it, and sent to a famous good school, Pocock's grammar-school at Rye, where I learned to speak English like a Briton born as I am, and not as we did at home, where we used a queer Alsatian jargon of French and German. At Pocock's I got a little smattering of Latin, too, and plenty of fighting for the first month or two. I remember my patron coming to see me in uniform, blue and white laced with gold, silk stockings and white breeches, and two of his officers along with him. "Where is Denis Duval?" says he, peeping into our schoolroom, and all the boys looking round with wonder at the great gentleman. Master Denis Duval was standing on a bench at that very moment for punishment, for fighting, I suppose, with a black eye as big as an omelette. "Denis would do very well if he would keep his fist off other boys' noses," says the master; and the Captain gave me a seven-shilling piece, and I spent it all but twopence before the night was over, I remember. Whilst I was at Pocock's, I boarded with Mr. Rudge, a tradesman, who, besides being a grocer at Rye, was in the seafaring way, and part owner of a fishing-boat; and he took *some very queer fish* in his nets, as you shall hear soon. He was a chief man among the Wesleyans, and I attended his church with him, not paying much attention to those most serious and sacred things in my early years, when I was a thoughtless boy, caring for nothing but lollipops, hoops, and marbles.

Captain Denis was a very pleasant lively gentleman, and on this day he asked the master, Mr. Coates, what was the Latin for a holiday, and hoped Mr. C. would give one to his boys. Of course we sixty boys shouted yes to that proposal; and as for me, Captain Denis cried out, "Mr. Coates, I *press* this fellow with the black eye here, and intend to take him to dine with me at the 'Star.'" You may be sure I skipped off my bench, and followed my patron. He and his two officers went to the "Star," and after dinner called for a crown bowl of punch, and though I would drink none of it, never having been able to bear the taste of rum or brandy, I was glad to come out and sit with the gentlemen, who seemed to be amused with my childish prattle. Captain Denis asked me what I learned, and I daresay I bragged of my little learning: in fact I remember talking in a pompous way about Corderius and Cornelius Nepos; and I have no doubt gave myself very grand airs. He asked whether I liked Mr. Rudge, the grocer with whom I boarded. I did not like him much, I said; but I hated Miss Rudge and Bevil the apprentice most because they were always—— here I stopped. "But there is no use in telling tales out of school," says I. "We don't do that at Pocock's, we don't."

And what was my mother going to make of me? I said I should like to be a sailor, but a gentleman sailor, and fight for King George. And if I did I would bring all my prize-money home to Agnes, that is, almost all of it—only keep a little of it for myself.

"And so you like the sea, and go out sometimes?" asks Mr. Denis.

Oh, yes, I went out fishing. Mr. Rudge had a half share of a boat along with grandfather, and I used to help to clean her, and was taught to steer her, with many a precious slap on the head if I got her in the wind; and they said I was a very good look-out. I could see well, and remember bluffs and headlands and so forth; and I mentioned several places, points of our coasts, ay, and the French coast too.

"And what do you fish for?" asks the Captain.

"Oh, sir, I'm not to say anything about that, Mr. Rudge says!" on which the gentlemen roared with laughter. *They* knew Master Rudge's game, though I in my innocence did not understand it.

"And so you won't have a drop of punch?" asks Captain Denis.

"No, sir, I made a vow I would not, when I saw Miss Rudge so queer."

"Miss Rudge is often queer, is she?"

"Yes, the nasty pig! And she calls names, and slips downstairs, and knocks the cups and saucers about, and fights the apprentice, and—but I mustn't say anything more. I never tell tales, I don't!"

In this way I went on prattling with my patron and his friends, and they made me sing them a song in French, and a song in German, and they laughed and seemed amused at my antics and capers. Captain Denis walked home with me to our lodgings, and I told him how I liked Sunday the best day of the week—that is, every other Sunday—because I went away quite early, and walked three miles to mother and grandfather at Winchelsea, and saw Agnes.

And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her. To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to very very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to deserve her. I might have remained, but for her, in my humble native lot, to be neither honest nor happy, but that my good angel yonder succoured me. All I have I owe to her: but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more?

CHAPTER II

THE HOUSE OF SAVERNE

MADEMOISELLE DE SAVERNE came from Alsace, where her family occupied a much higher rank than that held by the worthy Protestant elder from whom her humble servant is descended. Her mother was a Viomesnil, her father was of a noble Alsatian family, Counts of Barr and Saverne. The old Count de Saverne was alive, and a chamberlain in the Court of his Polish Majesty good King Stanislas at Nanci, when his son the Vicomte de Barr, a man already advanced in years, brought home his blooming young bride to that pretty little capital.

The Count de Saverne was a brisk and cheery old gentleman, as his son was gloomy and severe. The Count's hotel at Nanci was one of the gayest of the little Court. His Protestantism was by no means austere. He was even known to regret that there were no French convents for noble damsels of the Protestant confession, as there were across the Rhine, where his own two daughters might be bestowed out of the way. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne were ungainly in appearance, fierce and sour in temper, resembling, in these particulars, their brother Monsieur le Baron de Barr.

In his youth, Monsieur de Barr had served not without distinction, being engaged against Messieurs the English at Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, where he had shown both courage and capacity. His Protestantism prevented his promotion in the army. He left it, steadfast in his faith, but soured in his temper. He did not care for whist or music, like his easy old father. His appearance at the Count's little suppers was as cheerful as a death's-head at a feast. Monsieur de Barr only frequented these entertainments to give pleasure to his young wife, who pined and was wretched in the solitary family mansion of Saverne, where the Vicomte took up his residence when first married.

He was of an awful temper, and subject to storms of passion. Being a very conscientious man, he suffered extremely after one of these ebullitions of rage. Between his alternations of anger and remorse, his life was a sad one ; his household trembled before him, and especially the poor little wife whom he had brought out of her

quiet country village to be the victim of his rage and repentances. More than once she fled to the old Count of Saverne at Nanci, and the kindly selfish old gentleman used his feeble endeavours to protect his poor little daughter-in-law. Quickly after these quarrels letters would arrive, containing vows of the most abject repentance on the Baron's part. These matrimonial campaigns followed a regular course. First rose the outbreak of temper; then the lady's flight ensued to papa-in-law at Nanci; then came letters expressive of grief; then the repentant criminal himself arrived, whose anguish and cries of *mea culpa* were more insupportable than his outbreaks of rage. After a few years, Madame de Barr lived almost entirely with her father-in-law at Nanci, and was scarcely seen in her husband's gloomy mansion of Saverne.

For some years no child was born of this most unhappy union. Just when poor King Stanislas came by his lamentable death (being burned at his own fire), the old Count de Saverne died, and his son found that he inherited little more than his father's name and title of Saverne, the family estate being greatly impoverished by the late Count's extravagant and indolent habits, and much weighed down by the portions awarded to the Demoiselles de Saverne, the elderly sisters of the present elderly lord.

The town house at Nanci was shut up for a while; and the new Lord of Saverne retired to his castle with his sisters and his wife. With his Catholic neighbours the stern Protestant gentleman had little communion; and the society which frequented his dull house chiefly consisted of Protestant clergymen who came from the other side of the Rhine. Along its left bank, which had only become French territory of late years, the French and German languages were spoken indifferently; in the latter language Monsieur de Saverne was called the Herr von Zabern. After his father's death, Herr von Zabern may have melted a little, but he soon became as moody, violent, and ill-conditioned as ever the Herr von Barr had been. Saverne was a little country town, with the crumbling old Hôtel de Saverne in the centre of the place, and a straggling street stretching on either side. Behind the house were melancholy gardens, squared and clipped after the ancient French fashion, and, beyond the garden wall, some fields and woods, part of the estate of the Saverne family. These fields and woods were fringed by another great forest, which had once been the property of the house of Saverne, but had been purchased from the late easy proprietor by Messeigneurs de Rohan, Princes of the Empire, of France, and the Church, Cardinals, and Archbishops of Strasbourg, between whom and their gloomy Protestant neighbour there was no goodwill. Not only questions of faith separated them, but questions of *chasse*. The Count de

Saverne, who loved shooting, and beat his meagre woods for game with a couple of lean dogs, and a fowling-piece over his shoulder, sometimes came in sight of the grand hunting-parties of Monseigneur the Cardinal, who went to the chase like a Prince as he was, with piqueurs and horn-blowers, whole packs of dogs, and a troop of gentlemen in his uniform. Not seldom his Eminence's keepers and Monsieur de Saverne's solitary garde-chasse had quarrels. "Tell your master that I will shoot any red-legs which come upon my land," Monsieur de Saverne said in one of these controversies, as he held up a partridge which he had just brought down; and the keeper knew the moody nobleman would be true to his word.

Two neighbours so ill disposed towards one another were speedily at law; and in the courts at Strasbourg a poor provincial gentleman was likely to meet with scanty justice when opposed to such a powerful enemy as the Prince Archbishop of the Province, one of the greatest noblemen of the kingdom. Boundary questions, in a land where there are no hedges—game, forest, and fishery questions—how can I tell, who am no lawyer, what set the gentlemen at loggerheads? In later days, I met one Monsieur Georgel, an Abbé, who had been a secretary of the Prince Cardinal, and he told me that Monsieur de Saverne was a headlong, violent, ill-conditioned little *mauvais coucheur*, as they say in France, and ready to quarrel with or without a reason.

These quarrels naturally took the Count de Saverne to his advocates and lawyers at Strasbourg, and he would absent himself for days from home, where his poor wife was perhaps not sorry to be rid of him. It chanced, on one of these expeditions to the chief town of his province, that he fell in with a former comrade in his campaigns of Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, an officer of Soubise's regiment, the Baron de la Motte.* La Motte had been destined to the Church, like many cadets of good family, but, his elder brother dying, he was released from the tonsure and the seminary, and entered the army under good protection. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne remembered this Monsieur de la Motte at Nanci in old days. He bore the worst of characters; he was gambler, intriguer, duellist, profligate. I suspect that most gentlemen's reputations come off ill under the tongues of these old ladies, and have heard *of other countries* where *mesdemoiselles* are equally hard to please. "Well, have we not all our faults?" I imagine Monsieur de Saverne saying, in a rage. "Is there no such thing as calumny? Are we

* That unlucky Prince de Rohan was to suffer by another Delamotte, who, with his "Valoise" of a wife, played such a notorious part in the famous "diamond necklace" business; but the two *worthies* were not, I believe, related.—D. D.

never to repent, if we have been wrong? I know he has led a wild youth. Others may have done as much. But prodigals have been reclaimed ere now, and I for my part will not turn my back on this one." "Ah, I wish he had!" De la Motte said to me myself in later days; "but it was his fate, his fate!"

One day, then, the Count de Saverne returns home from Strasbourg with his new friend; presents the Baron de la Motte to the ladies of his house, makes the gloomy place as cheerful as he can for his guest, brings forth the best wine from his *cave*, and beats his best covers for game. I myself knew the Baron some years later:—a handsome, tall, sallow-faced man, with a shifty eye, a soft voice, and a grand manner. Monsieur de Saverne for his part was short, black, and ill-favoured, as I have heard my mother say. But Mrs. Duval did not love him, fancying that he ill-treated her Biche. Where she disliked people, my worthy parent would never allow them a single good quality; but she always averred that Monsieur de la Motte was a perfect fine gentleman.

The intimacy between these two gentlemen increased apace. Monsieur de la Motte was ever welcome at Saverne: a room in the house was called his room: their visitor was an acquaintance of their enemy the Cardinal also, and would often come from the one château to the other. Laughingly he would tell how angry Monseigneur was with his neighbour. He wished he could make peace between the two houses. He gave good advice to Monsieur de Saverne, and pointed out the danger he ran in provoking so powerful an adversary. Men had been imprisoned for life for less reason. The Cardinal might get a *lettre de cachet* against his obstinate opponent. He could, besides, ruin Saverne with fines and law costs. The contest between the two was quite unequal, and the weaker party must inevitably be crushed, unless these unhappy disputes should cease. As far as the ladies of the house dared speak, they coincided in the opinion of Monsieur de la Motte, and were for submission and reconciliation with their neighbours. Madame de Saverne's own relations heard of the feud, and implored the Count to bring it to an end. It was one of these, the Baron de Viomesnil, going to command in Corsica, who entreated Monsieur de Saverne to accompany him on the campaign. Anywhere the Count was safer than in his own house with an implacable and irresistible enemy at his gate. Monsieur de Saverne yielded to his kinsman's importunities. He took down his sword and pistols of Laufeldt from the wall, where they had hung for twenty years. He set the affairs of his house in order, and after solemnly assembling his family, and on his knees confiding it to the gracious protection of Heaven, he left home to join the suite of the French General.

A few weeks after he left home—several years after his marriage—his wife wrote to inform him that she was likely to be a mother. The stern man, who had been very unhappy previously, and chose to think that his wife's barrenness was a punishment of Heaven for some crime of his or hers, was very much moved by this announcement. I have still at home a German Bible which he used, and in which is written in the German a very affecting prayer composed by him, imploring the Divine blessing upon the child about to be born, and hoping that this infant might grow in grace, and bring peace and love and unity into the household. It would appear that he made no doubt he should have a son. His hope and aim were to save in every possible way for this child. I have read many letters of his which he sent from Corsica to his wife, and which she kept. They were full of strange minute orders, as to the rearing and education of this son that was to be born. He enjoined saving amounting to niggardliness in his household, and calculated how much might be put away in ten, in twenty years, so that the coming heir might have a property worthy of his ancient name. In case he should fall in action, he laid commands upon his wife to pursue a system of the most rigid economy, so that the child at coming of age might be able to appear creditably in the world. In these letters, I remember, the events of the campaign were dismissed in a very few words; the main part of the letters consisted of prayers, speculations, and prophecies regarding the child, and sermons couched in the language of the writer's stern creed. When the child was born, and a girl appeared in place of the boy, upon whom the poor father had set his heart, I hear the family were so dismayed, that they hardly dared to break the news to the chief of the house.

Who told me? The same man who said he wished he had never seen M. de Saverne: the man for whom the unhappy gentleman had conceived a warm friendship;—the man who was to bring a mysterious calamity upon those whom, as I do think, and in his selfish way, he loved sincerely, and he spoke at a time when he could have little desire to deceive me.

The lord of the castle is gone on the campaign. The *châtelaine* is left alone in her melancholy tower with her two dismal duennas. My good mother, speaking in later days about these matters, took up the part of her Biche against the ladies of Barr and their brother, and always asserted that the tyranny of the duennas, and the meddling, and the verbosity, and the ill-temper of M. de Saverne himself, brought about the melancholy events which now presently ensued. The Count de Saverne was a little man (my mother said) who loved to hear himself talk, and who held forth from morning

till night. His life was a fuss. He would weigh the coffee, and count the lumps of sugar, and have a finger in every pie in his frugal house. Night and morning he preached sermons to his family, and he continued to preach when not *en chaire*, laying down the law upon all subjects, untiringly voluble. Cheerfulness in the company of such a man was hypocrisy. Mesdames de Barr had to disguise weariness, to assume an air of contentment, and to appear to be interested when the Count preached. As for the Count's sisters, they were accustomed to listen to their brother and lord with respectful submission. They had a hundred domestic occupations: they had baking and boiling, and pickling, and washing, and endless embroidery: the life of the little château was quite supportable to them. They knew no better. Even in their father's days at Nanci, the ungainly women kept pretty much aloof from the world, and were little better than domestic servants in waiting on Monseigneur.

And Madame de Saverne, on her first entrance into the family, accepted the subordinate position meekly enough. She spun and she bleached, and she worked great embroideries, and busied herself about her house, and listened demurely whilst Monsieur le Comte was preaching. But then there came a time when her duties interested her no more, when his sermons became especially wearisome, when sharp words passed between her and her lord, and the poor thing exhibited symptoms of impatience and revolt. And with the revolt arose awful storms and domestic battles; and after battles, submission, reconciliation, forgiveness, hypocrisy.

It has been said that Monsieur de Saverne loved the sound of his own croaking voice, and to hold forth to his own congregation. Night after night he and his friend Monsieur de la Motte would have religious disputes together, in which the Huguenot gentleman flattered himself that he constantly had the better of the ex-pupil of the seminary. I was not present naturally, not setting my foot on French ground until five-and-twenty years after, but I can fancy Madame the Countess sitting at her tambour-frame, and the old duenna ladies at their cards, and the combat of the churches going on between these two champions in the little old saloon of the Hôtel de Saverne. "As I hope for pardon," Monsieur de la Motte said to me at a supreme moment of his life, "and to meet those whom on earth I loved, and made unhappy, no wrong passed between Clarisse and me, save that wrong which consisted in disguising from her husband the regard we had for one another. Once, twice, thrice, I went away from their house, but that unhappy Saverne would bring me back, and I was only too glad to return. I would let him talk for hours—I own it—so that I might be

near Clarisse. I had to answer from time to time, and rubbed up my old seminary learning to reply to his sermons. I must often have spoken at random, for my thoughts were far away from the poor man's *radotages*, and he could no more change my convictions than he could change the colour of my skin. Hours and hours thus passed away. They would have been intolerably tedious to others: they were not so to me. I preferred that gloomy little château to the finest place in Europe. To see Clarisse, was all I asked. Denis! There is a power irresistible impelling all of us. From the moment I first set eyes on her, I knew she was my fate. I shot an English grenadier at Hastenbeck, who would have bayoneted poor Saverne but for me. As I lifted him up from the ground, I thought, 'I shall have to repent of ever having seen that man.' I felt the same thing, Duval, when I saw you." And as the unhappy gentleman spoke, I remembered how I for my part felt a singular and unpleasant sensation as of terror and approaching evil when first I looked at that handsome, ill-omened face.

I thankfully believe the words which Monsieur de la Motte spoke to me at a time when he could have no cause to disguise the truth; and am assured of the innocence of the Countess de Saverne. Poor lady! if she erred in thought, she had to pay so awful a penalty for her crime, that we humbly hope it has been forgiven her. She was not true to her husband, though she did him no wrong. If, while trembling before him, she yet had dissimulation enough to smile and be merry, I suppose no preacher or husband would be very angry with her for *that* hypocrisy. I have seen a slave in the West Indies soundly cuffed for looking sulky: we expect our negroes to be obedient, and to be happy too.

Now when Monsieur de Saverne went away to Corsica, I suspect he was strongly advised to take that step by his friend Monsieur de la Motte. When he was gone, Monsieur de la Motte did not present himself at the Hôtel de Saverne, where an old schoolfellow of his, a pastor and preacher from Kehl, on the German Rhine bank, was installed in command of the little garrison, from which its natural captain had been obliged to withdraw; but there is no doubt that poor Clarisse deceived this gentleman and her two sisters-in-law, and acted towards them with a very culpable hypocrisy.

Although there was a deadly feud between the two châteaux of Saverne—namely, the Cardinal's new-built castle in the Park, and the Count's hotel in the little town—yet each house knew more or less of the other's doings. When the Prince Cardinal and his Court were at Saverne, Mesdemoiselles de Barr were kept perfectly well-informed of all the festivities which they did not

share. In our little Fareport here do not the Miss Prys, my neighbours, know what I have for dinner, the amount of my income, the price of my wife's last gown, and the items of my son's, Captain Scapegrace's, tailor's bill. No doubt the ladies of Barr were equally well-informed of the doings of the Prince Coadjutor and his Court. Such gambling, such splendour, such painted hussies from Strasbourg, such plays, masquerades, and orgies as took place in that castle! Mesdemoiselles had the very latest particulars of all these horrors, and the Cardinal's castle was to them as the castle of a wicked ogre. From her little dingy tower at night Madame de Saverne could look out, and see the Cardinal's sixty palace windows all aflame. Of summer nights, gusts of unhallowed music would be heard from the great house, where dancing festivals, theatrical pieces even, were performed. Though Madame de Saverne was forbidden by her husband to frequent those assemblies, the townspeople were up to the palace from time to time, and Madame could not help hearing of the doings there. In spite of the Count's prohibition, his gardener poached in the Cardinal's woods; one or two of the servants were smuggled in to see a fête or a ball; then Madame's own woman went; then Madame herself began to have a wicked longing to go, as Madame's first ancestress had for the fruit of the forbidden tree. Is not the apple always ripe on that tree, and does not the tempter for ever invite you to pluck and eat? Madame de Saverne had a lively little waiting-maid, whose bright eyes loved to look into neighbours' parks and gardens, and who had found favour with one of the domestics of the Prince Archbishop. This woman brought news to her mistress of the feasts, balls, banquets, nay, comedies, which were performed at the Prince Cardinal's. The Prince's gentlemen went hunting in his uniform. He was served on plate, and a lacquey in his livery stood behind each guest. He had the French comedians over from Strasbourg. Oh! that Monsieur de Molière was a droll gentleman; and how grand the "Cid" was!

Now, to see these plays and balls, Martha, the maid, must have had intelligence in and out of both the houses of Saverne. She must have deceived those old dragons, Mesdemoiselles. She must have had means of creeping out at the gate, and silently creeping back again. She told her mistress everything she saw, acted the plays for her, and described the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. Madame de Saverne was never tired of hearing her maid's stories. When Martha was going to a fête, Madame lent her some little ornament to wear, and yet when Pasteur Schnorr and Mesdemoiselles talked of the proceedings at Great Saverne, and

as if the fires of Gomorrah were ready to swallow up that palace, and all within it, the Lady of Saverne sat demurely in silence, and listened to their croaking and sermons. Listened? The pastor exhorted the household, the old ladies talked night after night, and poor Madame de Saverne never heeded. Her thoughts were away in Great Saverne; her spirit was for ever hankering about those woods. Letters came now and again from Monsieur de Saverne, with the army. They had been engaged with the enemy. Very good. He was unhurt. Heaven be praised! And then the grim husband read his poor little wife a grim sermon; and the grim sisters and the chaplain commented on it. Once, after an action at Calvi, Monsieur de Saverne, who was always specially lively in moments of danger, described how narrowly he had escaped with his life, and the chaplain took advantage of the circumstance, and delivered to the household a prodigious discourse on death, on danger, on preservation here and hereafter, and alas, and alas! poor Madame de Saverne found that she had not listened to a word of the homily. Her thoughts were not with the preacher, nor with the captain of Viomesnil's regiment before Calvi; they were in the palace at Great Saverne, with the balls, and the comedies, and the music, and the fine gentlemen from Paris and Strasbourg, and out of the Empire beyond the Rhine, who frequented the Prince's entertainments.

What happened where the wicked spirit was whispering "Eat," and the tempting apple hung within reach? One night when the household was at rest, Madame de Saverne, muffled in cloak and calash, with a female companion similarly disguised, tripped silently out of the back gate of the Hôtel de Saverne, found a carriole in waiting, with a driver who apparently knew the road and the passengers he was to carry, and after half-an-hour's drive through the straight avenues of the park of Great Saverne, alighted at the gates of the château, where the driver gave up the reins of the carriole to a domestic in waiting, and, by doors and passages which seemed perfectly well-known to him, the coachman and the two women entered the castle together and found their way to a gallery in a great hall, in which many lords and ladies were seated, and at the end of which was a stage, with a curtain before it. Men and women came backwards and forwards on this stage, and recited dialogue in verses. O mercy! it was a comedy they were acting, one of those wicked delightful plays which she was forbidden to see, and which she was longing to behold! After the comedy was to be a ball, in which the actors would dance in their stage habits. Some of the people were in masks already, and in that box near to the stage, surrounded by a little crowd of dominoes, sate

Monseigneur the Prince Cardinal himself. Madame de Saverne had seen him and his cavalcade sometimes returning from hunting. She would have been as much puzzled to say what the play was about as to give an account of Pasteur Schnorr's sermon a few hours before. But Frontin made jokes with his master Damis; and Géronte locked up the doors of his house, and went to bed grumbling; and it grew quite dark, and Mathurine flung a rope-ladder out of window, and she and her mistress Elmire came down the ladder; and Frontin held it, and Elmire, with a little cry, fell into the arms of Monsieur Damis; and master and man, and maid and mistress, sang a merry chorus together, in which human frailty was very cheerfully depicted; and when they had done, away they went to the gondola which was in waiting at the canal stairs, and so good-night. And when old Géronte, wakened up by the disturbance, at last came forth in his nightcap, and saw the boat paddling away out of reach, you may be sure that the audience laughed at the poor impotent raging old wretch. It was a very merry play indeed, and is still popular and performed in France and elsewhere.

After the play came a ball. Would Madame dance? Would the noble Countess of Saverne dance with a coachman? There were others below on the dancing-floor dressed in mask and domino as she was. Who ever said she had a mask and domino? You see it has been stated that she was muffled in cloak and calash. Well, is not a domino a cloak? and has it not a hood or calash appended to it? and, pray, do not women wear masks at home as well as at the Ridotto?

Another question arises here. A high-born lady entrusts herself to a charioteer, who drives her to the castle of a prince her husband's enemy. Who was her companion? Of course he could be no other than that luckless Monsieur de la Motte. He had never been very far away from Madame de Saverne since her husband's departure. In spite of chaplains, and duennas, and guards, and locks and keys, he had found means of communicating with her. How? By what lies and stratagems? By what arts and bribery? These poor people are both gone to their account. Both suffered a fearful punishment. I will not describe their follies, and don't care to be Monsieur Figaro, and hold the ladder and lantern, while the Count scales Rosina's window. Poor frightened erring soul! She suffered an awful penalty for what, no doubt, was a great wrong.

A child almost, she was married to Monsieur de Saverne, without knowing him, without liking him, because her parents ordered her, and because she was bound to comply with their will. She

was sold, and went to her slavery. She lived at first obediently enough. If she shed tears, they were dried; if she quarrelled with her husband, the two were presently reconciled. She bore no especial malice, and was as gentle, subordinate a slave as ever you shall see in Jamaica or Barbadoes. Nobody's tears were sooner dried, as I should judge: none would be more ready to kiss the hand of the overseer who drove her. But you don't expect sincerity and subservience too. I know, for my part, a lady who only obeys when she likes: and faith! it may be it is *I* who am the hypocrite, and have to tremble, and smile, and swindle before *her*.

When Madame de Saverne's time was nearly come, it was ordered that she should go to Strasbourg, where the best medical assistance is to be had: and here, six months after her husband's departure for Corsica, their child, Agnes de Saverne, was born.

Did secret terror and mental disquietude and remorse now fall on the unhappy lady? She wrote to my mother, at this time her only confidante (and yet not a confidante at all!)—"O Ursule! I dread this event. Perhaps I shall die. I think I hope I shall. In these long days since he has been away, I have got so to dread his return, that I believe I shall go mad when I see him. Do you know, after the battle before Calvi, when I read that many officers had been killed, I thought, is Monsieur de Saverne killed? And I read the list down, and his name was not there: and, my sister, my sister, I was not glad! Have I come to be such a monster as to wish my own husband——No. I wish I was. I can't speak to Monsieur Schnorr about this. He is so stupid. He doesn't understand me. He is like my husband, for ever preaching me his sermons.

"Listen, Ursule! Speak it to nobody! I have been to hear a sermon. Oh, it was indeed divine! It was not from one of our pastors. Oh, how they weary me! It was from a good bishop of the *French* Church—not our *German* Church—the Bishop of Amiens—who happens to be here on a visit to the Cardinal Prince. The bishop's name is *Monsieur de la Motte*. He is a relative of a gentleman of whom we have seen a great deal lately—of a great friend of Monsieur de Saverne, *who saved my husband's life* in the battle M. de S. is always talking about.

"How beautiful the cathedral is! It was night when I went. The church was lighted like the stars, and the music was like *Heaven*. Ah, how different from Monsieur Schnorr at home, from —from somebody *else* at my new home who is *always* preaching—that is, when he is at home! Poor man! I wonder whether he preaches to them in Corsica! I pity them if he does. Don't mention the cathedral if you write to me. The dragons don't know

anything about it. How they would scold if they did! Oh, how they ennuyent me, the dragons! Behold them! They think I am writing to my husband. Ah, Ursule! When I write to him, I sit for hours before the paper. I say nothing; and what I say seems to be lies. Whereas when I write to you, my pen runs—runs! The paper is covered before I think I have begun. So it is when I write to—— I do believe that *vilain dragon* is peering at my note with her spectacles! Yes, my good sister, I am writing to Monsieur le Comte!"

To this letter a postscript is added, as by the Countess's command, in the German language, in which Madame de Saverne's medical attendant announces the birth of a daughter, and that the child and mother are doing well.

That daughter is sitting before me now—with spectacles on nose too—very placidly spelling the Portsmouth paper, where I hope she will soon read the promotion of Monsieur Scapegrace, her son. She has exchanged her noble name for mine, which is only humble and honest. My dear! your eyes are not so bright as once I remember them, and the raven locks are streaked with silver. To shield thy head from dangers has been the blessed chance and duty of my life. When I turn towards her, and see her moored in our harbour of rest, after our life's chequered voyage, calm and happy, a sense of immense gratitude fills my being, and my heart says a hymn of praise.

The first days of the life of Agnes de Saverne were marked by incidents which were strangely to influence her career. Around her little cradle a double, a triple tragedy was about to be enacted. Strange that death, crime, revenge, remorse, mystery, should attend round the cradle of one so innocent and pure—as pure and innocent, I pray Heaven now, as upon that day when, at scarce a month old, the adventures of her life began.

That letter to my mother, written by Madame de Saverne on the eve of her child's birth, and finished by her attendant, bears date November 25, 1768. A month later Martha Seebach, her attendant, wrote (in German) that her mistress had suffered frightfully from fever; so much so that her reason left her for some time, and her life was despaired of. Mesdemoiselles de Barr were for bringing up the child by hand; but not being versed in nursery practices, the infant had ailed sadly until restored to its mother. Madame de Saverne was now tranquil. Madame was greatly better. She had suffered most fearfully. In her illness she was constantly calling for her foster-sister to protect her from some danger which, as she appeared to fancy, menaced Madame.

Child as I was at the time when these letters were passing, I

remember the arrival of the next. It lies in yonder drawer, and was written by a poor fevered hand which is now cold, in ink which is faded after fifty years.* I remember my mother screaming out in German, which she always spoke when strongly moved, "Dear Heaven, my child is mad—is mad!" And indeed that poor faded letter contains a strange rhapsody.

"Ursule!" she wrote (I do not care to give at length the words of the poor wandering creature), "after my child was born the demons wanted to take her from me. But I struggled and kept her quite close, and now they can no longer hurt her. I took her to church. Martha went with me, and He was there—he always is—to defend me from the demons, and I had her christened Agnes, and I was christened Agnes too. Think of my being christened at twenty-two! Agnes the First, and Agnes the Second. But though my name is changed, I am always the same to my Ursule, and my name now is, Agnes Clarisse de Saverne, born de Viomesnil."

She had actually, when not quite mistress of her own reason, been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church with her child. Was she sane when she so acted? Had she thought of the step before taking it? Had she known Catholic clergymen at Saverne, or had she other reasons for her conversion than those which were furnished in the conversations which took place between her husband and Monsieur de la Motte? In this letter the poor lady says, "Yesterday two persons came to my bed with gold crowns round their heads. One was dressed like a priest; one was beautiful and covered with arrows; and they said, 'We are Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian; and to-morrow is the day of Saint Agnes: and she will be at church to receive you there.'"

What the real case was I never knew. The Protestant clergyman whom I saw in after days could only bring his book to show that he had christened the infant, not Agnes, but Augustine. Martha Seebach is dead. La Motte, when I conversed with him, did not touch upon this part of the poor lady's history. I conjecture that the images and pictures which she had seen in the churches operated upon her fevered brain; that, having procured a Roman Calendar and Missal, she knew saints' days and feasts; and, not yet recovered from her delirium or quite responsible for the actions which she performed, she took her child to the cathedral, and was baptized there.

And now, no doubt, the poor lady had to practise more deceit and concealment. The "demons" were the old maiden sisters left

* The memoirs appear to have been written in the years '20, '21. Mr. Duval was gazetted Rear-Admiral and K.C.B. in the promotions on the accession of King George IV.

to watch over her. She had to hoodwink these. Had she not done so before—when she went to the Cardinal's palace at Saverne? Wherever the poor thing moved I fancy those ill-omened eyes of La Motte glimmering upon her out of the darkness. Poor Eve—not lost quite, I pray and think,—but that serpent was ever trailing after her, and she was to die poisoned in its coil. Who shall understand the awful ways of Fate? A year after that period regarding which I write, a lovely Imperial Princess rode through the Strasbourg streets radiant and blushing, amidst pealing bells, roaring cannons, garlands and banners, and shouting multitudes. Did any one ever think that the last stage of that life's journey was to be taken in a hideous tumbrel, and to terminate on the scaffold? The life of Madame de Saverne was to last but a year more, and her end to be scarcely less tragical.

Many physicians have told me how often after the birth of a child the brain of a mother will be affected. Madame de Saverne remained for some time in this febrile condition, if not unconscious of her actions, at least not accountable for all of them. At the end of three months she woke up as out of a dream, having a dreadful recollection of the circumstances which had passed. Under what hallucinations we never shall know, or yielding to what persuasions, the wife of a stern Protestant nobleman had been to a Roman Catholic church, and had been christened there with her child. She never could recall that step. A great terror came over her as she thought of it—a great terror and a hatred of her husband, the cause of all her grief and her fear. She began to look out lest he should return; she clutched her child to her breast, and barred and bolted all doors for fear people should rob her of the infant. The Protestant chaplain, the Protestant sisters-in-law, looked on with dismay and anxiety; they thought justly that Madame de Saverne was not yet quite restored to her reason; they consulted the physicians, who agreed with them; who arrived, who prescribed; who were treated by the patient with scorn, laughter, insult sometimes; sometimes with tears and terror, according to her wayward mood. Her condition was most puzzling. The sisters wrote from time to time guarded reports respecting her to her husband in Corsica. He, for his part, replied instantly with volumes of his wonted verbose commonplace. He acquiesced in the decrees of Fate, when informed that a daughter was born to him; and presently wrote whole reams of instructions regarding her nurture, dress, and physical and religious training. The child was called Agnes? He would have preferred Barbara, as being his mother's name. I remember in some of the poor gentleman's letters there were orders about the child's pap, and instructions as to the nurse's

diet. He was coming home soon. The Corsicans had been defeated in every action. Had he been a Catholic he would have been a knight of the King's orders long ere this. Monsieur de Viomesnil hoped still to get for him the order of Military Merit (the Protestant order which his Majesty had founded ten years previously). These letters (which were subsequently lost by an accident at sea *) spoke modestly enough of the Count's personal adventures. I hold him to have been a very brave man, and only not tedious and prolix when he spoke of his own merits and services.

The Count's letters succeeded each other post after post. The end of the war was approaching, and with it his return was assured. He exulted in the thought of seeing his child, and leading her in the way she should go—the right way, the true way. As the mother's brain cleared, her terror grew greater—her terror and loathing of her husband. She could not bear the thought of his return, or to face him with the confession which she knew she must make. His wife turn Catholic and baptize his child? She felt he would kill her, did he know what had happened. She went to the priest who had baptized her. Monsieur Georgel (his Eminence's secretary) knew her husband. The Prince Cardinal was so great and powerful a prelate, Georgel said, that he would protect her against all the wrath of all the Protestants in France. I think she must have had interviews with the Prince Cardinal, though there is no account of them in any letter to my mother.

The campaign was at an end. Monsieur de Vaux, Monsieur de Viomesnil, both wrote in highly eulogistic terms of the conduct of the Count de Saverne. Their good wishes would attend him home; Protestant as he was, their best interest should be exerted in his behalf.

The day of the Count's return approached. The day arrived: I can fancy the brave gentleman with beating heart ascending the steps of the homely lodging where his family have been living at Strasbourg ever since the infant's birth. How he has dreamt about that child: prayed for her and his wife at night-watch and bivouac—prayed for them as he stood, calm and devout, in the midst of battle. . . .

When he enters the room, he sees only two frightened domestics and the two ghastly faces of his scared old sisters.

"Where are Clarisse and the child?" he asks.

The child and the mother were gone. The aunts knew not where.

* The letters from *Madame de Saverne* to my mother at Winchelsea were not subject to this mishap, but were always kept by Madame Duval in her own escritoire.

A stroke of palsy could scarcely have smitten the unhappy gentleman more severely than did the news which his trembling family was obliged to give him. In later days I saw Monsieur Schnorr, the German pastor from Kehl, who has been mentioned already, and who was installed in the Count's house as tutor and chaplain during the absence of the master. "When Madame de Saverne went to make her *coucher* at Strasbourg" (Monsieur Schnorr said to me), "I retired to my duties at Kehl, glad enough to return to the quiet of my home, for the noble lady's reception of me was anything but gracious; and I had to endure much female sarcasm and many unkind words from Madame la Comtesse, whenever, as in duty bound, I presented myself at her table. Sir, that most unhappy lady used to make sport of me before her domestics. She used to call me her gaoler. She used to mimic my ways of eating and drinking. She would yawn in the midst of my exhortations, and cry out, 'O que c'est bête!' and when I gave out a psalm, would utter little cries, and say, 'Pardon me, Monsieur Schnorr, but you sing so out of tune you make my head ache;' so that I could scarcely continue that portion of the service, the very domestics laughing at me when I began to sing. My life was a martyrdom, but I bore my tortures meekly, out of a sense of duty and my love for Monsieur le Comte. When her Ladyship kept her chamber I used to wait almost daily upon Mesdemoiselles the Count's sisters, to ask news of her and her child. I christened the infant; but her mother was too ill to be present, and sent me out word by Mademoiselle Marthe that *she* should call the child Agnes, though I might name it what I pleased. This was on the 21st January, and I remember being struck, because in the Roman Calendar the feast of Saint Agnes is celebrated on that day.

"Haggard and actually grown grey, from a black man which he was, my poor lord came to me with wildness and agony of grief in all his features and actions, to announce to me that Madame the Countess had fled, taking her infant with her. And he had a scrap of paper with him, over which he wept and raged as one demented; now pouring out fiercer imprecations, now bursting into passionate tears and cries, calling upon his wife, his darling, his prodigal to come back, to bring him his child, when all should be forgiven. As he thus spoke his screams and groans were so piteous, that I myself was quite unmanned, and my mother, who keeps house for me (and who happened to be listening at the door), was likewise greatly alarmed by my poor lord's passion of grief. And when I read on that paper that my Lady Countess had left the faith to which our fathers gloriously testified in the midst of trouble,

slaughter, persecution, and bondage, I was scarcely less shocked than my good lord himself.

"We crossed the bridge to Strasbourg back again and went to the Cathedral Church, and entering there, we saw the Abbé Georgel coming out of a chapel where he had been to perform his devotions. The Abbé, who knew me, gave a ghastly smile as he recognised me, and for a pale man his cheek blushed up a little when I said, 'This is Monsieur the Comte de Saverne.'

"'Where is she?' asked my poor lord, clutching the Abbé's arm.

"'Who?' asked the Abbé, stepping back a little.

"'Where is my child? where is my wife?' cries the Count.

"'Silence, Monsieur!' says the Abbé. 'Do you know in whose house you are?' and the chant from the altar, where the service was being performed, came upon us, and smote my poor lord as though a shot had struck him. We were standing, he tottering against a pillar in the nave, close by the christening font, and over my Lord's head was a picture of Saint Agnes.

"The agony of the poor gentleman could not but touch any one who witnessed it. 'Monsieur le Comte,' says the Abbé, 'I feel for you. This great surprise has come upon you unprepared—I—I pray that it may be for your good.'

"'You know, then, what has happened?' asked Monsieur de Saverne; and the Abbé was obliged to stammer a confession that he *did* know what had occurred. He was, in fact, the very man who had performed the rite which separated my unhappy lady from the Church of her fathers.

"'Sir,' he said, with some spirit, 'this was a service which no clergyman could refuse. I would to Heaven, Monsieur, that you, too, might be brought to ask it from me.'

"The poor Count, with despair in his face, asked to see the register which confirmed the news, and there we saw that, on the 21st January 1769, being the Feast of Saint Agnes, the noble lady, Clarisse, Countess of Saverne, born De Viomesnil, aged twenty-two years, and Agnes, only daughter of the same Count of Saverne and Clarisse his wife, were baptized and received into the Church in the presence of two witnesses (clerics) whose names were signed.

"The poor Count knelt over the registry-book with an awful grief in his face, and in a mood which I heartily pitied. He bent down uttering what seemed an imprecation rather than a prayer, and at this moment it chanced the service at the chief altar was concluded, and Monseigneur and his suite of clergy came into the sacristy. Sir, the Count de Saverne, starting up, clutching his sword in his hand, and shaking his fist at the Cardinal, uttered a wild speech calling down imprecations upon the Church of which

the Prince was a chief: 'Where is my lamb that you have taken from me?' he said, using the language of the Prophet towards the King who had despoiled him.

"The Cardinal haughtily said the conversion of Madame de Saverne was of Heaven, and no act of his, and adding, 'Bad neighbour as you have been to me, sir, I wish you so well that I hope you may follow her.'

"At this the Count, losing all patience, made a violent attack upon the Church of Rome, denounced the Cardinal, and called down maledictions upon his head; said that a day would come when his abominable pride should meet with a punishment and fall; and spoke as, in fact, the poor gentleman was able to do only too readily and volubly, against Rome and all its errors.

"The Prince Louis de Rohan replied with no little dignity, as I own. He said that such words in such a place were offensive and out of all reason; that it only depended on him to have Monsieur de Saverne arrested and punished for blasphemy and insult to the Church: but that, pitying the Count's unhappy condition, the Cardinal would forget the hasty and insolent words he had uttered—as he would know how to defend Madame de Saverne and her child after the righteous step which she had taken. And he swept out of the sacristy with his suite, and passed through the door which leads into his palace, leaving my poor Count still in his despair and fury.

"As he spoke, with those Scripture phrases which Monsieur de Saverne ever had at command, I remember how the Prince Cardinal tossed up his head and smiled. I wonder whether he thought of the words when his own day of disgrace came, and the fatal affair of the diamond necklace which brought him to ruin."*

"Not without difficulty" (Monsieur Schnorr resumed) "I induced the poor Count to quit the church where his wife's apostasy had been performed. The outer gates and walls are decorated with numberless sculptures of saints of the Roman Calendar: and for a minute or two the poor man stood on the threshold shouting imprecations in the sunshine, and calling down woe upon France and Rome. I hurried him away. Such language was dangerous, and could bring no good to either of us. He was almost a madman, when I conducted him back to his home, where the ladies his sisters, scared with his wild looks, besought me not to leave him.

"Again he went into the room which his wife and child had inhabited, and, as he looked at the relics of both which still were

* My informant, Protestant though he was, did not, as I remember, speak with very much asperity against the Prince Cardinal. He said that the Prince lived an edifying life after his fall, succouring the poor, and doing everything in his power to defend the cause of royalty.—D. D.

left there, gave way to bursts of grief which were pitiable indeed to witness. I speak of what happened near forty years ago, and remember the scene as though yesterday: the passionate agony of the poor gentleman, the sobs and prayers. On a chest of drawers there was a little cap belonging to the infant. He seized it: kissed it: wept over it: calling upon the mother to bring the child back and he would forgive all. He thrust the little cap into his breast: opened every drawer, book, and closet, seeking for some indications of the fugitives. My opinion was, and that even of the ladies, sisters of Monsieur le Comte, that Madame had taken refuge in a convent with the child; that the Cardinal knew where she was, poor and friendless; and that the Protestant gentleman would in vain seek for her. Perhaps when tired of that place—I for my part thought Madame la Comtesse a light-minded wilful person, who certainly had no *vocation*, as the Catholics call it, for a religious life—I thought she might come out after a while, and gave my patron such consolation as I could devise, upon this faint hope. He who was all forgiveness at one minute, was all wrath the next. He would rather see his child dead than receive her as a Catholic. He would go to the King, surrounded by harlots as he was, and ask for justice. There were still Protestant gentlemen left in France whose spirit was not altogether trodden down, and they would back him in demanding reparation for this outrage.

"I had some vague suspicion, which, however, I dismissed from my mind as unworthy, that there might be a third party cognisant of Madame's flight; and this was a gentleman, once a great favourite of Monsieur le Comte, and in whom I myself was not a little interested. Three or four days after the Comte de Saverne went away to the war, as I was meditating on a sermon which I proposed to deliver, walking at the back of my Lord's house of Saverne, in the fields which skirt the wood where the Prince Cardinal's great Schloss stands, I saw this gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, and recognised him—the Chevalier de la Motte, the very person who had saved the life of Monsieur de Saverne in the campaign against the English.

"Monsieur de la Motte said he was staying with the Cardinal, and trusted that the ladies of Saverne were well. He sent his respectful compliments to them: in a laughing way said he had been denied the door when he came to a visit, which he thought was an unkind act towards an old comrade; and at the same time expressed his sorrow at the Count's departure—'for, Herr Pfarrer,' said he, 'you know I am a good Catholic, and in many most important conversations which I had with the Comte de Saverne, the differences between our two Churches was the subject of our talk,

and I do think I should have converted him to ours.' I, humble village pastor as I am, was not afraid to speak in such a cause, and we straightway had a most interesting conversation together, in which, as the gentleman showed, I had not the worst of the argument. It appeared he had been educated for the Roman Church, but afterwards entered the army. He was a most interesting man, and his name was Le Chevalier de la Motte. You look as if you had known him, Monsieur le Capitaine—will it please you to replenish your pipe, and take another glass of my beer?"

I said I had *effectivement* known Monsieur de la Motte; and the good old clergyman (with many compliments to me for speaking French and German so glibly) proceeded with his artless narrative: "I was ever a poor horseman: and when I came to be chaplain and major-domo at the Hôtel de Saverne, in the Count's absence, Madame more than once rode entirely away from me, saying that she could not afford to go at my clerical jog-trot. And being in a scarlet amazon, and a conspicuous object, you see, I thought I saw her at a distance talking to a gentleman on a schimmel horse, in a grass-green coat. When I asked her to whom she spoke, she said, 'Monsieur le Pasteur, you radotez with your grey horse and your green coat! If you are set to be a spy over me, ride faster, or bring out the old ladies to bark at your side.' The fact is, the Countess was for ever quarrelling with those old ladies, and they were a yelping ill-natured pair. They treated me, a pastor of the Reformed Church of the Augsburg Confession, as no better than a lacquey, sir, and made me eat the bread of humiliation; whereas Madame la Comtesse, though often haughty, flighty, and passionate, could also be so winning and gentle, that no one could resist her. Ah sir!" said the pastor, "that woman had a coaxing way with her when she chose, and when her flight came I was in such a way that the jealous old sisters-in-law said I was in love with her myself. Pfui! For a month before my Lord's arrival I had been knocking at all doors to see if I could find my poor wandering lady behind them. She, her child, and Martha her maid, were gone, and we knew not whither.

"On that very first day of his unhappy arrival, Monsieur le Comte discovered what his sisters, jealous and curious as they were, what I, a man of no inconsiderable acumen, had failed to note. Amongst torn papers and chiffons, in her Ladyship's bureau, there was a scrap with one line in her handwriting—'Ursule, Ursule, le tyran rev——' and no more.

"'Ah!' Monsieur le Comte said, 'she is gone to her foster-sister in England! Quick, quick, horses!' And before two hours were passed he was on horseback, making the first stage of that long journey."

CHAPTER III

THE TRAVELLERS

THE poor gentleman was in such haste that the old proverb was realised in his case, and his journey was anything but speedy. At Nanci he fell ill of a fever, which had nearly carried him off, and in which he unceasingly raved about his child, and called upon his faithless wife to return her. Almost before he was convalescent, he was on his way again, to Boulogne, where he saw that English coast on which he rightly conjectured his fugitive wife was sheltered.

And here, from my boyish remembrance, which, respecting these early days, remains extraordinarily clear, I can take up the story, in which I was myself a very young actor, playing in the strange, fantastic, often terrible, drama which ensued a not insignificant part. As I survey it now, the curtain is down, and the play long over; as I think of its surprises, disguises, mysteries, escapes, and dangers, I am amazed myself, and sometimes inclined to be almost as great a fatalist as Monsieur de la Motte, who vowed that a superior Power ruled our actions for us, and declared that he could no more prevent his destiny from accomplishing itself, than he could prevent his hair from growing. What a destiny it was! What a fatal tragedy was now about to begin!

One evening in our Midsummer holidays, in the year 1769, I remember being seated in my little chair at home, with a tempest of rain beating down the street. We had customers on most evenings, but there happened to be none on this night; and I remember I was puzzling over a bit of Latin grammar, to which Mother used to keep me stoutly when I came home from school.

It is fifty years since.* I have forgotten who knows how many events of my life, which are not much worth the remembering; but I have as clearly before my eyes now a little scene which occurred on this momentous night, as though it had been acted within this hour. As we are sitting at our various employments, we hear steps coming up the street, which was empty, and

* The narrative seems to have been written about the year 1820.

silent but for the noise of the wind and rain. We hear steps—several steps—along the pavement, and they stop at our door.

"Madame Duval! It is Gregson!" cries a voice from without.

"Ah, bon Dieu!" says Mother, starting up and turning quite white.

And then I heard the cry of an infant. Dear heart! How well I remember that little cry!

As the door opens, a great gust of wind sets our two candles flickering, and I see enter—

A gentleman giving his arm to a lady who is veiled in cloaks and wraps, an attendant carrying a crying child, and Gregson the boatman after them.

My mother gives a great hoarse shriek, and crying out, "Clarisse! Clarisse!" rushes up to the lady, and hugs and embraces her passionately. The child cries and wails. The nurse strives to soothe the infant. The gentleman takes off his hat and wrings the wet from it, and looks at me. It was then I felt a strange shock and terror. I have felt the same shock once or twice in my life; and once notably, the person so affecting me has been my enemy, and has come to a dismal end.

"We have had a very rough voyage," says the gentleman (in French) to my grandfather. "We have been fourteen hours at sea. Madame has suffered greatly, and is much exhausted."

"Thy rooms are ready," says Mother fondly. "My poor Biche, thou shalt sleep in comfort to-night, and need fear nothing, nothing!"

A few days before I had seen Mother and her servant mightily busy in preparing the rooms on the first floor, and decorating them. When I asked whom she was expecting, she boxed my ears, and bade me be quiet; but these were evidently the expected visitors; and, of course, from the names which Mother used, I knew that the lady was the Countess of Saverne.

"And this is thy son, Ursule?" says the lady. "He is a great boy! My little wretch is always crying."

"Oh, the little darling!" says Mother, seizing the child, which fell to crying louder than ever, "scared by the nodding plume and bristling crest" of Madame Duval, who wore a great cap in those days, and indeed looked as fierce as any Hector.

When the pale lady spoke so harshly about the child, I remember myself feeling a sort of surprise and displeasure. Indeed, I have loved children all my life, and am a fool about them (as witness my treatment of my own rascal), and no one can say that I was ever a tyrant at school, or ever fought there except to hold my own.

My mother produced what food was in the house, and welcomed

her guests to her humble table. What trivial things remain impressed on the memory! I remember laughing in my boyish way because the lady said, "Ah! c'est ça du thé? je n'en ai jamais goûté. Mais c'est très mauvais, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur le Chevalier?" I suppose they had not learned to drink tea in Alsace yet. Mother stopped my laughing with her usual appeal to my ears. I was daily receiving that sort of correction from the good soul. Grandfather said, if Madame the Countess would like a little tasse of real Nantes brandy after her voyage, he could supply her, but she would have none of that either, and retired soon to her chamber, which had been prepared for her with my mother's best sheets and diapers, and in which was a bed for her maid Martha, who had retired to it with the little crying child. For Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte an apartment was taken at Mr. Billis's the baker's, down the street: —a friend who gave me many a plum-cake in my childhood, and whose wigs Grandfather dressed, if you must know the truth.

At morning and evening we used to have prayers, which Grandfather spoke with much eloquence; but on this night, as he took out his great Bible, and was for having me read a chapter, my mother said, "No. This poor Clarisse is fatigued, and will go to bed." And to bed accordingly the stranger went. And as I read my little chapter, I remember how tears fell down Mother's cheeks, and how she cried, "Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! ayez pitié d'elle," and when I was going to sing our evening hymn, "Nun ruhen alle Wälder," she told me to hush. Madame upstairs was tired, and wanted to sleep. And she went upstairs to look after Madame, and bade me be a little guide to the strange gentleman, and show him the way to Billis's house. Off I went, prattling by his side; I daresay I soon forgot the terror which I felt when I first saw him. You may be sure all Winchelsea knew that a French lady, and her child, and her maid, were come to stay with Madame Duval, and a French gentleman to lodge over the baker's

I never shall forget my terror and astonishment when Mother told me that this lady who came to us was a Papist. There were two gentlemen of that religion living in our town, at a handsome house called the Priory; but they had little to do with persons in my parents' humble walk of life, though of course my mother would dress Mrs. Weston's head as well as any other lady's. I forgot also to say that Mrs. Duval went out sometimes as ladies' nurse, and in that capacity had attended Mrs. Weston, who, however, lost her child. The Westons had a chapel in their house, in the old grounds of the Priory, and clergymen of their persuasion used to come over from my Lord Newburgh's of Slindon, or from Arundel, where there is another great Papist house; and one or two Roman

Catholics—there were very few of them in our town—were buried in a part of the old gardens of the Priory, where a monks' burying-place had been before Harry VIII.'s time.

The new gentleman was the first Papist to whom I had ever spoken; and as I trotted about the town with him, showing him the old gates, the church, and so forth, I remember saying to him, "And have you burned any Protestants?"

"Oh, yes!" says he, giving a horrible grin, "I have roasted several, and eaten them afterwards." And I shrank back from him, and his pale grinning face; feeling once more that terror which had come over me when I first beheld him. He was a queer gentleman; he was amused by my simplicity and odd sayings. He was never tired of having me with him. He said I should be his little English master; and indeed he learned the language surprisingly quick, whereas poor Madame de Saverne never understood a word of it.

She was very ill—pale, with a red spot on either cheek, sitting for whole hours in silence, and looking round frightened, as if a prey to some terror. I have seen my mother watching her, and looking almost as scared as the Countess herself. At times, Madame could not bear the crying of the child, and would order it away from her. At other times, she would clutch it, cover it with cloaks, and lock her door, and herself into the chamber with her infant. She used to walk about the house of a night. I had a little room near Mother's, which I occupied during the holidays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, when I came over from Rye. I remember quite well waking up one night and hearing Madame's voice at Mother's door, crying out, "Ursula, Ursula! quick! horses! I must go away. He is coming; I know he is coming!" And then there were remonstrances on Mother's part, and Madame's maid came out of her room, with entreaties to her mistress to return. At the cry of the child the poor mother would rush away from whatever place she was in, and hurry to the infant. Not that she loved it. At the next moment she would cast the child down on the bed, and go to the window again, and look to the sea. For hours she sat at that window, with a curtain twisted round her, as if hiding from some one. Ah! how have I looked up at that window since, and the light twinkling here! I wonder does the house remain yet? I don't like now to think of the passionate grief I have passed through, as I looked up to yon glimmering lattice.

It was evident our poor visitor was in a deplorable condition. The apothecary used to come and shake his head, and order medicine. The medicine did little good. The sleeplessness continued. She was a prey to constant fever. She would make incoherent answers to questions put to her, laugh and weep at odd times and

places; push her meals away from her, though they were the best my poor mother could supply; order my grandfather to go and sit in the kitchen, and not have the impudence to sit down before her; coax and scold my mother by turns, and take her up very sharply when she rebuked me. Poor Madame Duval was scared by her foster-sister. She, who ruled everybody, became humble before the poor crazy lady. I can see them both now: the lady in white, listless and silent as she would sit for hours taking notice of no one, and Mother watching her with terrified dark eyes.

The Chevalier de la Motte had his lodgings, and came and went between his house and ours. I thought he was the lady's cousin. He used to call himself her cousin: I did not know what our pastor Monsieur Borel meant when he came to Mother one day, and said, "*Fi, donc*, what a pretty business thou hast commenced, Madame Denis—thou, an elder's daughter of our Church!"

"What business?" says Mother.

"That of harbouring crime and sheltering iniquity," says he, naming the crime, viz. No. 7 of the Decalogue.

Being a child, I did not then understand the word he used. But as soon as he had spoken, Mother, taking up a saucepan of soup, cries out, "Get out of there, Monsieur, all pastor as you are, or I will send this soup at thy ugly head, and the saucepan afterwards." And she looked so fierce, that I am not surprised the little man trotted off.

Shortly afterwards Grandfather comes home, looking almost as frightened as his *commanding officer*, Monsieur Borel. Grandfather expostulated with his daughter-in-law. He was in a great agitation. He wondered how she could speak so to the pastor of the church. "All the town," says he, "is talking about you and this unhappy lady."

"All the town is an old woman," replies Madame Duval, stamping her foot, and *twisting her moustache*, I might say, almost. "What? These white-beaks of French cry out because I receive my foster-sister? What? It is wrong to shelter a poor foolish dying woman? Oh, the cowards, the cowards! Listen, petit-papa: if you hear a word said at the club against your *bru*, and do not knock the man down, I will." And, faith, I think Grandfather's *bru* would have kept her word.

I fear my own unlucky simplicity brought part of the opprobrium down upon my poor mother, which she had now to suffer in our French colony; for one day a neighbour, Madame Crochu by name, stepping in and asking, "How is your boarder, and how is her cousin the Count?"

"Madame Clarisse is no better than before," said I (shaking

my head wisely), "and the gentleman is not a count, and he is not her cousin, Madame Crochu!"

"Oh, he is no relation?" says the mantua-maker. And that story was quickly told over the little town, and when we went to church next Sunday, Monsieur Borel preached a sermon which made all the congregation look to us, and poor Mother sat boiling red like a lobster fresh out of the pot. I did not quite know what I had done: I know what Mother was giving me for my pains, when our poor patient, entering the room, hearing, I suppose, the hissing of the stick (and never word from me—I used to bite a bullet, and hold my tongue), rushed into the room, whisked the cane out of Mother's hand, flung her to the other end of the room with a strength quite surprising, and clasped me up in her arms and began pacing up and down the room, and glaring at Mother. "Strike your own child, monster, monster!" says the poor lady. "Kneel down and ask pardon: or, as sure as I am the queen, I will order your head off!"

At dinner, she ordered me to come and sit by her. "Bishop!" she said to Grandfather, "my lady of honour has been naughty. She whipped the little prince with a scorpion. I took it from her hand. Duke! if she does it again, there is a sword: I desire you to cut the Countess's head off!" And then she took a carving-knife and waved it, and gave one of her laughs, which always set poor Mother a-crying. She used to call us dukes and princes—I don't know what—poor soul! It was the Chevalier de la Motte whom she generally styled duke, holding out her hand, and saying, "Kneel, sir, kneel, and kiss our Royal hand." And Monsieur de la Motte would kneel with a sad sad face, and go through this hapless ceremony. As for Grandfather, who was very bald, and without his wig, being one evening below her window culling a salad in his garden, she beckoned him to her smiling, and when the poor old man came, she upset a dish of tea over his bald pate and said, "I appoint you and anoint you Bishop of Saint Denis!"

The woman Martha, who had been the companion of the Countess de Saverne in her unfortunate flight from home—I believe that since the birth of her child the poor lady had never been in her right senses at all—broke down under the ceaseless watching and care her mistress's condition necessitated, and I have no doubt found her duties yet more painful and difficult when a second mistress, and a very harsh, imperious, and jealous one, was set over her in the person of worthy Madame Duval. My mother was for ordering everybody who would submit to her orders, and entirely managing the affairs of all those whom she loved. She put the mother to bed, and the baby in her cradle; she prepared

food for both of them, dressed one and the other with an equal affection, and loved that unconscious mother and child with a passionate devotion. But she loved her own way, was jealous of all who came between her and the objects of her love, and no doubt led her subordinates an uncomfortable life.

Three months of Madame Duval tired out the Countess's Alsatian maid, Martha. She revolted and said she would go home. Mother said she was an ungrateful wretch, but was delighted to get rid of her. She always averred the woman stole articles of dress, and trinkets, and laces, belonging to her mistress, before she left us: and in an evil hour this wretched Martha went away. I believe she really loved her mistress, and would have loved the child, had my mother's rigid arms not pushed her from its cot. Poor little innocent, in what tragic gloom did thy life begin! But an unseen Power was guarding that helpless innocence: and sure a good angel watched it in its hour of danger!

So Madame Duval turned Martha out of her tent as Sarah thrust out Hagar. Are women pleased after doing these pretty tricks? Your ladyships know best. Madame D. not only thrust out Martha, but flung stones after Martha all her life. She went away, not blameless perhaps, but wounded to the quick with the ingratitude which had been shown to her, and a link in that mysterious chain of destiny which was binding *all* these people—me the boy of seven years old; yonder little speechless infant of as many months; that poor wandering lady bereft of reason; that dark inscrutable companion of hers who brought evil with him wherever he came.

From Dungeness to Boulogne is but six-and-thirty miles, and our boats, when war was over, were constantly making journeys there. Even in war-time the little harmless craft left each other alone, and, I suspect, carried on a great deal of peaceable and fraudulent trade together. Grandfather had share of a "fishing" boat with one Thomas Gregson of Lydd. When Martha was determined to go, one of our boats was ready to take her to the place from whence she came, or transfer her to a French boat, which would return into its own harbour.* She was carried back to Boulogne and landed. I know the day full well from a document now before me, of which the dismal writing and signing were occasioned by that very landing.

As she stepped out from the pier (a crowd of people, no doubt, tearing the poor wretch's slender luggage from her to carry it to

* There were points for which our boats used to make, and meet the French boats when not disturbed, and do a good deal more business than I could then understand.—D. D.

the *Customs*) almost the first person on whom the woman's eyes fell was her master the Count de Saverne. He had actually only reached the place on that very day, and walked the pier, looking towards England, as many a man has done from the same spot, when he saw the servant of his own wife come up the side of the pier.

He rushed to her, as she started back screaming and almost fainting, but the crowd of beggars behind her prevented her retreat. "The child—does the child live?" asked the poor Count, in the German tongue, which both spoke.

The child was well. Thank God, thank God! The poor father's heart was freed *that* terror, then! I can fancy the gentleman saying, "Your mistress is at Winchelsea, with her foster-sister?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte."

"The Chevalier de la Motte is always at Winchelsea?"

"Ye—oh, no, no, Monsieur le Comte!"

"Silence, liar! He made the journey with her. They stopped at the same inns. Monsieur le Brun, merchant, aged 34; his sister, Madame Dubois, aged 24, with a female infant in her arms, and a maid, left this port, on 20th April, in the English fishing-boat *Mary*, of Rye. Before embarking they slept at the 'Ecu de France.' I knew I should find them."

"By all that is sacred, I never left Madame once during the voyage!"

"Never till to-day? Enough. How was the fishing-boat called which brought you to Boulogne?"

One of the boat's crew was actually walking behind the unhappy gentleman at the time, with some packet which Martha had left in it.* It seemed as if Fate was determined upon suddenly and swiftly bringing the criminal to justice, and under the avenging sword of the friend he had betrayed. He bade the man follow him to the hotel. There should be a good drink-money for him.

"Does he treat her well?" asked the poor gentleman, as he and the maid walked on.

"Dame! No mother can be more gentle than he is with her!" Where Martha erred was in not saying that her mistress was utterly deprived of reason, and had been so almost since the child's birth. She owned that she had attended her lady to the cathedral when the Countess and the infant were christened, and that Monsieur de la Motte was also present. "He has taken body and soul too," no doubt the miserable gentleman thought.

He happened to alight at the very hotel where the fugitives of

* I had this from the woman herself, whom we saw when we paid our visit to Lorraine and Alsace in 1814.

whom he was in search had had their quarters four months before (so that for two months at least poor Monsieur de Saverne must have lain ill at Nanci at the commencement of his journey). The boatman, the luggage people, and Martha the servant followed the Count to this hotel; and the femme-de-chambre remembered how Madame Dubois and her brother had been at the hotel—a poor sick lady, who sat up talking the whole night. Her brother slept in the right wing across the court. Monsieur has the lady's room. How that child did cry! See, the windows look on the port. "Yes, this was the lady's room."

"And the child lay on which side?"

"On that side."

Monsieur de Saverne looked at the place which the woman pointed out, stooped his head towards the pillow, and cried as if his heart would break. The fisherman's tears rolled down too over his brown face and hands. *Le pauvre homme, le pauvre homme!*

"Come into my sitting-room with me," he said to the fisherman. The man followed him and shut the door.

His burst of feeling was now over. He became entirely calm.

"You know the house from which this woman came, at Winchelsea, in England?"

"Yes."

"You took a gentleman and a lady thither?"

"Yes."

"You remember the man?"

"Perfectly."

"For thirty louis will you go to sea to-night, take a passenger, and deliver a letter to Monsieur de la Motte?"

The man agreed: and I take out from my secretary that letter, in its tawny ink of fifty years' date, and read it with a strange interest always:—

"*To the Chevalier François Joseph de la Motte, at Winchelsea, in England.*

"I KNEW I should find you. I never doubted where you were. But for a sharp illness which I made at Nanci, I should have been with you two months earlier. After what has occurred between us, I know this invitation will be to you as a command, and that you will hasten as you did to my rescue from the English bayonets at Hastenbeck. Between us, Monsieur le Chevalier, it is to life or death. I depend upon you to communicate this to no one, and to follow the messenger, who will bring you to me.

"COUNT DE SAVERNE."

This letter was brought to our house one evening as we sat in the front shop. I had the child on my knee, which would have no other playfellow but me. The Countess was pretty quiet that evening—the night calm, and the windows open. Grandfather was reading his book. The Countess and Monsieur de la Motte were at cards, though, poor thing, she could scarce play for ten minutes at a time; and there comes a knock, at which Grandfather puts down his book.*

"All's well," says he. "Entrez. Comment! c'est vous, Bidois?"

"Oui, c'est bien moi, patron!" says Monsieur Bidois, a great fellow, in boots and petticoats, with an eelskin queue hanging down to his heels. "C'est là le petit du pauv' Jean Louis? Est i genti le pti patron!"

And as he looks at me, he rubs a hand across his nose.

At this moment Madame la Comtesse gave one, two, three screams, a laugh, and cries—"Ah, c'est mon mari qui revient de la guerre. Il est là—à la croisée. Bon jour, Monsieur le Comte! Bon jour. Vous avez une petite fille bien laide, bien laide, que je n'aime pas du tout, pas du tout, pas du tout! He is there! I saw him at the window. There! there! Hide me from him! He will kill me, he will kill me!" she cried.

"Calmez-vous, Clarisse," says the Chevalier, who was weary, no doubt, of the poor lady's endless outcries and follies.

"Calmez-vous, ma fille!" sings out Mother, from the inner room, where she was washing.

"Ah, Monsieur is the Chevalier de la Motte?" says Bidois.

"Après, Monsieur?" says the Chevalier, looking haughtily up from the cards.

"In that case, I have a letter for Monsieur le Chevalier." And the sailor handed to the Chevalier de la Motte that letter which I have translated, the ink of which was black and wet then, though now it is sere and faded.

This Chevalier had faced death and danger in a score of dare-devil expeditions. At the game of steel and lead there was no cooler performer. He put the letter which he had received quietly into his pocket, finished his game with the Countess, and telling Bidois to follow him to his lodgings, took leave of the company. I daresay the poor Countess built up a house with the cards, and took little more notice. Mother, going to close the shutters, said, "It was droll, that little man, the friend to Bidois, was still standing in the street." You see we had all sorts of droll friends.

* There was a particular knock, as I learned later, in use among Grandpapa's private friends, and Monsieur Bidois no doubt had this signal.

Seafaring men, speaking a jargon of English, French, Dutch, were constantly dropping in upon us. Dear Heaven! when I think in what a company I have lived, and what a *galère* I rowed in, is it not a wonder that I did not finish where some of my friends did?

I made a *drole de métier* at this time. I was set by Grandfather to learn his business. Our apprentice taught me the commencement of the noble art of wig-weaving. As soon as I was tall enough to stand to a gentleman's nose I was promised to be *promoted* to be a shaver. I trotted on Mother's errands with her bandboxes, and what not; and I was made dry-nurse to poor Madame's baby, who, as I said, loved me most of all in the house; and who would put her little dimpled hands out and crow with delight to see me. The first day I went out with this little baby in a little wheel-chair Mother got for her, the town boys made rare fun of me: and I had to fight one, as poor little Agnes sat sucking her little thumb in her chair, I suppose; and whilst the battle was going on, who should come up but Doctor Barnard, the English rector of Saint Philip's, who lent us French Protestants the nave of his church for our service, whilst our tumbledown old church was being mended. Doctor Barnard (for a reason which I did not know at that time, but which I am compelled to own now was a good one) did not like Grandfather, nor Mother, nor our family. You may be sure our people abused him in return. He was called a haughty priest—a vilain beeg-veeg, Mother used to say, in her French-English. And perhaps one of the causes of her dislike to him was, that his *big vig*—a fine cauliflower it was —was powdered at another barber's. Well, whilst the battle royal was going on between me and Tom Caffin (dear heart! how well I remember the fellow, though—let me see—it is fifty-four years since we punched each other's little noses), Doctor Barnard walks up to us boys and stops the fighting. "You little rogues! I'll have you all put in the stocks and whipped by my beadle," says the Doctor, who was a magistrate too: "as for this little French barber, he is always in mischief."

"They laughed at me and called me Dry-nurse, and wanted to upset the little cart, sir, and I wouldn't bear it. And it's my duty to protect a poor child that can't help itself," said I, very stoutly. "Her mother is ill. Her nurse has run away, and she has nobody—nobody to protect her but me—and 'Notre Père qui est aux cieux;'" and I held up my little hand as Grandfather used to do; "and if those boys hurt the child I *will* fight for her."

The Doctor rubbed his hand across his eyes; and he felt in his pocket and gave me a dollar.

"And come to see us all at the Rectory, child," Mrs. Barnard says, who was with the Doctor; and she looked at the little baby that was in its cot, and said, "Poor thing, poor thing!"

And the Doctor, turning round to the English boys, still holding me by the hand, said, "Mind, all you boys! If I hear of you being such cowards again as to strike this little lad for doing his duty, I will have you whipped by my beadle, as sure as my name is Thomas Barnard. Shake hands, you Thomas Caffin, with the French boy;" and I said, "I would shake hands or fight it out whenever Tom Caffin liked;" and so took my place as pony again, and pulled my little cart down Sandgate.

These stories got about amongst the townspeople, and fishermen, and seafaring folk, I suppose, and the people of our little circle; and they were the means, God help me, of bringing me in those very early days a *legacy* which I have still. You see, the day after Bidois, the French fisherman, paid us a visit, as I was pulling my little cart up the hill to a little farmer's house where Grandfather and a partner of his had some pigeons, of which I was very fond as a boy, I met a little dark man whose face I cannot at all recall to my mind, but who spoke French and German to me like Grandfather and Mother. "That is the child of Madame von Zabern?" says he, trembling very much.

"Ja, Herr!" says the little boy. . . .

O Agnes, Agnes! How the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us: what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little car, in which his child lay sleeping! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road leading down to one of the gates of our town; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables; a great silver sea stretching beyond; and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan.

Bidois, the French fisherman I spoke of as having been to see us on the night before, came up here with another companion, an Englishman I think.

"Ah! we seek for you everywhere, Monsieur le Comte," says he. "The tide serves and it is full time."

"Monsieur le Chevalier is on board?" says the Count de Saverne.

"Il est bien là," says the fisherman. And they went down the hill through the gate, without turning to look back.

Mother was quite quiet and gentle all that day. It seemed

LAST MOMENTS OF THE COUNT DE SAVERNE.

as if something scared her. The poor Countess prattled and laughed, or cried in her unconscious way. But Grandfather at evening prayer that night making the exposition rather long, Mother stamped her foot, and said, "Assez bavardé comme ça, mon père," and sank back in her chair with her apron over her face.

She remained all next day very silent, crying often, and reading in our great German Bible. She was kind to me that day. I remember her saying, in her deep voice, "Thou art a brave boy, Denikin." It was seldom she patted my head so softly. That night our patient was very wild; and laughing a great deal, and singing so that the people would stop in the streets to listen.

Doctor Barnard again met me that day dragging my little carriage, and he fetched me into the Rectory for the first time, and gave me cake and wine, and the book of the "Arabian Nights," and the ladies admired the little baby, and said it was a pity it was a little Papist, and the Doctor hoped *I* was not going to turn Papist, and I said, "Oh, never." Neither Mother nor I liked that darkling Roman Catholic clergyman who was fetched over from our neighbours at the Priory by Monsieur de la Motte. The Chevalier was very firm himself in that religion. I little thought then that I was to see him on a day when his courage and his faith were both to have an awful trial.

. . . I was reading then in this fine book of Monsieur Galland which the Doctor had given me. I had no orders to go to bed, strange to say, and I daresay was peeping into the cave of the Forty Thieves along with Master Ali Baba, when I heard the clock whirring previously to striking twelve, and steps coming rapidly up our empty street.

Mother started up, looking quite haggard, and undid the bolt of the door.

"C'est lui!" says she, with her eyes starting, and the Chevalier de la Motte came in, looking as white as a corpse.

Poor Madame de Saverne upstairs, awakened by the striking clock perhaps, began to sing overhead, and the Chevalier gave a great start, looking more ghastly than before, as my mother with an awful face looked at him.

"Il l'a voulu," says Monsieur de la Motte, hanging down his head; and again poor Madame's crazy voice began to sing.

REPORT

"On the 27th June of this year, 1769, the Comte de Saverne arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and lodged at the Ecu de France, where also was staying Monsieur le Marquis du Quesne Menneville,

Chef d'Escadre of the Naval Armies of his Majesty. The Comte de Saverne was previously unknown to the Marquis du Quesne, but recalling to Monsieur du Quesne's remembrance the fact that his illustrious ancestor the Admiral du Quesne professed the Reformed religion, as did Monsieur de Saverne himself, Monsieur de Saverne entreated the Marquis du Quesne to be his friend in a rencontre which deplorable circumstances rendered unavoidable.

"At the same time, Monsieur de Saverne stated to Monsieur le Marquis du Quesne the causes of his quarrel with the Chevalier Francis Joseph de la Motte, late officer of the regiment of Soubise, at present residing in England in the town of Winchelsea, in the county of Sussex. The statement made by the Comte de Saverne was such as to convince Monsieur du Quesne of the Count's right to exact a reparation from the Chevalier de la Motte.

"A boat was despatched on the night of the 29th June, with a messenger bearing the note of Monsieur le Comte de Saverne. And in this boat Monsieur de la Motte returned from England.

"The undersigned Comte de Bérigny, in garrison at Boulogne, and an acquaintance of Monsieur de la Motte, consented to serve as his witness in the meeting with Monsieur de Saverne.

"The meeting took place at seven o'clock in the morning, on the sands at half a league from the port of Boulogne: and the weapons chosen were pistols. Both gentlemen were perfectly calm and collected, as one might expect from officers distinguished in the King's service, who had faced the enemies of France as comrades together.

"Before firing, Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte advanced four steps, and holding his pistol down, and laying his hand on his heart, he said,—'I swear on the faith of a Christian, and the honour of a gentleman, that I am innocent of the charge laid against me by Monsieur de Saverne.'

"The Comte de Saverne said,—'Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte, I have made no charge; and if I had, a lie costs you nothing.'

"Monsieur de la Motte, saluting the witnesses courteously, and with grief rather than anger visible upon his countenance, returned to his line on the sand which was marked out as the place where he was to stand, at a distance of ten paces from his adversary.

"At the signal being given both fired simultaneously. The ball of Monsieur de Saverne grazed Monsieur de la Motte's side curl, while his ball struck Monsieur de Saverne in the right breast. Monsieur de Saverne stood a moment, and fell.

"The seconds, the surgeon, and Monsieur de la Motte advanced towards the fallen gentleman; and Monsieur de la Motte, holding

up his hand, again said,—'I take Heaven to witness the person is innocent.'

"The Comte de Saverne seemed to be about to speak. He lifted himself from the sand, supporting himself on one arm: but all he said was,—'You, you——' and a great issue of blood rushed from his throat, and he fell back, and, with a few convulsions, died.

(Signed) "Marquis du Quesne Menneville,
"Chef d'Escadre aux Armées Navales du Roy.

"Comte de Bérigny,
"Brigadier de Cavalerie."

SURGEON'S REPORT

"I, Jean Batiste Drouot, Surgeon-Major of the Regiment Royal Cravate, in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer, certify that I was present at the meeting which ended so lamentably. The death of the gentleman who succumbed was immediate; the ball, passing to the right of the middle of the breastbone, penetrated the lung and the large artery supplying it with blood, and caused death by immediate suffocation."

CHAPTER IV

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

THAT last night which he was to pass upon earth, Monsieur de Saverne spent in a little tavern in Winchelsea, frequented by fishing people, and known to Bidois, who, even during the war, was in the constant habit of coming to England upon errands in which Monsieur Grandpapa was very much interested—precentor, elder, perruquier as he was.

The Count de Saverne had had some talk with the fishermen during the voyage from Boulogne, and more conversation took place on this last night, when the Count took Bidois partly into his confidence: and, without mentioning the precise cause of his quarrel with Monsieur de la Motte, said that it was inevitable; that the man was a villain who ought not to be allowed to pollute the earth; and that no criminal was ever more righteously executed than this Chevalier would be on the morrow, when it was agreed that the two were to meet.

The meeting would have taken place on that very night, but Monsieur de la Motte demanded, as indeed he had a right to do, some hours for the settlement of his own affairs; and preferred to fight on French ground rather than English, as the survivor of the quarrel would be likely to meet with very rough treatment in this country.

La Motte betook himself then to arranging his papers. As for the Count de Saverne, he said all his dispositions were made. A dowry—that which his wife brought—would go to her child. His own property was devised to his own relations, and he could give the child nothing. He had only a few pieces in his purse, and, "*Tenez*," says he, "this watch. Should anything befall me, I desire it may be given to the little boy who saved my—that is, her child." And the voice of Monsieur le Comte broke as he said these words, and the tears ran over his fingers. And the seaman wept too, as he told the story to me, years after, nor were some of mine wanting, I think, for that poor, heart-broken, wretched man, writhing in helpless agony, as the hungry sand drank his blood. Assuredly, the guilt of that blood was on thy head, Francis de la Motte.

The watch is ticking on the table before me as I write. It has been my companion for half a century. I remember my childish delight when Bidois brought it to me, and told my mother the tale of the meeting of the two gentlemen.

"You see her condition," Monsieur de la Motte said to my mother at this time. "We are separated for ever, as hopelessly as though one or other were dead. My hand slew her husband. Perhaps my fault destroyed her reason. I transmit misfortunes to those I love and would serve. Shall I marry her? I will if you think I can serve her. As long as a guinea remains to me, I will halve it with her. I have but very few left now. My fortune has crumbled under my hands as have my friendships, my once bright prospects, my ambitions. I am a doomed man. Somehow, I drag down those who love me into my doom."

And so indeed there was a *Cain mark*, as it were, on this unhappy man. He *did* bring wreck and ruin on those who loved him. He was as a lost soul, I somehow think, whose tortures had begun already. Predestined to evil, to crime, to gloom; but now and again some one took pity upon this poor wretch, and amongst those who pitied him was my stern mother.

And here I may relate how it happened that I "saved" the child, for which act poor Monsieur de Saverne rewarded me. Bidois no doubt told that story to Monsieur le Comte in the course of their gloomy voyage. Mrs. Martha, the Countess's attendant, had received or taken leave of absence one night, after putting the child and the poor lady, who was no better than a child, to bed. I went to my bed, and to sleep as boys sleep; and I forget what business called away my mother likewise; but when she came back to look for her poor Biche and the infant in its cradle—both were gone.

I have seen the incomparable Siddons in the play, as, white and terrified, she passed through the darkened hall after King Duncan's murder. My mother's face wore a look of terror to the full as tragical when, starting up from my boyish sleep, I sat up in my bed and saw her. She was almost beside herself with terror. The poor insane lady and her child were gone—who could say where? Into the marshes—into the sea—into the darkness—it was impossible to say whither the Countess had fled.

"We must get up, my boy, and find them," says Mother, in a hoarse voice; and I was sent over to Mr. Bliss's the grocer, in East Street, where the Chevalier lived, and where I found him sitting (with two priests, by the way, guests, no doubt, of Mr. Weston, at the Priory), and all these, and Mother, on her side, with me following her, went out to look for the fugitives.

We went by pairs, taking different roads. Mother's was the

right one as it appeared, for we had not walked many minutes, when we saw a white figure coming towards us, glimmering out of the dark, and heard a voice singing.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" says Mother, and "Gott sey Dank!" and I know not what exclamations of gratitude and relief. It was the voice of the Countess.

As we came up, she knew us with our light, and began to imitate, in her crazy way, the cry of the watchman, whom the poor sleepless soul had often heard under the windows. "Past twelve o'clock, a starlight night!" she sang, and gave one of her sad laughs.

When we came up to her, we found her in a white wrapper, her hair flowing down her back and over her poor pale face, and again she sang, "Past twelve o'clock."

The child was not with her. Mother trembled in every limb. The lantern shook so in her hand I thought she would drop it.

She put it down on the ground. She took her shawl off her back and covered the poor lady with it, who smiled in her childish way, and said, "C'est bon; c'est chaud ça; ah! que c'est bien!"

As I chanced to look down at the lady's feet, I saw one of them was naked. Mother, herself in a dreadful agitation, embraced and soothed Madame de Saverne. "Tell me, my angel, tell me, my love, where is the child?" says Mother, almost fainting.

"The child! what child? That little brat who always cries? I know nothing about children," says the poor thing. "Take me to my bed this moment, madam! How dare you bring me into the streets with naked feet?"

"Where have you been walking, my dear?" says poor Mother, trying to soothe her.

"I have been to Great Saverne. I wore a domino. I knew the coachman quite well, though he was muffled up all but his nose. I was presented to Monseigneur the Cardinal. I made him such a curtsey—like this. Oh, my foot hurts me!"

She often rambled about this ball and play, and hummed snatches of tunes and little phrases of dialogue, which she may have heard there. Indeed, I believe it was the only play and ball the poor thing ever saw in her life; her brief life, her wretched life. 'Tis pitiful to think how unhappy it was. When I recall it, it tears my heart-strings somehow, as it doth to see a child in pain.

As she held up the poor bleeding foot, I saw that the edge of her dress was all wet, and covered *with sand.*

"Mother, mother!" said I, "she has been to the sea!".

"Have you been to the sea, Clarisse?" asks mother.

"J'ai été au bal: j'ai dansé; j'ai chanté. J'ai bien reconnu

mon cocher. J'ai été au bal chez le Cardinal. But you must not tell Monsieur de Saverne. Oh, no, you mustn't tell him!"

A sudden thought came to me. And, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied by Martha, her maid, who held the infant, and myself, who liked to draw it in its little carriage. We used to walk down to the shore, and there was a rock there on which the poor lady would sit for hours.

"You take her home, Mother," says I, all in a tremble. "You give me the lantern, and I'll go—I'll go"—I was off before I said where. Down I went, through Westgate; down I ran along the road towards the place I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards, I saw in the road something white. It was *the Countess's slipper*, that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way.

I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silver sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sat. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He, who loves little children, had watched over it. . . . I scarce can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled, and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill, Monsieur de la Motte and one of the French clergymen met me. By ones and twos, the other searchers after my little wanderer came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued.

My adventures became known in our town, and I made some acquaintances who were very kind to me, and were the means of advancing me in after-life. I was too young to understand much what was happening round about me; but now, if the truth must be told, I must confess that old Grandfather, besides his business of perruquier, which you will say is no very magnificent trade, followed others which were far less reputable. What do you say, for instance, of a church elder, who lends money *à la petite semaine*, and at great interest? The fishermen, the market-people, nay, one or two farmers and gentlemen round about, were beholden to Grandfather for supplies, and they came to him, to be *shaved* in more ways than one. No good came out of his gains, as I shall presently

tell: but meanwhile his hands were for ever stretched out to claw other folks' money towards himself; and it must be owned that *Madame sa bru* loved a purse too, and was by no means scrupulous as to the way of filling it. Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte was free handed and grand in his manner. He paid a pension, I know not how much, for the maintenance of poor Madame de Saverne. He had brought her to the strait in which she was, poor thing! Had he not worked on her, she never would have left her religion: she never would have fled from her husband: that fatal duel would never have occurred: right or wrong, he was the cause of her calamity, and he would make it as light as it might be. I know how, for years, extravagant and embarrassed as he was, he yet supplied means for handsomely maintaining the little Agnes when she was presently left an orphan in the world, when mother and father both were dead, and her relatives at home disowned her.

The ladies of Barr, Agnes's aunts, totally denied that the infant was their brother's child, and refused any contribution towards her maintenance. Her mother's family equally disavowed her. They had been taught the same story, and I suppose we believe willingly enough what we wish to believe. The poor lady was guilty. Her child had been born in her husband's absence. When his return was announced, she fled from her home, not daring to face him; and the unhappy Count de Saverne died by the pistol of the man who had already robbed him of his honour. La Motte had to bear this obloquy, or only protest against it by letters from England. He could not go over to Lorraine, where he was plunged in debt. "At least, Duval," said he to me, when I shook hands with him, and with all my heart forgave him, "mad, and reckless as I have been, and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort, when I was myself almost without a meal." A bad man no doubt this was; and yet not utterly wicked: a great criminal who paid an awful penalty. Let us be humble, who have erred too; and thankful, if we have a hope that we have found mercy.

I believe it was some braggart letter, which La Motte wrote to a comrade in Monsieur de Vaux's camp, and in which he boasted of making the conversion of a *petite Protestante* at Strasbourg, which came to the knowledge of poor Monsieur de Saverne, hastened his return home, and brought about this dreadful end. La Motte owned as much, indeed, in the last interview I ever had with him.

Who told Madame de Saverne of her husband's death? It was not for years after that I myself (unlucky chatterbox, whose tongue was always blabbing) knew what had happened. My mother thought that she must have overheard Bidois the boatman, who

told the whole story over his glass of geneva in our parlour. The Countess's chamber was overhead, and the door left open. The poor thing used to be very angry at the notion of a locked door, and since that awful escapade to the sea-shore, my mother slept in her room, or a servant whom she liked pretty well supplied Mother's place.

In her condition the dreadful event affected her but little; and we never knew that she was aware of it until one evening when it happened that a neighbour, one of our French people of Rye, was talking over the tea-table, and telling us of a dreadful thing he had seen on Penenden Heath as he was coming home. He there saw *a woman burned at the stake* for the murder of her husband. The story is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1769, and that will settle pretty well the date of the evening when our neighbour related the horrible tale to us.

Poor Madame de Saverne (who had a very grand air, and was perfectly like a lady) said quite simply, "In this case, my good Ursule, I shall be burned too. For you know I was the cause of my husband being killed. Monsieur le Chevalier went and killed him in Corsica." And she looked round with a little smile, and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim hot hands.

When the poor thing spoke, the Chevalier sank back as if he had been shot himself.

"Good-night, neighbour Marion," groans Mother; "she is very bad to-night. Come to bed, my dear, come to bed." And the poor thing followed Mother, curtseying very finely to the company, and saying, quite softly, "Oui, oui, oui, they will burn me; they will burn me."

This idea seized upon her mind, and never left it. Madame la Comtesse passed a night of great agitation; talking incessantly. Mother and her maid were up with her all night. All night long we could hear her songs, her screams, her terrible laughter. . . . Oh, pitiful was thy lot in this world, poor guiltless, harmless lady! In thy brief years, how little happiness! For thy marriage portion only gloom, and terror, and submission, and captivity. The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor frightened spirit! it has woke under serener skies now, and passed out of reach of our terrors, and temptations, and troubles.

At my early age I could only be expected to obey my elders and parents, and to consider all things were right which were done round about me. Mother's cuffs on the head I received without malice, and if the truth must be owned, had not seldom to submit to the *major* operation which my grandfather used to perform with

a certain rod which he kept in a locked cupboard, and accompany with long wearisome sermons between each cut or two of his favourite instrument. These good people, as I gradually began to learn, bore but an indifferent reputation in the town which they inhabited, and were neither liked by the French of their own colony, nor by the English among whom we dwelt. Of course, being a simple little fellow, I honoured my father and mother as became me—my grandfather and mother, that is—father being dead some years.

Grandfather, I knew, had a share in a fishing-boat, as numbers of people had, both at Rye and Winchelsea. Stokes, our fisherman, took me out once or twice, and I liked the sport very much: but it appeared that I ought to have said nothing about the boat and the fishing—for one night when we pulled out only a short way beyond a rock which we used to call the Bull Rock, from a pair of horns which stuck out of the water, and there were hailed by my old friend Bidois, who had come from Boulogne in his lugger—and then . . . well then, I was going to explain the whole matter artlessly to one of our neighbours who happened to step in to supper, when Grandpapa (who had made a grace of five minutes long before taking the dish-cover off) fetched me a slap across the face which sent me reeling off my perch. And the Chevalier, who was supping with us, only laughed at my misfortune.

This being laughed at somehow affected me more than the blows. I was used to those, from Grandfather and Mother too; but when people once had been kind to me I could not bear a different behaviour from them. And this gentleman certainly was. He improved my French very much, and used to laugh at my blunders and bad pronunciation. He took a good deal of pains with me when I was at home, and made me speak French like a little gentleman.

In a very brief time he learned English himself, with a droll accent to be sure, but so as to express himself quite intelligibly. His headquarters were at Winchelsea, though he would frequently be away at Deal, Dover, Canterbury, even London. He paid Mother a pension for little Agnes, who grew apace, and was the most winning child I ever set eyes on. I remember, as well as yesterday, the black dress which was made for her after her poor mother's death, her pale cheeks, and the great solemn eyes gazing out from under the black curling ringlets which fell over her forehead and face.

Why do I make zig-zag journeys? 'Tis the privilege of old age to be garrulous, and its happiness to remember early days. As I sink back in my arm-chair, safe and sheltered *post tot discrimina*,

and happier than it has been the lot of most fellow-sinners to be, the past comes back to me—the stormy past, the strange unhappy yet happy past—and I look at it scared and astonished sometimes; as huntsmen look at the gaps and ditches over which they have leapt, and wonder how they are alive.

My good fortune in rescuing that little darling child caused the Chevalier to be very kind to me; and when he was with us, I used to hang on to the skirts of his coat, and prattle for hours together, quite losing all fear of him. Except my kind namesake, the Captain and Admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy—a gentleman with many a stain, nay crime to reproach him; but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man. I see myself a child prattling at his coat-skirts, and trotting along our roads and marshes with him. I see him with his sad pale face—and a kind of *blighting* look he had—looking at that unconscious lady, at that little baby. My friends the Neapolitans would have called his an evil eye, and exorcised it accordingly. A favourite walk we had was to a house about a mile out of Winchelsea, where a grazing farmer lived. My delight then was to see not his cattle, but his pigeons, of which he had a good stock, of croppers, pouters, runts, and turbits; and amongst these I was told there were a sort of pigeons called carriers, which would fly for prodigious distances, returning from the place to which they were taken though it were ever so distant, to that where they lived and were bred.

Whilst I was at Mr. Perreau's, one of these pigeons actually came in flying from the sea, as it appeared to me: and Perreau looked at it, and fondled it, and said to the Chevalier, "There is nothing. It is to be at the old place." On which Monsieur le Chevalier only said, "C'est bien;" and as we walked away told me all he knew about pigeons, which I daresay was no great knowledge.

Why did he say there was nothing? I asked in the innocence of my prattle. The Chevalier told me that these birds sometimes brought messages, written on a little paper, and tied under their wings, and that Perreau said there was nothing because there was nothing.

"Oh, then! he sometimes *does* have messages with his birds?"

The Chevalier shrugged his shoulders, and took a great pinch out of his fine snuff-box. "What did Papa Duval do to you the other day when you began to talk too fast?" says he. "Learn to hold thy little tongue, Denis, *mon garçon*. If thou livest a little longer, and tellest all thou seest, the Lord help thee!" And I

suppose our conversation ended here, and he strode home, and I trotted after him.

I narrate these things occurring in childhood by the help of one or two marks which have been left behind—as the ingenious boy found his way home by the pebbles which he dropped along his line of march. Thus I happen to know the year when poor Madame de Saverne must have been ill, by referring to the date of the execution of the woman whom our neighbour saw burned on Penenden Heath. Was it days, was it weeks after this that Madame de Saverne's illness ended as all our illnesses will end one day?

During the whole course of her illness, whatever its length may have been, those priests from Slindon (or from Mr. Weston's the Popish gentleman's at the Priory) were constantly in our house, and I suppose created a great scandal among the Protestants of the town. Monsieur de la Motte showed an extraordinary zeal in this business; and, sinner as he was, certainly was a most devout sinner, according to his persuasion. I do not remember, or was not cognisant, when the end came; but I remember my astonishment as, passing by her open chamber door, I saw candles lighted before her bed, and some of those clergy watching there, and the Chevalier de la Motte kneeling in the passage in an attitude of deep contrition and grief.

On that last day there was, as it appeared, a great noise and disturbance round our house. The people took offence at the perpetual coming in and out of the priest; and on the very night when the coffin was to be taken from our house, and the clergymen were performing the last services there, the windows of the room, where the poor lady lay, were broken in by a great volley of stones, and a roaring mob shouting, "No Popery! Down with the priests!"

Grandfather lost all courage at these threatening demonstrations, and screamed out at his *bru* for bringing all this persecution and danger upon him. "Silence, misérable!" says she. "Go sit in the back kitchen, and count your money-bags!" *She*, at least, did not lose her courage.

Monsieur de la Motte, though not frightened, was much disturbed. The matter might be very serious. I did not know at the time how furiously angry our townspeople were with my parents for harbouring a Papist. Had they known that the lady was a converted Protestant, they would, doubtless, have been more violent still.

We were in a manner besieged in our house; the garrison being—the two priests in much terror; my grandfather, under the bed for what I know, or somewhere where he would be equally

serviceable; my mother and the Chevalier, with their wits about them; and little Denis Duval, no doubt very much in the way. When the poor lady died it was thought advisable to send her little girl out of the way; and Mrs. Weston at the Priory took her in, who belonged, as has before been said, to the ancient faith.

We looked out with no little alarm for the time when the hearse should come to take the poor lady's body away; for the people would not leave the street, and barricaded either end of it, having perpetrated no actual violence beyond the smashing of the windows as yet, but ready no doubt for more mischief.

Calling me to him, Monsieur de la Motte said, "Denis, thou rememberest about the carrier pigeon the other day with nothing under his wing?" I remembered, of course.

"Thou shalt be my carrier pigeon. Thou shalt carry no letter, but a message. I can trust thee now with a secret." And I kept it, and will tell it now that the people are quite out of danger from *that* piece of intelligence, as I can promise you.

"You know Mr. Weston's house?" Know the house where Agnes was—the best house in the town? Of course I did. He named eight or ten houses besides Weston's at which I was to go and say, "The mackerel are coming in. Come as many of you as can." And I went to the houses, and said the words; and when the people said "Where?" I said, "Opposite our house," and so went on.

The last and handsomest house (I had never been in it before) was Mr. Weston's, at the Priory: and there I went and called to see him. And I remember Mrs. Weston was walking up and down a gallery over the hall with a little crying child who would not go to sleep.

"Agnes, Agnes!" says I, and that baby was quiet in a minute, smiling, and crowing, and flinging out her arms. Indeed, mine was the first name she could speak.

The gentlemen came out of their parlour, where they were over their pipes, and asked me, surlily enough, what I wanted. I said, "The mackerel are out, and the crews are wanted before Peter Duval's, the barber's." And one of them, with a scowl on his face, and an oath, said they would be there, and shut the door in my face.

As I went away from the Priory, and crossed the churchyard by the Rectory gate, who should come up but Doctor Barnard in his gig, with lamps lighted; and I always saluted him after he had been so kind to me, and had given me the books and the cake. "What," says he, "my little shrimper! Have you fetched any fish off the rocks to-night?"

"Oh, no, sir!" says I. "I have been taking messages all round."

"And what message, my boy?"

I told him the message about the mackerel, &c.; but added that I must not tell the names, for the Chevalier had desired me not to mention them. And then I went on to tell how there was a great crowd in the street, and that they were breaking windows at our house.

"Breaking windows? What for?" I told him what had happened. "Take Dolly to the stables. Don't say anything to your mistress, Samuel, and come along with me, my little shrimper," says the Doctor. He was a very tall man in a great white wig. I see him now skipping over the tombstones, by the great ivy tower of the church, and so through the churchyard-gate towards our house.

The hearse had arrived by this time. The crowd had increased, and there was much disturbance and agitation. As soon as the hearse came, a yell rose up from the people. "Silence! shame! Hold your tongue! Let the poor woman go in quiet," a few people said. These were the men of the *mackerel fishery;* whom the Weston gentlemen presently joined. But the fishermen were a small crowd; the townspeople were many and very angry. As we passed by the end of Port Street (where our house was) we could see the people crowding at either end of the street, and in the midst the great hearse with its black plumes before our door.

It was impossible that the hearse could pass through the crowd at either end of the street, if the people were determined to bar the way. I went in, as I had come, by the back gate of the garden, where the lane was still quite solitary, Doctor Barnard following me. We were awfully scared as we passed through the back kitchen (where the oven and boiler are) by the sight of an individual who suddenly leapt out of the copper, and who cried out, "O mercy, mercy! save me from the wicked men!" This was my grandpapa, and with all respect for grandpapas (being of their age and standing myself now), I cannot but own that mine on this occasion cut rather a pitiful figure.

"Save my house! Save my property!" shouts my ancestor, and the Doctor turns away from him scornfully, and passes on.

In the passage out of this back kitchen we met Monsieur de la Motte, who says, "Ah, c'est toi, mon garçon! Thou hast been on thy errands? Our people are well there?" and he makes a bow to the Doctor, who came in with me, and who replied by a salutation equally stiff. Monsieur de la Motte, reconnoitring from the upper room, had, no doubt, seen his people arrive. As I looked towards

him I remarked that he was armed. He had a belt with pistols in it, and a sword by his side.

In the back room were the two Roman Catholic clergymen, and four men who had come with the hearse. They had been fiercely assailed as they entered the house with curses, shouts, hustling, and I believe even sticks and stones. My mother was serving them with brandy when we came in. She was astonished when she saw the Rector make his appearance in our house. There was no love between his Reverence and our family.

He made a very grand obeisance to the Roman Catholic clergymen. "Gentlemen," said he, "as rector of this parish, and magistrate of the county, I have come to keep the peace, and if there is any danger, to share it with you. The lady will be buried in the old churchyard, I hear. Mr. Trestles, are you ready to move?"

The men said they would be prepared immediately, and went to bring down their melancholy burden. "Open the door, you!" says the Doctor. The people within shrank back. "*I* will do it," says Mother.

"Et moi, parbleu!" says the Chevalier advancing, his hand on his hilt.

"I think, sir, I shall be more serviceable than you," says the Doctor, very coldly. "If these gentlemen my *confrères* are ready, we will go out; I will go first, as rector of this parish." And Mother drew the bolts, and he walked out and took off his hat.

A Babel roar of yells, shouts, curses came pouring into the hall as the door opened, and the Doctor remained on the steps, bareheaded and undaunted.

"How many of my parishioners are here? Stand aside all who come to my church!" he called out very bold.

At this arose immense roars of "No Popery! down with the priests! down with them! drown them!" and I know not what more words of hatred and menace.

"You men of the French church," shouted out the Doctor, "are you here?"

"We are here! Down with Popery!" roar the Frenchmen.

"Because you were persecuted a hundred years ago, you want to persecute in your turn. Is that what your Bible teaches you? Mine doesn't. When your church wanted repair, I gave you my nave, where you had your service, and were welcome. Is this the way you repay kindness which has been shown to you, you who ought to know better? For shame on you! I say, for shame! Don't try and frighten *me*. Roger Hooker, I know you, you poaching vagabond! Who kept your wife and children when you were at Lewes Gaol? How dare *you* be persecuting anybody,

Thomas Flint? As sure as my name is Barnard, if you stop this procession, I will commit you to-morrow."

Here was a cry of "Huzzay for the Doctor! huzzay for the Rector!" which I am afraid came from the *mackerels*, who were assembled by this time, and were *not* mum, as fish generally are.

"Now, gentlemen, advance, if you please!" This he said to the two foreign clergymen, who came forward courageously enough, the Chevalier de la Motte walking behind them. "Listen, you friends and parishioners, Churchmen and Dissenters! These two foreign dissenting clergymen are going to bury, in a neighbouring churchyard, a departed sister, as you foreign dissenters have buried your own dead without harm or hindrance; and I will accompany these gentlemen to the grave prepared for the deceased lady, and I will see her laid in peace there, as surely as I hope myself to lie in peace."

Here the people shouted; but it was with admiration for the Rector. There was no outcry any more. The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant church to the old burying-ground behind the house of the Priory. The Rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now—the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old graveyard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug, on which the stone still tells that Clarissa, born De Viomesnil, and widow of Francis Stanislas Count of Saverne and Barr in Lorraine, lies buried beneath.

When the service was ended, the Chevalier de la Motte (by whose side I stood, holding by his cloak) came up to the Doctor. "Monsieur le Docteur," says he, "you have acted like a gallant man; you have prevented bloodshed——"

"I am fortunate, sir," says the Doctor.

"You have saved the lives of these two worthy ecclesiastics, and rescued from insult the remains of one——"

"Of whom I know the sad history," says the Doctor, very gravely.

"I am not rich, but will you permit me to give this purse for your poor?"

"Sir, it is my duty to accept it," replied the Doctor. The purse contained a hundred louis, as he afterwards told me.

"And may I ask to take your hand, sir?" cries the poor Chevalier, clasping his own together.

"No, sir!" said the Doctor, putting his own hands behind his back. "Your hands have that on them which the gift of a few

guineas cannot wash away." The Doctor spoke very good French. "My child, good-night; and the best thing I can wish thee is to wish thee out of the hands of that man."

"Monsieur!" says the Chevalier, laying his hand on his sword mechanically.

"I think, sir, the last time it was with the pistol you showed your skill!" says Doctor Barnard, and went in at his own wicket as he spoke, leaving poor La Motte like a man who has just been struck with a blow; and then he fell to weeping and crying that the curse—the curse of Cain was upon him.

"My good boy," the old Rector said to me in after days, while talking over these adventures, "thy friend the Chevalier was the most infernal scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and I never looked at his foot without expecting to see it was cloven."

"And could he tell me anything about the poor Countess?" I asked. He knew nothing. He saw her but once, he thought. "And faith," says he, with an arch look, "it so happened that I was not too intimate with your *own* worthy family."

CHAPTER V

I HEAR THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS

WHATEVER may have been the Rector's dislike to my parents, in respect of us juniors and my dear little Agnes de Saverne he had no such prejudices, and both of us were great favourites with him. He considered himself to be a man entirely without prejudices; and towards Roman Catholics he certainly was most liberal. He sent his wife to see Mrs. Weston, and an acquaintance was made between the families, who had scarcely known each other before. Little Agnes was constantly with these Westons, with whom the Chevalier de la Motte also became intimate. Indeed, we have seen that he must have known them already, when he sent me on the famous "mackerel" message which brought together a score at least of townspeople. I remember Mrs. Weston as a frightened-looking woman, who seemed as if she had a ghost constantly before her. Frightened, however, or not, she was always kind to my little Agnes.

The younger of the Weston brothers (he who swore at me the night of the burial) was a red-eyed, pimple-faced, cock-fighting gentleman for ever on the trot, and known, I daresay not very favourably, all the country round. They were said to be gentlemen of good private means. They lived in a pretty genteel way, with a post-chaise for the lady, and excellent nags to ride. They saw very little company; but this may have been because they were Roman Catholics, of whom there were not many in the county, except at Arundel and Slindon, where the lords and ladies were of too great quality to associate with a pair of mere fox-hunting, horse-dealing squires. Monsieur de la Motte, who was quite the fine gentleman, as I have said, associated with these people freely enough: but then he had interests in common with them, which I began to understand when I was some ten or a dozen years old, and used to go to see my little Agnes at the Priory. She was growing apace to be a fine lady. She had dancing-masters, music-masters, language-masters (those foreign *tonsured* gentry who were always about the Priory), and was so tall that Mother talked of putting powder in her

hair. Ah, belle dame! another hand hath since whitened it, though I love it, ebony or silver!

I continued at Rye School, boarding with Mr. Rudge and his dram-drinking daughter, and got a pretty fair smattering of such learning as was to be had at the school. I had a fancy to go to sea, but Doctor Barnard was strong against that wish of mine: unless indeed I should go out of Rye and Winchelsea altogether—get into a King's ship, and perhaps on the quarter-deck, under the patronage of my friend Sir Peter Denis, who ever continued to be kind to me.

Every Saturday night I trudged home from Rye, as gay as schoolboy could be. After Madame de Saverne's death the Chevalier de la Motte took our lodgings on the first-floor. He was of an active disposition, and found business in plenty to occupy him. He would be absent from his lodgings for weeks and months. He made journeys on horseback into the interior of the country; went to London often; and sometimes abroad with our fishermen's boats. As I have said, he learned our language well, and taught me his. Mother's German was better than her French, and my book for reading the German was Doctor Luther's Bible; indeed, that very volume in which poor Monsieur de Saverne wrote down his prayer for the child whom he was to see only twice in this world.

Though Agnes's little chamber was always ready at our house, where she was treated like a little lady, having a servant specially attached to her, and all the world to spoil her, she passed a great deal of time with Mrs. Weston, of the Priory, who took a great affection for the child even before she lost her own daughter. I have said that good masters were here found for her. She learned to speak English as a native, of course, and French and music from the fathers who always were about the house. Whatever the child's expenses or wants were, Monsieur de la Motte generously defrayed them. After his journeys he would bring her back toys, sweetmeats, knicknacks fit for a little duchess. She lorded it over great and small in the Priory, in the *Perruquery*, as we may call my mother's house, ay, and in the Rectory too, where Doctor and Mrs. Barnard were her very humble servants, like all the rest of us.

And here I may as well tell you that I was made to become a member of the Church of England, because Mother took huff at our French Protestants, who would continue persecuting her for harbouring the Papists, and insisted that between the late poor Countess and the Chevalier there had been an unlawful intimacy. Monsieur

Borel, our pastor, preached at poor Mother several times, she said. I did not understand his innuendoes, being a simple child, I fear not caring much for sermons in those days. For Grandpapa's I know I did not; he used to give us half-an-hour at morning, and half-an-hour at evening. I could not help thinking of Grandfather skipping out of the copper, and calling on us to spare his life on the day of the funeral; and his preaching went in at one ear and out at t'other. One day—*à propos* of some pomatum which a customer wanted to buy, and which I knew Mother made with lard and bergamot herself—I heard him tell such a fib to a customer, that somehow I never could respect the old man afterwards. He actually said the pomatum had just come to him from France direct—from the Dauphin's own hairdresser: and our neighbour, I daresay, would have bought it, but I said, "Oh, Grandpapa, you must mean some other pomatum! I saw Mother make this with her own hands." Grandfather actually began to cry when I said this. He said I was being his death. He asked that somebody should fetch him out and hang him that moment. Why is there no bear, says he, to eat that little monster's head off and destroy that prodigy of crime? Nay, I used to think I *was* a monster sometimes: he would go on so fiercely about my wickedness and perverseness.

Doctor Barnard was passing by our pole one day, and our open door, when Grandfather was preaching upon this sin of mine, with a strap in one hand, laying over my shoulders in the intervals of the discourse. Down goes the strap in a minute, as the Doctor's lean figure makes its appearance at the door; and Grandfather begins to smirk and bow, and hope his Reverence was well. My heart was full. I had had sermon in the morning, and sermon at night, and strapping every day that week; and Heaven help me, I loathed that old man, and loathe him still.

"How can I, sir," says I, bursting out into a passion of tears—"How can I honour my grandfather and mother, if Grandfather tells such d—— lies as he does?" And I stamped with my feet, trembling with wrath and indignation at the disgrace put upon me. I then burst out with my story, which there was no controverting; and I will say Grandfather looked at me as if he would kill me; and I ended my tale sobbing at the Doctor's knees.

"Listen, Mr. Duval," says Doctor Barnard, very sternly: "I know a great deal more than you think about you and your doings. My advice to you is to treat this child well, and to leave off some practices which will get you into trouble, as sure as your name is what it is. I know where your pigeons go to, and where they come from. And some day, when I have you in my justice-room, we shall see whether I will show you any more mercy than you

have shown to this child. I know you to be——" and the Doctor whispered something into Grandfather's ears and stalked away.

Can you guess by what name the Doctor called my grandfather? If he called him hypocrite, *ma foi*, he was not far wrong. But the truth is, he called him smuggler, and that was a name which fitted hundreds of people along our coast, I promise you. At Hythe, at Folkestone, at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, there were scores and scores of these gentry. All the way to London they had depôts, friends, and correspondents. Inland and along the Thames there were battles endless between them and the revenue people. Our friends "the mackerel," who came out at Monsieur de la Motte's summons, of course were of this calling. One day when he came home from one of his expeditions, I remember jumping forward to welcome him, for he was at one time very kind to me, and as I ran into his arms he started back, and shrieked out an oath and a *sacré bleu* or two. He was wounded in the arm. There had been a regular battle at Deal between the dragoons and revenue officers on the one side, and the smugglers and their friends. Cavalry had charged cavalry, and Monsieur de la Motte (his smuggling name, he told me afterwards, was Mr. Paul, or Pole) had fought on the *mackerel* side.

So were my gentlemen at the Priory of the Mackerel party. Why, I could name you great names of merchants and bankers at Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, who were engaged in this traffic. My grandfather, you see, howled with the wolves; but then he used to wear a snug *lamb's skin* over his wolf's hide. Ah, shall I thank Heaven, like the Pharisee, that I am not as those men are? I hope there is no harm in being thankful that I have been brought out of temptation; that I was not made a rogue at a child's age; and that I did not come to the gallows as a man. Such a fate has befallen more than one of the precious friends of my youth, as I shall have to relate in due season.

That habit I had of speaking out everything that was on my mind, brought me, as a child, into innumerable scrapes, but I do thankfully believe has preserved me from still greater. What could you do with a little chatterbox, who, when his grandfather offered to sell a pot of pomatum as your true Pommade de Cythère, must cry out, "No, Grandpapa, Mother made it with marrow and bergamot"? If anything happened which I was not to mention, I was sure to blunder out some account of it. Good Doctor Barnard, and my patron Captain Denis (who was a great friend of our Rector), I suppose used to joke about this propensity of mine, and would laugh for ten minutes together, as I told my stories; and I think the Doctor had a serious conversation with my mother on

the matter; for she said, "He has reason. The boy shall not go any more. We will try and have *one* honest man in the family."

Go any more *where?* Now I will tell you (and I am much more ashamed of this than of the barber's pole, Monsieur mon fils, that I can promise you). When I was boarding at the grocer's at Rye, I and other boys were constantly down at the water, and we learned to manage a boat pretty early. Rudge did not go out himself, being rheumatic and lazy, but his apprentice would be absent frequently all night; and on more than one occasion I went out as odd boy in the boat to put my hand to anything.

Those pigeons I spoke of anon came from Boulogne. When one arrived he brought a signal that our Boulogne correspondent was on his way, and we might be on the look-out. The French boat would make for a point agreed upon, and we lay off until she came. We took cargo from her: barrels without number, I remember. Once we saw her chased away by a revenue cutter. Once the same ship fired at us. I did not know what the balls were, which splashed close alongside of us; but I remember the apprentice of Rudge's (he used to make love to Miss R., and married her afterwards) singing out, "Lord, have mercy!" in an awful consternation, and the Chevalier crying out, "Hold your tongue, *misérable!* You were never born to be drowned or shot." He had some hesitation about taking me out on this expedition. He was engaged in running smuggled goods, that is the fact; and "smuggler" was the word which Doctor Barnard whispered in my grandfather's ear. If we were hard pressed at certain points which we knew, and could ascertain by cross-bearings which we took, we would sink our kegs till a more convenient time, and then return and drag for them, and bring them up with line and grapnel.

I certainly behaved much better when we were fired at, than that oaf of a Bevil, who lay howling his "Lord have mercy upon us!" at the bottom of the boat; but somehow the Chevalier discouraged my juvenile efforts in the smuggling line, from his fear of that unlucky tongue of mine, which would blab everything I knew. I may have been out *a-fishing* half-a-dozen times in all, but especially after we had been fired at, La Motte was for leaving me at home. My mother was averse, too, to my becoming a seaman (a smuggler) by profession. Her aim was to make a gentleman of me, she said, and I am most unfeignedly thankful to her for her keeping me out of mischief's way. Had I been permitted to herd along with the black sheep, Doctor Barnard would never have been so kind to me as he was; and indeed that good man showed me the greatest favour. When I came home from school he would often

have me to the Rectory, and hear me my lessons, and he was pleased to say I was a lively boy of good parts.

The Doctor received rents for his college at Oxford, which has considerable property in these parts, and twice a year would go to London and pay the moneys over. In my boyish times these journeys to London were by no means without danger; and if you will take a *Gentleman's Magazine* from the shelf you will find a highway robbery or two in every month's chronicle. We boys at school were never tired of talking of highwaymen and their feats. As I often had to walk over to Rye from home of a night (so as to be in time for early morning school), I must needs buy a little brass-barrelled pistol, with which I practised in secret, and which I had to hide, lest Mother, or Rudge, or the schoolmaster should take it away from me. Once as I was talking with a schoolfellow, and vapouring about what we would do, were we attacked, I fired my pistol, and shot away a piece of his coat. I might have hit his stomach, not his coat—Heaven be good to us!—and this accident made me more careful in the use of my artillery. And now I used to practice with small shot instead of bullets, and pop at sparrows whenever I could get a chance.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend, Doctor Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the Doctor there was a great friendship; and it is to those dear friends that I owe the great good fortune which has befallen me in life. Indeed, when I think of what I might have been, and of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Doctor Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave, I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents, my neighbour Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mrs. Salmon's waxwork before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there, but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, Saint Paul's, and Mrs. Salmon's, here was a height of bliss I never had hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking of my pleasure; I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the Chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red

waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn packing my little valise. I got my little brass-barrelled pocket-pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast-pocket; and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face. The Doctor's post-chaise was at his stables not very far from us. The stable lanterns were alight, and Brown, the Doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! there come the horses at last; the horses from the "King's Head," and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postillion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell everything that happened on that day: what we had for dinner—viz., veal cutlets, and French beans, at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the colour of the horses. "Here, Brown! Here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage and we drive up to the Rectory; and I think the Doctor will never come out. There he is at last: with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I must jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I, and I daresay they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that anybody may laugh who likes. The Doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlour window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards farther on at the Priory.

There at the parlour window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue riband and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my dear; but thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleuch afterwards. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him, his master, Mr. George Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight, when I saw him bring out two holster-pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my lordship accompanied by my noble friends passed by.

First stage, Ham Street, "The Bear." A grey horse and a bay to change, *I* remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage——I think I am asleep about the third stage; and no wonder, a poor little wretch who had been awake half the night before, and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of this wonderful journey. Fourth stage, Maidstone, "The Bell." "And here we will stop to dinner, Master Shrimpcatcher," says the Doctor, and I jump down out of the carriage nothing loth. The Doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The Doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I, for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the ostler who was rubbing his nags down. I daresay I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn yard, and at all things which were to be seen at "The Bell," while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old-fashioned inn, with a gallery round the courtyard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the post-chaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old "Bell." And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I daresay I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being for ever on the look-out for Saint Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Doctor Barnard and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the Rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two Churches. Towards the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Doctor Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke up with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the post-chaise.

"Give us out that there box! and your money!" I heard him say in a very gruff voice. O heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick. "Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and fired point-blank at the rogue's

head. Confusion! The pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your——"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took out my little pistol, which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postillion, frightened no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Shan't we stop and take that rascal, sir?" said I to the Doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, had shot a live highwayman, that I daresay I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was Saint Paul's. We went up Holborn, and so to Ormond Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Denis, received me with a great deal of kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

Sir Peter and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently had in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was below in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my Lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me upstairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of "Macbeth," in a gold-laced blue coat with scarlet plush waistcoat and breeches. Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camelopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there were the Tower, and the Waxwork, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was! At the week's end the kind Doctor went home again, and all those dear kind people gave me presents, and cakes, and money, and spoilt the little boy who shot the highwayman.

The affair was actually put into the newspapers, and who should come to hear of it but my gracious Sovereign himself. One day Sir Peter Denis took me to see Kew Gardens and the new Chinese pagoda her Majesty had put up. Whilst walking here, and surveying this pretty place, I had the good fortune to see his M–j–sty, walking with our most gracious Qu—n, the Pr–nce of W—s, *the Bishop of Osnaburg*, my namesake, and, I think, two, or it may be three, of the Princesses. Her M–j–sty knew Sir Peter from having sailed with him, saluted him very graciously, and engaged him in conversation. And the Best of Monarchs, looking towards his humblest subject and servant, said, "What, what? Little boy shot the highwayman! Shot him in the face! Shot him in the face!" On which the youthful Pr–nces graciously looked towards me, and the King asking Sir Peter what my profession was to be, the Admiral said I hoped to be a sailor and serve his Majesty.

I promise you I was a mighty grand personage when I went home; and both at Rye and Winchelsea scores of people asked me what the King said. On our return, we heard of an accident which had happened to Mr. Joseph Weston, which ended most unhappily for that gentleman. On the very day when we set out for London he went out shooting—a sport of which he was very fond; but in climbing a hedge, and dragging his gun incautiously after him, the lock caught in a twig, and the piece discharged itself into the poor gentleman's face, lodging a number of shot into his left cheek, and into his eye, of which he lost the sight, after suffering much pain and torture.

"Bless my soul! A charge of small shot in his face! What an extraordinary thing!" cries Doctor Barnard, who came down to see Mother and Grandfather the day after our return home. Mrs. Barnard had told him of the accident at supper on the night previous. Had he been shot or shot some one himself, the Doctor could scarce have looked more scared. He put me in mind of Mr. Garrick, whom I had just seen at the playhouse, London, when he comes out after murdering the King.

"You look, Docteur, as if you done it yourself," says Monsieur de la Motte, laughing, and in his English jargon. "Two time, three time, I say, Weston, you shoot yourself, you carry you gun that way, and he say he not born to be shot, and he swear!"

"But, my good Chevalier, Doctor Blades picked some bits of crape out of his eye, and thirteen or fourteen shot. What is the size of your shot, Denny, with which you fired at the highwayman?"

"Quid autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui, Doctor?" says the Chevalier; "that is good doctrine—Protestant or Popish, eh?"

On which the Doctor held down his head, and said, "Chevalier, I am corrected; I was wrong—very wrong."

"And as for crape," La Motte resumed, "Weston is in mourning. He go to funeral at Canterbury four days ago. Yes, he tell me so. He and my friend Lütterloh go." This Mr. Lütterloh was a German living near Canterbury, with whom Monsieur de la Motte had dealings. He had dealings with all sorts of people; and very queer dealings, too, as I began to understand now that I was a stout boy approaching fourteen years of age, and standing pretty tall in my shoes.

De la Motte laughed then at the Doctor's suspicions. "Parsons and women all the same, save your respect, ma bonne Madame Duval; all tell tales; all believe evil of their neighbours. I tell you I see Weston shoot twenty, thirty time. Always drag his gun through hedge."

"But the crape——?"

"Bah! Always in mourning, Weston is! For shame of your *cancans*, little Denis! Never think such thing again. Don't make Weston your enemy. If a man say that of me, I would shoot him myself, *parbleu!*"

"But if he has done it?"

"*Parbleu!* I would shoot him so much ze mor!" says the Chevalier, with a stamp of his foot. And the first time he saw me alone he reverted to the subject. "Listen, Denisot!" says he: "thou becomest a great boy. Take my counsel, and hold thy tongue. This suspicion against Mr. Joseph is a monstrous crime, as well as a folly. A man say that of me—right or wrong—I burn him the brain. Once I come home, and you run against me, and I cry out, and swear and pest. I was wounded myself, I deny it not."

"And I said nothing, sir," I interposed.

"No, I do thee justice; thou didst say nothing. You know the *métier* we make sometimes? That night in the boat" ("*zat* night in *ze* boat," he used to say), "when the revenue cutter fire, and your poor camarade howl—ah, how he howl—you don't suppose we were there to look for lobstare-pot, eh? Tu n'as pas bronché, toi. You did not crane; you show yourself a man of heart. And now, petit, apprends à te taire!" And he gave me a shake of the hand, and a couple of guineas in it too, and went off to his stables on his business. He had two or three horses now, and was always on the trot; he was very liberal with his money, and used to have handsome entertainments in his upstairs room, and never quarrelled about the bills which Mother sent in. "Hold thy tongue, Denisot," said he. "Never tell who comes in or who goes out. And mind

thee, child, if thy tongue wags, little birds come and whisper me, and say, 'He tell.'"

I tried to obey his advice, and to rein in that truant tongue of mine. When Doctor and Mrs. Barnard themselves asked me questions I was mum, and perhaps rather disappointed the good lady and the Rector too by my reticence. For instance, Mrs. Barnard would say, "That was a nice goose I saw going from market to your house, Denny."

"Goose is very nice, ma'am," says I.

"The Chevalier often has dinners?"

"Dines every day, regular, ma'am."

"Sees the Westons a great deal?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say, with an indescribable heart-pang. And the cause of that pang I may as well tell. You see, though I was only thirteen years old, and Agnes but eight, I loved that little maid with all my soul and strength. Boy or man I never loved any other woman. I write these very words by my study fire in Fareport with madam opposite dozing over her novel till the neighbours shall come in to tea and their rubber. When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayer shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan, when her turn shall arrive.

Now in the last year or two since she had been adopted at the Priory, Agnes came less and less often to see us. She did not go to church with us, being a Catholic. She learned from the good fathers her tutors. She learned music and French and dancing to perfection. All the country could not show a finer little lady. When she came to our shop, it was indeed a little countess honouring us with a visit. Mother was gentle before her—Grandfather obsequious—I, of course, her most humble little servant. Wednesday (a half-holiday), and half Saturday, and all Sunday I might come home from school, and how I used to trudge, and how I longed to see that little maiden, any gentleman may imagine who has lost his heart to an Agnes of his own.

The first day of my arrival at home, after the memorable London journey, I presented myself at the Priory, with my pocket full of presents for Agnes. The footman let me into the hall civilly enough: but the young lady was out with Mrs. Weston in the post-chaise. I might leave my message.

I wanted to *give* my message. Somehow in that fortnight's absence from home, I had so got to long after Agnes that I never had my little sweetheart quite out of my mind. It may have been

a silly thing, but I got a little pocket-book and wrote in French a journal of all I saw in London. I daresay there were some petty faults in grammar. I remember a fine paragraph about my meeting the Royal personages at Kew, and all their names written down in order; and this little pocket-book I must needs send to Mademoiselle de Saverne.

The next day I called again. Still Mademoiselle de Saverne was not to be seen: but in the evening a servant brought a little note from her, in which she thanked her dear brother for his beautiful book. That was some consolation. She liked the pocket-book, anyhow. I wonder, can you young people guess what I did to it before I sent it away? Yes, I did. "One, tree, feefty time," as the Chevalier would say. The next morning, quite early, I had to go back to school, having promised the Doctor to work hard after my holiday; and work I did with a will, at my French and my English, and my Navigation. I thought Saturday would never come: but it did at last, and I trotted as quick as legs would carry me from school to Winchelsea. My legs were growing apace now; and especially as they took me homewards, few could outrun them.

All good women are match-makers at heart. My dear Mrs. Barnard saw quite soon what my condition of mind was, and was touched by my boyish fervour. I called once, twice, thrice at the Priory, and never could get a sight of Miss Agnes. The servant used to shrug his shoulders and laugh at me in an insolent way, and the last time said—"You need not call any more. We don't want our hair cut here, nor no pomatum, nor no soap, do you understand that?" and he slammed the door in my face. I was stunned by this insolence, and beside myself with rage and mortification. I went to Mrs. Barnard, and told her what had happened to me. I burst into tears of passion and grief as I flung myself on a sofa by the good lady. I told her how I had rescued little Agnes, how I loved the little thing better than all the world. I spoke my heart out, and eased it somewhat, for the good lady wiped her eyes more than once, and finished by giving me a kiss. She did more; she invited me to tea with her on the next Wednesday when I came home from school, and who should be there but little Agnes. She blushed very much. Then she came towards me. Then she held up her little cheek to be kissed, and then she cried—oh, how she did cry! There were three people whimpering in that room. (How well I recollect it opening into the garden, and the little old blue dragon teacups and silver pot!) There were three persons, I say, crying: a lady of fifty, a boy of thirteen, and a little girl of eight years of age. Can you guess what happened next? Of course the lady of fifty remembered that she had forgotten her spectacles,

and went upstairs to fetch them; and then the little maiden began to open her heart to me, and told her dear Denny how she had been longing to see him, and how they were very angry with him at the Priory; so angry that his name was never to be spoken. "The Chevalier said that, and so did the gentlemen—especially Mr. Joseph, who had been dreadful since his accident, and one day (says my dear) when you called, he was behind the door with a great horsewhip, and said he would let you in, and flog your soul out of your body, only Mrs. Weston cried, and Mr. George said, 'Don't be a fool, Joe!' But something you have done to Mr. Joseph, dear Denny, and when your name is mentioned, he rages and swears so that it is dreadful to hear him. What can make the gentleman so angry with you?"

"So he actually was waiting with a horsewhip, was he? In that case I know what I would do. I would never go about without my pistol. I have hit one fellow," said I, "and if any other man threatens me I will defend myself."

My dear Agnes said that they were very kind to her at the Priory, although she could not bear Mr. Joseph—that they gave her good masters, that she was to go to a good school kept by a Catholic lady at Arundel. And oh, how she wished her Denny would turn Catholic, and she prayed for him always, always! And for that matter I know some one who never night or morning on his knees has forgotten that little maiden. The father used to come and give her lessons three or four times in the week, and she used to learn her lessons by heart, walking up and down in the great green walk in the kitchen-garden every morning at eleven o'clock. I knew the kitchen-garden! the wall was in North Lane, one of the old walls of the convent: at the end of the green walk there was a pear tree. And that was where she always went to learn her lessons.

And here, I suppose, Mrs. Barnard returned to the room, having found her spectacles. And as I take mine off my nose and shut my eyes, that well-remembered scene of boyhood passes before them —that garden basking in the autumn evening—that little maiden with peachy cheeks, and glistening curls, that dear and kind old lady, who says, "'Tis time now, children, you should go home."

I had to go to school that night; but before I went I ran up North Lane and saw the old wall and the pear tree behind it. And do you know I thought I would try and get up the wall, and easy enough it was to find a footing between those crumbling old stones; and when on the top I could look down from the branches of the tree into the garden below, and see the house at the farther end.

So that was the broad walk where Agnes learned her lessons? Master Denis Duval pretty soon had that lesson by heart.

Yes: but one day in the Christmas holidays, when there was a bitter frost, and the stones and the wall were so slippery that Mr. D. D. tore his fingers and his small-clothes in climbing to his point of observation, it happened that little Agnes was *not* sitting under the tree learning her lessons, and none but an idiot would have supposed that she would have come out on such a day.

But who should be in the garden, pacing up and down the walk all white with hoar-frost, but Joseph Weston with his patch over his eye. Unluckily he had one eye left with which he saw me, and the next moment I heard the *report* of a tremendous oath, and then a brickbat came whizzing at my head, so close that, had it struck me, it would have knocked out my eye, and my brains too.

I was down the wall in a moment: it was slippery enough; and two or three more brickbats came *à mon adresse*, but luckily failed to hit their mark.

CHAPTER VI

I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER

I SPOKE of the affair of the brickbats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell Mother, lest she should be inclined to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half-a-dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we *engaged* nevertheless, and, after we had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says,—"Well, Denny, I could do it—you know I could: but I'm so lazy, I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear, that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterwards. By the way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practise at sea presently, in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home, I think Monsieur de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as Grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house,

and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feelings towards that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished: of his money most liberal, witty (in a dry *cruel* sort of way)—most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes's father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats, he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly—viz., that the shout which Weston gave, and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with the craped face*, at whom I fired from the postchaise.

"*Bah, bêtise!*" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age."

I daresay I turned red. "I heard somebody's voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "*Parbleu!* Monsieur Weston has well done!"

"Sir!" said I, in a towering rage, "barber as I am, my fathers were honourable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to *swear* that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Doctor Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The Chevalier looked aghast, and threatening for awhile. "Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous, and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistress Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under your grandfather's pole—parbleu. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? Gare aux manstraps, mon garçon! Vive Dieu, if I see thee on that wall I will fire on thee, moi le premier! *You* pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! ha! ha!" and he grinned and looked like that *cloven*-footed gentleman of whom Doctor Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up to be a young man, and

was not the obedient prattling child of last year. I told Grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and gripped it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts, but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I daresay I cocked my hat, and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billis, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waistcoat off for half-an-hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace, and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies between a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home—Heaven help him!—who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt whilst preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it is a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with his strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Doctor Barnard, and to this day I remember the conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people of our acquaintance and neighbourhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was

wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our Doctor's sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached, to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter; but he showed me how such a life must be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man amongst desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny, my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from;* but 'tis clear we cannot make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be——" And here my good Doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and—the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached *a certain subject*, an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor Grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used this Name as familiarly as any other, and——but who am I to judge? and, my poor old Grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo?* . . . Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear Doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth, and my hand should be sullied by no secret crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolwards by West Street certainly was a *détour*.

* Eheu! where a part of it *went to*, I shall have to say presently.—D. D.

I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen *a certain window:* a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a postchaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practised no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the Chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which Mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Doctor Barnard of this second attempt, and the good Doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not so very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however; and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the Doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Doctor Barnard, going by this field *a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing*, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone enclosure!

"Good night, Denny," says the Doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the Rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and *a bullet* in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the Doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-sized shot which Denis used to pepper *his* rascal," continues the Doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit when your brother and I travelled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of anything unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise-moi bien cet homme-là," says the Doctor; and gripping hold of Weston's arm, what does Doctor Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket, and draw thence *another* pistol! He said afterwards he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston; "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell everybody he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of travelling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their postchaises."

"You scoundrel, you—you, boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libelled me, and I'll have the *lor* on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the other fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to *lor* as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the Rectory—the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the Doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering: and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side

was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades, the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the Chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or know that there was such mighty wrath harboured against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed Mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time: but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when Monsieur le Chevalier, being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me: "*Eh bien*, Monsieur de la Motte!" says she, "we shall see if we can't pass ourselves of you and your patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better for it." "No," replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, "my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse—*entendez-vous?*" "Bah, bah!" says the stout old lady. "Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, Monsieur le Chevalier?"

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my town playfellows, by name Hookham, a seafaring man, who had met with an accident at his business—strained his back—and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man; the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my Lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea

there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker's, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me: "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatterbox of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent." And so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is *you* who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have bought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress, I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good-nature; and I daresay I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, everything is

known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Doctor Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to have as boys)—"Swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those—you know who—the gentlemen—want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know what they are," says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in gaol. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Barnes's ricks were burnt down before six months were over. How was Thomas Berry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell—no, never—that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, Father says. Don't go on any—and you know what—any *fishing* business, except with those you know." And so Tom leaves me with a finger to his lip and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a sail dearly, my mind was made up by good Doctor Barnard's advice to me. I would have no more night-fishing such as I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when Rudge's apprentice one night invited me, and called me a coward for refusing to go, I showed him I was no coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood out a battle with him, in which I do believe I should have proved conqueror, though the fellow was four years my senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, joined him in the midst of our fight, and knocked me down with the kitchen bellows, when they both belaboured me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Elder Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful combat, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would as soon have made love to a negress as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I knew a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure, that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthy* Mr.

Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after days), "Denis Duval is *not* wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is not true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!"

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me, indeed, a *gute Wehr und Waffen*. I was for ever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my schoolfellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went upstairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers; and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, &c., locked the box and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner, to find black looks from all the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice, and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, "Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it!"

"What is the matter?" I asked, very haughtily.

"Oh, my Lord! we'll soon show your Lordship what is the matter." (This was a silly nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes, and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he flings about. Does your Lordship know these here shillings, and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my Lord took 'em."

Shillings?—till? What did they mean? "How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!" screams out Miss Rudge. "I marked them shillings and that half-crown with my own needle, I did; and of that I can take my Bible oath."

"Well, and what then?" I asked, remembering how this young woman had not scrupled to bear false witness in another charge against me.

"What then? They were in the till this morning, young fellow; and you know well enough where they were found afterwards," says Mr. Beales. "Come, come! This is a bad job. This is a sessions job, my lad."

"But where *were* they found?" again I asked.

"We'll tell you that before Squire Boroughs and the magistrates, you young vagabond!"

"You little viper, that have turned and stung me!"

"You precious young scoundrel!"

"You wicked little story-telling, good-for-nothing little thief!" cry Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath. And I stood bewildered by their outcry, and, indeed, not quite comprehending the charge which they made against me.

"The magistrates are sitting at the Town Hall now. We will take the little villain there at once," says the grocer. "You bring the box along with you, constable. Lord! Lord! what will his poor grandfather say?" And, wondering still at the charge made against me, I was made to walk through the streets to the Town Hall, passing on the way by at least a score of our boys, who were enjoying their half-holiday. It was market-day, too, and the town full. It is forty years ago, but I dream about that dreadful day still; and, an old gentleman of sixty, fancy myself walking through Rye market, with Mr. Beales's fist clutching my collar!

A number of our boys joined this dismal procession, and accompanied me into the magistrates' room. "Denis Duval up for stealing money!" cries one. "This accounts for his fine clothes," sneers another. "He'll be hung," says a third. The market people stare, and crowd round, and jeer. I feel as if in a horrible nightmare. We pass under the pillars of the Market House, up the steps to the Town Hall, where the magistrates were, who chose market-day for their sittings.

How my heart throbbed, as I saw my dear Doctor Barnard seated among them.

"Oh, Doctor," cries poor Denis, clasping his hands, "*you* don't believe me guilty?"

"Guilty of what?" cries the Doctor, from the raised table round which the gentlemen sat.

"Guilty of stealing."

"Guilty of robbing my till."

"Guilty of taking two half-crowns, three shillings and twopence in copper, all marked," shriek out Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath.

"Denny Duval steal sixpences!" cries the Doctor; "I would as soon believe he stole the dragon off the church-steeple!"

"Silence, you boys! Silence in the court there; or flog 'em and turn 'em all out," says the magistrates' clerk. Some of our boys—friends of mine—who had crowded into the place, were hurraying at my kind Doctor Barnard's speech.

"It is a most serious charge," says the clerk.

"But what *is* the charge, my good Mr. Hickson? You might as well put me into the dock as that——"

"Pray, sir, will you allow the business of the court to go on?" asks the clerk testily. "Make your statement, Mr. Rudge, and don't be afraid of anybody. You are under the protection of the court, sir."

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds, in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out in agony, "it's a wicked wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me——"

"You did, you lying wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low mean coward; and we beat him well and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out—you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaws had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweetheart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Sukey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the Doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

"Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story," calls out the justices' clerk.

The rest of the Rudges' story was, that having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barrelled pistol, which were now in court. "Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when the little monster came back from school, we seized upon him, and

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brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to," shrieks my enemy Miss Rudge.

"Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!" I cried out.

"We had means of opening it," says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

"Oh, if you have another key——" interposes the Doctor.

"We broke it open with the tongs and poker," says Miss Rudge, "me and Edward did—I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice."

"When?" said I, in a great tremor.

"When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half-an-hour before you came back to dinner."

"Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!" I cried. "Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness' sake call Tom!" I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

"Here I am, Denny," pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honours on the bench.

"Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Doctor Barnard!" I continued. "Tom, when did I show you my pistol?"

"Just before ten o'clock school."

"What did I do?"

"You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder-horn, a bullet-mould, and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box."

"Was there any money in the box?"

"There was nothing in the box but the pistol, and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand."

"And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?"

"Ever since—except when I was called up and caned for my Corderius," says Tom, with a roguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pocock's when this testimony was given in their schoolfellow's favour.

My kind Doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it, my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the accusation. What a shout all Pocock's boys set up, as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzays as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST OF MY SCHOOLDAYS

AS our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's the pastry-cook's, one of the boys—Samuel Arbin—I remember the fellow well—a greedy boy, with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old—insisted that I ought to stand treat in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As far as a groat went, I said I was ready: for that was all the money I had.

"Oh, you story-teller!" cries the other. "What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open." This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

"I know what he has done with his money!" broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. "He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew *you* give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin," he says.

"Unless he could get eighteenpence by it!" sang out another little voice.

"Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!" cried the other, in a fury.

"Sam Arbin," said I, "after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now, if you like." To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and amongst the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, "A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!" being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off: and (except in later days, when I went to revisit the old place, and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Pocock's) I was never again to see the ancient schoolroom. While we boys were brawling in the market-

place before the pastrycook's door, Doctor Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarrelling already?" says the Doctor sternly.

"It wasn't Denny's fault, sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all the quarrels I have had in life—and they have not been few—I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the Doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together, and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town-prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Doctor Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Ha! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend Doctor Wing keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—the immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remember how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful to have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, put his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest, who had had respect unto the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Doctor Wing recognised and greeted his comrade when service was over: and the one Doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Doctor Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock, and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which impli-

cated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up. Grandfather, Rudge, the Chevalier, the gentlemen of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depôts all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly by the effect of my dear Doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cuffing and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweetheart's teeth, or hatred against myself, which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly enmity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, there was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the beforementioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their parishioners and neighbours, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely. Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast? "And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one Doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Doctor Wing, "or I would not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Doctor Barnard, "this brandy punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing-boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is, a mutual secrecy) I sell it to the landlord of 'The Bell' at Maidstone, say—where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You

remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, sir. Round about *us*, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to——"

"Tea, sir, if you please, sir," says John, entering. 'My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner, they had had time to perform a new toilette, being engaged to cards with some neighbours. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dressmaker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favour.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing: "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France and French goods, my dear," said Doctor Wing drily.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my Doctor.

"Indeed, Doctor Barnard!" Now Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps, and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and *they* turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The Doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately curtsey; and my good Doctor Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but a humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By the way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and mainly to Monsieur de la Motte's instruction and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double-altitudes, and so forth.

"And you can manage a boat at sea, too?" says Doctor Barnard drily. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef, and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

"Denny, my boy," says my good Doctor, "I think 'tis time for thee to leave this school, at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee."

However he may desire to improve in learning, no boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had, I ought to get on, the Doctor said, and my grandfather he was sure would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Doctor Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

"I know not your grandfather's means," Doctor Barnard answered, smiling. "He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he cannot afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good Grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him."

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favourite "Arabian Nights." Did Doctor Barnard think Grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the Doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Peter was very well-to-do. At any rate, I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The Doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

"Ho! he's come back, have he?" says Miss Rudge. "As all the cupboards is locked in the parlour, you can go in, and get your tea there, young man."

"I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge," said my kind Doctor. "He cannot remain with you, after the charge which you made against him this morning."

"Of having our marked money in his box? Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?" cries Miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. "Go to say that! Please to say that once, Doctor Barnard, before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies, that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a doctor and a magistrate indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I wouldn't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands, remain long on their backs—that I wouldn't. And some people wouldn't see a woman insulted if they wasn't cowards!" As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the Doctor turned also towards it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my Doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee in half-an-hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in this house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss Rudge. "Pray how long since was barbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum,—did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was

hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither."

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, sir," I said to the Doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words, that I certainly can't remember after five-and-forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms akimbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say—Bevil! 'Elp me!"

I ran upstairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them downstairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against Doctor Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back shop at Rudge's—(dear me! how well I remember it!) and a door thence leads into a side street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people—to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire, having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Bevil, as yet, was minding the shop.

"I am come to shake hands before going away," I said.

"You're a-going, are you? And pray, sir, wherehever are you a-going of?" says Miss Sukey over her tea.

"I am going home with Doctor Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money."

"Stealing! Wasn't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?"

"Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't

come in and eat you," groans old Rudge. "You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family—I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!"

"Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!" cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

"Let him depart from among us!" cries Rudge.

"Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!" exclaims the gentle Susan.

"I am going as soon as Doctor Barnard's chaise comes," I said. "My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed."

"Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?"

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a madwoman.

"Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!"

"Eh!" (here she gives a grunt). "Calm with that sneak —that pig—that liar—that beast! Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?" shrieks Susanna. "Oh, with this here horsewhip, how I would like to give it you!" (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks.) "Oh, you—you villain! you have got your pistol, have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you?" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, pa,—that young thief isn't going away with them boxes, and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behaviour; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes, I put myself before her, and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defence on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is

a-striking me! Help, Ned!" At this, the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins, and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy*, plunging and scuffling in the dark—when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Doctor Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the Doctor. The new-comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbour John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye market. He straightway went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old grey mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the higgledy-piggledy stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart, and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pummelling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which anybody who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends-moi ça, gredin! Attrape, lâche! Nimm noch ein Paar Schläge, Spitzbube!" cries out Mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother

could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith, I am certain that no man in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street whilst she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Doctor Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerors in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the King's name, I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the horsewhip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face; and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the Doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterwards, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pocock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbour?" "Kiss the book, Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue Tom Parrot, he comes into the shop one market-day when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar-candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "It *ain't marked*, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias, Ananias! He pretends to be so pious! Ananias and Saphia——" Well, well, the Saphia of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befell the unhappy Rudge: Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweetheart or wife. I shall have

to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am sure, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, that Doctor Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against a humble lad, who never, except in self-defence, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the Doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbour Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do anything to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel! Fort! Shalt soon be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Rudges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Doctor Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond, with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course—the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The Doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighbourhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the Doctor said drily. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance, who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte; so is—can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, sir," I said sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if—if others are, I promise you, on my honour, I never will embark in it," I added.

"'Twill be more dangerous now than it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little importance even to poor me, as it

turned out. And the news was that His Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by His Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, "has judged it necessary to send orders to his Ambassador to withdraw from the French Court, . . . and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdoms, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country."

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very very brief intervals, has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but riding at a much quicker pace than that which our Doctor's nag practised, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half-an-hour; and in the market-place, the public-houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbours across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valour being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school. "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against them. *Protestant* Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea who I own was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes and said, "Agnes, my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. Vive la France! vive le Roi!"

"Oh, Agnes! oh, you perverted, ungrateful, little, little monster!" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the Doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "Mademoiselle de Saverne, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his Church for the time of war—prayed that we might be armed with His defence who is the only Giver of all victory—I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over, and the Doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, Aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the Doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whimpers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and Aunt Barnard, and Denny—never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"*You* will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the sea-shore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

CHAPTER VIII

I ENTER HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY

I PROMISE you there was no doubt or hesitation next Sunday regarding our good Rector's opinions. Ever since the war with America began, he had, to the best of his power, exhorted his people to be loyal, and testified to the authority of Cæsar. "War," he taught, "is not altogether an evil; and ordained of Heaven, as our illnesses and fevers doubtless are, for our good. It teaches obedience and contentment under privations; it fortifies courage; it tests loyalty; it gives occasion for showing mercifulness of heart; moderation in victory; endurance and cheerfulness under defeat. The brave who do battle victoriously in their country's cause leave a legacy of honour to their children. We English of the present day are the better for Crécy, and Agincourt, and Blenheim. I do not grudge the Scots their day of Bannockburn, nor the French their Fontenoy. Such valour proves the manhood of nations. When we have conquered the American rebellion, as I have no doubt we shall do, I trust it will be found that these rebellious children of ours have comported themselves in a manner becoming our English race, that they have been hardy and resolute, merciful and moderate. In that Declaration of War against France which has just reached us, and which interests all England, and the men of this coast especially, I have no more doubt in my mind that the right is on our side, than I have that Queen Elizabeth had a right to resist the Spanish Armada. In an hour of almost equal peril, I pray we may show the same watchfulness, constancy, and valour: bracing ourselves to do the duty before us, and leaving the issue to the Giver of all Victory."

Ere he left the pulpit, our good Rector announced that he would call a meeting for next market-day in our Town Hall—a meeting of gentry, farmers, and seafaring men, to devise means for the defence of our coast and harbours. The French might be upon us any day; and all our people were in a buzz of excitement, Volunteers and Fencibles patrolling our shores, and fishermen's glasses for ever on the look-out towards the opposite coast.

We had a great meeting in the Town Hall, and of the speakers

it was who should be most loyal to King and country. Subscriptions for a Defence Fund were straightway set afoot. It was determined the Cinque Port towns should raise a regiment of Fencibles. In Winchelsea alone the gentry and chief tradesmen agreed to raise a troop of volunteer horse to patrol along the shore and communicate with depôts of the regular military formed at Dover, Hastings, and Deal. The fishermen were enrolled to serve as coast and look-out men. From Margate to Folkestone the coast was watched and patrolled: and privateers were equipped and sent to sea from many of the ports along our line. On the French shore we heard of similar warlike preparations. The fishermen on either coast did not harm each other as yet, though presently they too fell to blows: and I have sad reason to know that a certain ancestor of mine did not altogether leave off his relations with his French friends.

However, at the meeting in the Town Hall, Grandfather came forward with a subscription and a long speech. He said that he and his co-religionists and countrymen of France had now for near a century experienced British hospitality and freedom; that when driven from home by Papist persecution, they had found protection here, and that now was the time for French Protestants to show that they were grateful and faithful subjects of King George. Grandfather's speech was very warmly received; that old man had lungs, and a knack of speaking, which never failed him. He could spin out sentences by the yard, as I knew, who had heard him expound for half-hours together with that droning voice which had long ceased (Heaven help me!) to carry conviction to the heart of Grandfather's graceless grandson.

When he had done, Mr. George Weston, of the Priory, spoke, and with a good spirit too. (He and *my dear friend Mr. Joe* were both present, and seated with the gentlefolk and magistrates at the raised end of the hall.) Mr. George said that as Mr. Duval had spoken for the French Protestants, he, for his part, could vouch for the loyalty of another body of men, the Roman Catholics of England. In the hour of danger he trusted that he and his brethren were as good subjects as any Protestant in the realm. And as a trifling test of his loyalty—though he believed his neighbour Duval was a richer man than himself (Grandfather shrieked a "No, no!" and there was a roar of laughter in the hall)—he offered as a contribution to a defence fund to lay down two guineas for Mr. Duval's one!

"I will give my guinea, I am sure," says Grandfather, very meekly, "and may that poor man's mite be accepted and useful!"

"One guinea!" roars Weston; "I will give a hundred guineas!"

"And I another hundred," says his brother. "We will show, as Roman Catholic gentry of England, that we are not inferior in loyalty to our Protestant brethren."

"Put my fazer-in-law Peter Duval down for one 'ondred guinea!" calls out my mother, in her deep voice. "Put me down for twenty-fife guinea, and my son Denis for twenty-fife guinea! We have eaten of English bread, and we are grateful, and we sing with all our hearts, God save King George!"

Mother's speech was received with great applause. Farmers, gentry, shopkeepers, rich and poor, crowded forward to offer their subscription. Before the meeting broke up, a very handsome sum was promised for the arming and equipment of the Winchelsea Fencibles; and old Colonel Evans, who had been present at Minden and Fontenoy, and young Mr. Barlow, who had lost a leg at Brandywine, said that they would superintend the drilling of the Winchelsea Fencibles, until such time as His Majesty should send officers of his own to command the corps. It was agreed that everybody spoke and acted with public spirit. "Let the French land!" was our cry. "The men of Rye, the men of Winchelsea, the men of Hastings, will have a guard of honour to receive them on the shore!"

That the French intended to try and land was an opinion pretty general amongst us, especially when His Majesty's proclamation came, announcing the great naval and military armaments which the enemy was preparing. We had *certain communications* with Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk still, and our fishing-boats sometimes went as far as Ostend. Our informants brought us full news of all that was going on in those ports; of the troops assembled there, and Royal French ships and privateers fitted out. I was not much surprised one night to find our old Boulogne ally Bidois smoking his pipe with Grandfather in the kitchen, and regaling himself with a glass of his own brandy, which I know had not paid unto Cæsar Cæsar's due. The pigeons on the hill were making their journeys still. Once, when I went up to visit Farmer Perreau, I found Monsieur de la Motte and a companion of his sending off one of these birds, and La Motte's friend said sulkily, in German, "What does the little *Spitzbube* do here?" "Versteht vielleicht Deutsch," murmured La Motte hurriedly, and turned round to me with a grin of welcome, and asked news of Grandfather and my mother.

This ally of the Chevalier's was a Lieutenant Lütterloh, who had served in America in one of the Hessian regiments on our side, and who was now pretty often in Winchelsea, where he talked magnificently about war and his own achievements, both on the Continent and in our American provinces. He lived near Canter-

bury as I heard. I guessed, of course, that he was one of the "Mackerel" party, and engaged in smuggling, like La Motte, the Westons, and my graceless old grandfather and his ally, Mr. Rudge, of Rye. I shall have presently to tell how bitterly Monsieur de la Motte had afterwards to rue his acquaintance with this German.

Knowing the Chevalier's intimacy with the gentlemen connected with the Mackerel fishery, I had little cause to be surprised at seeing him and the German captain together; though a circumstance now arose, which might have induced me to suppose him engaged in practices yet more lawless and dangerous than smuggling. I was walking up to the hill—must I let slip the whole truth, madame, in my memoirs? Well, it never did or will hurt anybody; and, as it only concerns you and me, may be told without fear. I frequently, I say, walked up the hill to look at these pigeons, for a certain young person was a great lover of pigeons too, and occasionally would come to see Farmer Perreau's columbarium. Did I love the sight of this dear white dove more than any other? Did it come sometimes fluttering to my heart? Ah! the old blood throbs there with the mere recollection. I feel—shall we say how many years younger, my dear? In fine, those little walks to the pigeon-house are among the sweetest of all our stores of memories.

I was coming away, then, once from this house of billing and cooing, when I chanced to espy an old schoolmate, Thomas Measom by name, who was exceedingly proud of his new uniform as a private of our regiment of Winchelsea Fencibles, was never tired of wearing it, and always walked out with his firelock over his shoulder. As I came up to Tom, he had just discharged his piece, and hit his bird too. One of Farmer Perreau's pigeons lay dead at Tom's feet —one of the carrier pigeons, and the young fellow was rather scared at what he had done, especially when he saw a little piece of paper tied under the wing of the slain bird.

He could not read the message, which was written in our German handwriting, and was only in three lines, which I was better able to decipher than Tom. I supposed at first that the message had to do with the smuggling business, in which so many of our friends were engaged, and Measom walked off rather hurriedly, being by no means anxious to fall into the farmer's hands, who would be but ill pleased at having one of his birds killed.

I put the paper in my pocket, not telling Tom what I thought about the matter: but I did have a thought, and determined to converse with my dear Doctor Barnard regarding it. I asked to see him at the Rectory, and there read to him the contents of the paper which the poor messenger was bearing when Tom's ball brought him down.

My good Doctor was not a little excited and pleased when I interpreted the pigeon's message to him, and especially praised me for my reticence with Tom upon the subject. "It may be a mare's nest we have discovered, Denny, my boy," says the Doctor; "it may be a matter of importance. I will see Colonel Evans on this subject to-night." We went off to Mr. Evans's lodgings: he was the old officer who had fought under the Duke of Cumberland, and was, like the Doctor, a justice of peace for our county. I translated for the Colonel the paper, which was to the following effect:—

[Left blank by Mr. Thackeray.]

Mr. Evans looked at a paper before him, containing an authorised list of the troops at the various Cinque Port stations, and found the poor pigeon's information quite correct. "Was this the Chevalier's writing?" the gentleman asked. No, I did not think it was Monsieur de la Motte's handwriting. Then I mentioned the other German in whose company I had seen Monsieur de la Motte: the Monsieur Lütterloh whom Mr. Evans said he knew quite well. "If Lütterloh is engaged in the business," said Mr. Evans, "we shall know more about it;" and he whispered something to Doctor Barnard. Meanwhile he praised me exceedingly for my caution, enjoined me to say nothing regarding the matter, and to tell my comrade to hold his tongue.

As for Tom Measom he was less cautious. Tom talked about his adventures to one or two cronies; and to his parents, who were tradesmen like my own. They occupied a snug house in Winchelsea, with a garden and a good paddock. One day their horse was found dead in the stable. Another day their cow burst and died. There used to be strange acts of revenge perpetrated in those days; and farmers, tradesmen, or gentry, who rendered themselves obnoxious to *certain parties*, had often to rue the enmity which they provoked. That my unhappy old grandfather was, and remained in the smugglers' league, I fear is a fact which I can't deny or palliate. He paid a heavy penalty to be sure, but my narrative is not advanced far enough to allow of my telling how the old man was visited for his sins.

There came to visit our Winchelsea magistrates Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis* frigate, then in the Downs; and I remembered this gentleman, having seen him at the house of my kind patron, Sir Peter Denis, in London. Mr. Pearson also recollected me as the little boy who had shot the highwayman; and was much interested when he heard of the carrier pigeon, and the news which

he bore. It appeared that he, as well as Colonel Evans, was acquainted with Mr. Lütterloh. "You are a good lad," the Captain said; "but we know," said the Captain, "all the news those birds carry."

All this time our whole coast was alarmed, and hourly expectant of a French invasion. The French fleet was said to outnumber ours in the Channel: the French army, we knew, was enormously superior to our own. I can remember the terror and the excitement; the panic of some, the braggart behaviour of others; and especially I recall the way in which our church was cleared one Sunday, by a rumour which ran through the pews, that the French were actually landed. How the people rushed away from the building, and some of them whom I remember the loudest amongst the braggarts, and singing their "Come if you dare!" Mother and I in our pew, and Captain Pearson in the Rector's, were the only people who sat out the sermon, of which Doctor Barnard would not abridge a line, and which, I own, I thought was extremely tantalising and provoking. He gave the blessing with more than ordinary slowness and solemnity; and had to open his own pulpit-door and stalk down the steps without the accompaniment of his usual escort, the clerk, who had skipped out of his desk, and run away like the rest of the congregation. Doctor Barnard had me home to dinner at the Rectory; my good mother being much too shrewd to be jealous of this kindness shown to me and not to her. When she waited upon Mrs. Barnard with her basket of laces and perfumeries, Mother stood as became her station as a tradeswoman. "For thee, my son, 'tis different," she said. "I will have thee be a gentleman." And faith, I hope I have done the best of my humble endeavour to fulfil the good lady's wish.

The war, the probable descent of the French, and the means of resisting the invasion, of course formed the subject of the gentlemen's conversation; and though I did not understand all that passed, I was made to comprehend subsequently, and may as well mention facts here which only came to be explained to me later. The pigeons took over certain information to France, in return for that which they brought. By these and other messengers our Government was kept quite well instructed as to the designs and preparations of the enemy, and I remember how it was stated that His Majesty had occult correspondents of his own in France, whose information was of surprising accuracy. Master Lütterloh dabbled in the information line. He had been a soldier in America, a recruiting-crimp here, and I know not what besides: but the information he gave was given under the authority of his employers,

to whom in return he communicated the information he received from France. The worthy gentleman was, in fact, a spy by trade; and though he was not born to be hanged, came by an awful payment for his treachery, as I shall have to tell in due time. As for Monsieur de la Motte, the gentlemen were inclined to think that his occupation was smuggling, not treason, and in that business the Chevalier was allied with scores, nay hundreds, of people round about him. One I knew, my pious grandpapa: other two lived at the Priory, and I could count many more even in our small town, namely, all the Mackerel men to whom I had been sent on the night of poor Madame de Saverne's funeral.

Captain Pearson shook me by the hand very warmly when I rose to go home, and I saw, by the way in which the good Doctor regarded me, that he was meditating some special kindness in my behalf. It came very soon, and at a moment when I was plunged in the very dismalest depths of despair. My dear little Agnes, though a boarder at the house of those odious Westons, had leave given to her to visit Mrs. Barnard; and that kind lady never failed to give me some signal by which I knew that my little sweetheart was at the Rectory. One day the message would be, "The Rector wants back his volume of the 'Arabian Nights,' and Denis had better bring it." Another time, my dearest Mrs. Barnard would write on a card, "You may come to tea, if you have done your mathematics well," or "You may have a French lesson," and so forth—and there, sure enough, would be my sweet little tutoress. How old, my dear, was Juliet when she and young Capulet began their loves? My sweetheart had not done playing with dolls when our little passion began to bud: and the sweet talisman of innocence I wore in my heart hath never left me through life, and shielded me from many a temptation.

Shall I make a clean breast of it? We young hypocrites used to write each other little notes, and pop them in certain cunning corners known to us two. Juliet used to write in a great round hand in French; Romeo replied, I daresay, with doubtful spelling.

We had devised sundry queer receptacles where our letters lay *poste restante*. There was the china pot-pourri jar on the Japan cabinet in the drawing-room. There, into the midst of the roses and spices, two cunning young people used to thrust their hands, and stir about spice and rose-leaves, until they lighted upon a little bit of folded paper more fragrant and precious than all your flowers and cloves. Then in the hall we had a famous post-office, namely, the barrel of the great blunderbuss over the mantelpiece, from which hung a ticket on which "loaded" was written, only I knew better, having helped Martin, the Doctor's man, to clean the gun. Then

in the churchyard under the wing of the left cherub on Sir Jasper Billing's tomb, there was a certain hole in which we put little scraps of paper written in a cipher devised by ourselves, and on these scraps of paper we wrote:—well, can you guess what? We wrote the old song which young people have sung ever since singing began. We wrote "Amo, amas," &c., in our childish handwriting. Ah! thanks be to Heaven, though the hands tremble a little now, they write the words still! My dear, the last time I was in Winchelsea, I went and looked at Sir Jasper's tomb, and at the hole under the cherub's wing; there was only a little mould and moss there. Mrs. Barnard found and read one or more of these letters, as the dear lady told me afterwards, but there was no harm in them; and when the Doctor put on his *grand sérieux* (as to be sure he had a right to do), and was for giving the culprits a scolding, his wife reminded him of a time when he was captain of Harrow school, and found time to write other exercises than Greek and Latin to a young lady who lived in the village. Of these matters, I say, she told me in later days; in all days, after our acquaintance began, she was my truest friend and protectress.

But this dearest and happiest season of my life (for so I think it, though I am at this moment happy, most happy, and thankful) was to come to an abrupt ending, and poor Humpty Dumpty having climbed the wall of bliss, was to have a great and sudden fall, which, for a while, perfectly crushed and bewildered him. I have said what harm came to my companion Tom Measom, for meddling in Monsieur Lütterloh's affairs and talking of them. Now there were two who knew Meinherr's secret, Tom Measom, namely, and Denis Duval; and though Denis held his tongue about the matter, except in conversing with the Rector and Captain Pearson, Lütterloh came to know that I had read and explained the pigeon-despatch of which Measom had shot the bearer; and, indeed, it was Captain Pearson himself, with whom the German had sundry private dealings, who was Lütterloh's informer. Lütterloh's rage, and that of his accomplice, against me, when they learned the unlucky part I had had in the discovery, were still greater than their wrath against Measom. The Chevalier de la Motte, who had once been neutral, and even kind to me, was confirmed in a steady hatred against me, and held me as an enemy whom he was determined to get out of his way. And hence came that catastrophe which precipitated Humpty Dumpty Duval, Esquire, off the wall from which he was gazing at his beloved, as she disported in her garden below.

One evening—shall I ever forget that evening? It was Friday, [Left blank by Mr. Thackeray]—after my little maiden had been taking tea with Mrs. Barnard, I had leave to escort her

to her home at Mr. Weston's at the Priory, which is not a hundred yards from the Rectory door. All the evening the company had been talking about battle and danger, and invasion, and the war news from France and America; and my little maiden sat silent, with her great eyes looking at one speaker, and another, and stitching at her sampler. At length the clock tolled the hour of nine, when Miss Agnes must return to her guardian. I had the honour to serve as her escort, and would have wished the journey to be ten times as long as that brief one between the two houses. "Good-night, Agnes!" "Good-night, Denis! On Sunday I shall see you!" We whisper one little minute under the stars; the little hand lingers in mine with a soft pressure; we hear the servants' footsteps over the marble floor within, and I am gone. Somehow, at night and at morning, at lessons and play, I was always thinking about this little maid.

"I shall see you on Sunday," and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures, I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand.

The gate closed on her, and I walked away by the church-wall, and towards my own home. I was thinking of that happy, that unforgotten night of my childhood, when I had been the means of rescuing the dearest little maiden from an awful death; how, since then, I had cherished her with my love of love; and what a blessing she had been to my young life. For many years she was its only cheerer and companion. At home I had food and shelter, and, from Mother at least, kindness, but no society: it was not until I became a familiar of the good Doctor's roof that I knew friendship and kind companionship. What gratitude ought I not to feel for a boon so precious as there was conferred on me? Ah, I vowed, I prayed, that I might make myself worthy of such friends; and so was sauntering homewards, lost in these happy thoughts, when—when something occurred which at once decided the whole course of my after-life.

This something was a blow with a bludgeon across my ear and temple which sent me to the ground utterly insensible. I remember half-a-dozen men darkling in an alley by which I had to pass, then a scuffle and an oath or two, and a voice crying, "Give it him, curse him!" and then I was down on the pavement as flat and lifeless as the flags on which I lay. When I woke up, I was almost blinded with blood; I was in a covered cart with a few more groaning wretches; and when I uttered a moan, a brutal voice growled out with many oaths an instant order to be silent,

or my head should be broken again. I woke up in a ghastly pain and perplexity, but presently fainted once more. When I awoke again to a half-consciousness I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried, and then flung into the bows of a boat, where I suppose I was joined by the rest of the dismal cart's company. Then some one came and washed my bleeding head with salt-water (which made it throb and ache very cruelly). Then the man, whispering, "I'm a friend," bound my forehead tight with a handkerchief, and the boat pulled out to a brig that was lying as near to land as she could come, and the same man who had struck and sworn at me would have stabbed me as I reeled up the side, but that my friend interposed in my behalf. It was Tom Hookham, to whose family I had given the three guineas, and who assuredly saved my life on that day, for the villain who attempted it afterwards confessed that he intended to do me an injury. I was thrust into the forepeak with three or four more maimed and groaning wretches, and, the wind serving, the lugger made for her destination, whatever that might be. What a horrid night of fever and pain it was. I remember I fancied I was carrying Agnes out of the water; I called out her name repeatedly, as Tom Hookham informed me, who came with a lantern and looked at us poor wretches huddled in our shed. Tom brought me more water, and in pain and fever I slept through a wretched night.

In the morning our tender came up with a frigate that was lying off a town, and I was carried up the ship's side on Hookham's arm. The Captain's boat happened to pull from shore at the very same time, and the Captain and his friends, and our wretched party of pressed men with their captors, thus stood face to face. My wonder and delight were not a little aroused when I saw the Captain was no other than my dear Rector's friend, Captain Pearson. My face was bound up, and so pale and bloody as to be scarcely recognisable. "So, my man," he said, rather sternly, "you have been for fighting, have you? This comes of resisting men employed on his Majesty's service."

"I never resisted," I said; "I was struck from behind, Captain Pearson."

The Captain looked at me with a haughty surprised air. Indeed a more disreputable-looking lad he scarcely could see. After a moment he said, "Why, bless my soul, is it you, my boy? Is it young Duval?"

"Yes, sir," I said; and whether from emotion, or fever, or loss of blood and weakness, I felt my brain going again, and once more fainted and fell.

When I came to myself, I found myself in a berth in the

DENIS'S VALET.

Serapis, where there happened to be but one other patient. I had had fever and delirium for a day, during which it appears I was constantly calling out, "Agnes, Agnes!" and offering to shoot highwaymen. A very kind surgeon's mate had charge of me, and showed me much more attention than a poor wounded lad could have had a right to expect in my wretched humiliating position. On the fifth day I was well again, though still very weak and pale; but not too weak to be unable to go to the Captain when he sent for me to his cabin. My friend the surgeon's mate showed me the way.

Captain Pearson was writing at his table, but sent away his secretary, and when the latter was gone shook hands with me very kindly, and talked unreservedly about the strange accident which had brought me on board his ship. His officer had information, he said, "and I had information," the Captain went on to say, "that some very good seamen of what we called the Mackerel party were to be taken at a public-house in Winchelsea," and his officer netted a half-dozen of them there, "who will be much better employed" (says Captain Pearson) "in serving the King in one of his Majesty's vessels, than in cheating him on board their own. You were a stray fish that was caught along with the rest. I know your story. I have talked it over with our good friends at the Rectory. For a young fellow, you have managed to make yourself some queer enemies in your native town; and you are best out of it. On the night when I first saw you, I promised our friends to take you as a first-class volunteer. In due time you will pass your examination, and be rated as a midshipman. Stay—your mother is in Deal. You can go ashore, and she will fit you out. Here are letters for you. I wrote to Doctor Barnard as soon as I found who you were."

With this, I took leave of my good patron and captain, and ran off to read my two letters. One, from Mrs. Barnard and the Doctor conjointly, told how alarmed they had been at my being lost, until Captain Pearson wrote to say how I had been found. The letter from my good mother informed me, in her rough way, how she was waiting at the "Blue Anchor Inn" in Deal, and would have come to me; but my new comrades would laugh at a rough old woman coming off in a shore boat to look after her boy. It was better that I should go to her at Deal, where I should be fitted out in a way becoming an officer in his Majesty's service. To Deal accordingly I went by the next boat; the good-natured surgeon's mate, who had attended me and taken a fancy to me, lending me a clean shirt, and covering the wound on my head neatly, so that it was scarcely seen under my black hair. "Le

pauvre cher enfant ! comme il est pâle !" How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me ! The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon. Then she took me off to a tailor in the town, and provided me with an outfit a lord's son might have brought on board. My uniforms were ready in a very short time. Twenty-four hours after they were ordered Mr. Levy brought them to our inn, and I had the pleasure of putting them on ; and walked on the Parade, with my hat cocked, my hanger by my side, and Mother on my arm. Though I was perfectly well pleased with myself, I think she was the prouder of the two. To one or two tradesmen and their wives, whom she knew, she gave a most dignified nod of recognition this day ; but passed on without speaking, as if she would have them understand that they ought to keep their distance when she was in such fine company. "When I am in the shop, I am in the shop, and my customers' very humble servant," said she ; "but when I am walking on Deal Parade with thee, I am walking with a young gentleman in His Majesty's navy. And Heaven has blessed us of late, my child, and thou shalt have the means of making as good a figure as any young officer in the service." And she put such a great heavy purse of guineas into my pocket, that I wondered at her bounty. "Remember, my son," added she, "thou art a gentleman now. Always respect yourself. Tradespeople are no company for thee. For me 'tis different. I am but a poor hairdresser and shopkeeper." We supped together at the "Anchor," and talked about home, that was but two days off, and yet so distant. She never once mentioned my little maiden to me, nor did I somehow dare to allude to her. Mother had prepared a nice bedroom for me at the inn, to which she made me retire early, as I was still weak and faint after my fever ; and when I was in my bed she came and knelt down by it, and with tears rolling down her furrowed face, offered up a prayer in her native German language, that He who had been pleased to succour me from perils hitherto, would guard me for the future, and watch over me in the voyage of life which was now about to begin. Now, as it is drawing to its close, I look back at it with an immense awe and thankfulness, for the strange dangers from which I have escaped, the great blessings I have enjoyed.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Barnard, narrating my adventures as cheerfully as I could, though, truth to say, when I thought of home and a little Someone there, a large tear or two blotted my paper, but I had reason to be grateful for the kindness I had received, and was not a little elated at being actually a gentleman, and in a fair way to be an officer in His Majesty's navy.

As I was strutting on the Mall, on the second day of my visit to Deal, what should I see but my dear Doctor Barnard's well-known post-chaise nearing us from the Dover Road. The Doctor and his wife looked with a smiling surprise at my altered appearance; and as they stepped out of their chaise at the inn, the good lady fairly put her arms round me, and gave me a kiss. Mother, from her room, saw the embrace, I suppose. "Thou hast found good friends there, Denis, my son," she said, with sadness in her deep voice. "'Tis well. They can befriend thee better than I can. Now thou art well, I may depart in peace. When thou art ill, the old mother will come to thee, and will bless thee always, my son." She insisted upon setting out on her return homewards that afternoon. She had friends at Hythe, Folkestone, and Dover (as I knew well), and would put up with one or other of them. She had before packed my new chest with wonderful neatness. Whatever her feelings might be at our parting, she showed no signs of tears or sorrow, but mounted her little chaise in the inn yard, and, without looking back, drove away on her solitary journey. The landlord of the "Anchor" and his wife bade her farewell, very cordially and respectfully. They asked me, would I not step into the bar and take a glass of wine or spirits? I have said that I never drank either; and suspect that my mother furnished my host with some of these stores out of those fishing-boats of which she was owner. "If I had an only son, and such a good-looking one," Mrs. Boniface was pleased to say (can I, after such a fine compliment, be so ungrateful as to forget her name?)—"If I had an only son, and could leave him as well off as Mrs. Duval can leave you, *I* wouldn't send him to sea in war-time, that I wouldn't." "And though you don't drink any wine, some of your friends on board may," my landlord added, "and they are always welcome at the 'Blue Anchor.'" This was not the first time I had heard that my mother was rich. "If she be so," I said to my host, "indeed it is more than I know." On which he and his wife both commended me for my caution; adding with a knowing smile, "We know more than we tell, Mr. Duval. Have you ever heard of Mr. Weston? Have you ever heard of Monsieur de la Motte? We know where Boulogne is, and Ost——" "Hush, wife!" here breaks in my landlord. "If the Captain don't wish to talk, why should he? There is the bell ringing from the 'Benbow' and your dinner going up to the Doctor, Mr. Duval." It was indeed as he said, and I sat down in the company of my good friends, bringing a fine appetite to their table.

The Doctor on his arrival had sent a messenger to his friend Captain Pearson, and whilst we were at our meal, the Captain

arrived in his own boat from the ship, and insisted that Doctor and Mrs. Barnard should take their dessert in his cabin on board. This procured Mr. Denis Duval the honour of an invitation, and I and my new sea-chest were accommodated in the boat and taken to the frigate. My box was consigned to the gunner's cabin, where my hammock was now slung. After sitting a short time at Mr. Pearson's table, a brother-midshipman gave me a hint to withdraw, and I made the acquaintance of my comrades, of whom there were about a dozen on board the *Serapis*. Though only a volunteer, I was taller and older than many of the midshipmen. They knew who I was, of course—the son of a shopkeeper at Winchelsea. Then, and afterwards, I had my share of rough jokes, you may be sure; but I took them with good-humour; and I had to fight my way as I had learned to do at school before. There is no need to put down here the number of black eyes and bloody noses which I received and delivered. I am sure I bore but little malice: and, thank Heaven, never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated *me:* but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised; and little the worse for their enmity.

The first lieutenant of our ship, Mr. Page, was related to Mrs. Barnard, and this kind lady gave him such a character of her very grateful humble servant, and narrated my adventures to him so pathetically, that Mr. Page took me into his special favour, and interested some of my messmates in my behalf. The story of the highwayman caused endless talk and jokes against me, which I took in good part, and I established my footing among my messmates by adopting the plan I had followed at school, and taking an early opportunity to fight a well-known bruiser amongst our company of midshipmen. You must know they called me "Soapsuds," "Powderpuff," and like names, in consequence of my grandfather's known trade of hairdresser; and one of my comrades bantering me one day, cried, "I say, Soapsuds, where was it you hit the highwayman?" "There!" said I, and gave him a clean left-handed blow on his nose, which must have caused him to see a hundred blue lights. I know about five minutes afterwards he gave me just such another blow; and we fought it out and were good friends ever after. What is this? Did I not vow as I was writing the last page yesterday that I would not say a word about my prowess at fisticuffs? You see we are ever making promises to be good, and forgetting them. I suppose other people can say as much.

Before leaving the ship my kind friends once more desired to

see me, and Mrs. Barnard, putting her finger to her lip, took out from her pocket a little packet, which she placed in my hand. I thought she was giving me money, and felt somehow disappointed at being so treated by her. But when she was gone to shore I opened the parcel, and found a locket there, and a little curl of glossy black hair. Can you guess whose? Along with the locket was a letter in French, in a large girlish hand, in which the writer said, that night and day she prayed for her dear Denis. And where, think you, the locket is now? where it has been for forty-two years, and where it will remain when a faithful heart that beats under it hath ceased to throb.

At gunfire our friends took leave of the frigate, little knowing the fate that was in store for many on board her. In three weeks from that day what a change! The glorious misfortune which befell us is written in the annals of our country.

On the very evening whilst Captain Pearson was entertaining his friends from Winchelsea, he received orders to sail for Hull, and place himself under the command of the Admiral there. From the Humber we presently were despatched northward to Scarborough. There had been not a little excitement along the whole northern coast for some time past, in consequence of the appearance of some American privateers, who had ransacked a Scottish nobleman's castle, and levied contributions from a Cumberland seaport town. As we were close in with Scarborough a boat came off with letters from the magistrates of that place, announcing that this squadron had actually been seen off the coast. The commodore of this wandering piratical expedition was known to be a rebel Scotchman; who fought with a rope round his neck to be sure. No doubt many of us youngsters vapoured about the courage with which we would engage him, and made certain, if we could only meet with him, of seeing him hang from his own yard-arm. It was *Diis aliter visum*, as we used to say at Pocock's; and it was we threw *deuceace* too. Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterwards knight of His Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword.

We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Captain Piercy. And thus it came about, that, after being twenty-five days in His Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that has been fought in our or any time.

I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23rd September, which ended in our glorious Captain striking his own

colours to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain, who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle.

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NOTES ON DENIS DUVAL

THE readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* have now read the last line written by William Makepeace Thackeray. The story breaks off as his life ended—full of vigour, and blooming with new promise like the apple-trees in this month of May: * the only difference between the work and the life is this, that the last chapters of the one have their little pathetical gaps and breaks of unfinished effort, the last chapters of the other were fulfilled and complete. But the life may be left alone; while as for the gaps and breaks in his last pages, nothing that we can write is likely to add to their significance. There they are; and the reader's mind has already fallen into them, with sensations not to be improved by the ordinary commentator. If Mr. Thackeray himself could do it, that would be another thing. Preacher he called himself in some of the Roundabout discourses in which his softer spirit is always to be heard, but he never had a text after his own mind so much as these last broken chapters would give him *now*. There is the date of a certain Friday to be filled in, and Time is no more. Is it *very* presumptuous to imagine the Roundabout that Mr. Thackeray would write upon this unfinished work of his, if he could come back to do it? We do not think it is, or very difficult either. What Carlyle calls the divine gift of speech was so largely his, especially in his maturer years, that he made clear in what he *did* say pretty much what he *would* say about anything that engaged his thought; and we have only to imagine a discourse "On the Two Women at the Mill," † to read off upon our minds the sense of what Mr. Thackeray alone could have found language for.

Vain are these speculations—or are they vain? Not if we try to think what he would think of his broken labours, considering

* The last number of "Denis Duval" appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* of June 1864.

† "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left."

that one of these days our labours must be broken too. Still, there is not much to be said about it: and we pass on to the real business in hand, which is to show as well as we may what "Denis Duval" would have been had its author lived to complete his work. Fragmentary as it is, the story must always be of considerable importance, because it will stand as a warning to imperfect critics never to be in haste to cry of any intellect, "His vein is worked out: there is nothing left in him but the echoes of emptiness." The decriers were never of any importance, yet there is more than satisfaction, there is something like triumph in the mind of every honest man of letters when he sees, and knows everybody must see, how a genius which was sometimes said to have been guilty of passing behind a cloud toward the evening of his day, came out to shine with new splendour before the day was done. "Denis Duval" is unfinished, but it ends *that* question. The fiery genius that blazed over the city in "Vanity Fair," and passed on to a ripe afternoon in "Esmond," is not a whit less great, it is only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly, as it sinks too suddenly in "Denis Duval."

This is said to introduce the settlement of another too hasty notion which we believe to have been pretty generally accepted: namely, that Mr. Thackeray took little pains in the construction of his works. The truth is, that he very industriously *did* take pains. We find that out when we inquire, for the benefit of the readers of his Magazine, whether there is anything to tell of his designs for "Denis Duval." The answer comes in the form of many most careful notes, and memoranda of inquiry into minute matters of detail to make the story *true*. How many young novelists are there who *haven't* much genius to fall back upon, who yet, if they desired to set their hero down in Winchelsea a hundred years ago for instance, would take the trouble to learn how the town was built, and what gate led to Rye (if the hero happened to have any dealings with that place), and who were its local magnates, and how it was governed? And yet this is what Mr. Thackeray did, though his investigation added not twenty lines to the story and no "interest" whatever: it was simply so much conscientious effort to keep as near truth in feigning as he could. That Winchelsea had three gates, "Newgate on S.W., Landgate on N.E., Strandgate (*leading to Rye*) on S.E.;" that "the government was vested in a mayor and twelve jurats, jointly;" that "it sends canopy-bearers on occasion of a coronation," &c. &c. &c., all is duly entered in a note-book with reference to authorities. And so about the refugees at Rye, and the French Reformed Church there: nothing is written that history cannot vouch for. The neat and

orderly way in which the notes are set down is also remarkable. Each has its heading, as thus:—

"*Refugees at Rye.*—At Rye is a small settlement of French refugees, who are for the most part fishermen, and have a minister of their own.

"*French Reformed Church.*—Wherever there is a sufficient number of faithful there is a church. The pastor is admitted to his office by the provincial synod, or the colloquy, provided it be composed of seven pastors at least. Pastors are seconded in their duties by laymen, who take the title of Ancients, Elders, and Deacons precentors. The union of Pastors, Deacons, and Elders forms a consistory."

Of course there is no considerable merit in care like this, but it is a merit which the author of "Denis Duval" is not popularly credited with, and therefore it may as well be set down to him. Besides, it may serve as an example to fledgeling geniuses of what *he* thought necessary to the perfection of his work.

But the chief interest of these notes and memoranda lies in the outlook they give us upon the conduct of the story. It is not desirable to print them all; indeed to do so would be to copy a long list of mere references to books, magazines, and journals, where such byway bits of illustration are to be found as lit Mr. Thackeray's mind to so vivid an insight into manners and character. Still, we are anxious to give the reader as complete an idea of the story as we can.

First, here is a characteristic letter, in which Mr. Thackeray sketches his plot for the information of his publisher:—

"My dear S——,—I was born in the year 1764, at Winchelsea, where my father was a grocer and clerk of the church. Everybody in the place was a good deal connected with smuggling.

"There used to come to our house a very noble French gentleman, called the Count de la Motte, and with him a German, the Baron de Lütterloh. My father used to take packages to Ostend and Calais for these two gentlemen, and perhaps I went to Paris once and saw the French queen.

"The squire of our town was Squire Weston of the Priory, who, with his brother, kept one of the genteelest houses in the country. He was churchwarden of our church, and much respected. Yes, but if you read the *Annual Register* of 1781, you will find that on the 13th July the sheriffs attended at the Tower of London to receive custody of a De la Motte, a prisoner charged

with high treason. The fact is, this Alsatian nobleman being in difficulties in his own country (where he had commanded the Regiment Soubise), came to London, and under pretence of sending prints to France and Ostend, supplied the French Ministers with accounts of the movements of the English fleets and troops. His go-between was Lütterloh, a Brunswicker, who had been a crimping-agent, then a servant, who was a spy of France and Mr. Franklin, and who turned King's evidence on La Motte, and hanged him.

"This Lütterloh, who had been a crimping-agent for German troops during the American war, then a servant in London during the Gordon riots, then an agent for a spy, then a spy over a spy, I suspect to have been a consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent.

"What if he wanted to marry THAT CHARMING GIRL, who lived wih Mr. Weston at Winchelsea? Ha! I see a mystery here.

"What if this scoundrel, going to receive his pay from the English Admiral, with whom he was in communication at Portsmouth, happened to go on board the *Royal George* the day she went down?

"As for George and Joseph Weston, of the Priory, I am sorry to say they were rascals too. They were tried for robbing the Bristol mail in 1780; and being acquitted for want of evidence were tried immediately after on another indictment for forgery—Joseph was acquitted, but George was capitally convicted. But this did not help poor Joseph. Before their trials, they and some others broke out of Newgate, and Joseph fired at, and wounded, a porter who tried to stop him, on Snow Hill. For this he was tried and found guilty on the Black Act, and hung along with his brother.

"Now, if I was an innocent participator in De la Motte's treasons, and the Westons' forgeries and robberies, what pretty scrapes I must have been in!

"I married the young woman, whom the brutal Lütterloh would have had for himself, and lived happy ever after."

Here, it will be seen, the general idea is very roughly sketched, and the sketch was not in all its parts carried out. Another letter, never sent to its destination, gives a somewhat later account of Denis—

"My grandfather's name was Duval; he was a barber and perruquier by trade, and elder of the French Protestant church at Winchelsea. I was sent to board with his correspondent, a Methodist grocer, at Rye.

"These two kept a fishing-boat, but the fish they caught was many and many a barrel of Nantz brandy, which we landed—never mind where—at a place to us well known. In the innocence of my heart, I—a child—got leave to go out fishing. We used to go out at night and meet ships from the French coast.

> "I learned to scuttle a marlinspike,
> reef a lee-scupper,
> keelhaul a bowsprit

as well as the best of them. How well I remember the jabbering of the Frenchmen the first night as they handed the kegs over to us! One night we were fired into by His Majesty's revenue cutter *Lynx*. I asked what those balls were fizzing in the water, &c.

"I wouldn't go on with the smuggling; being converted by Mr. Wesley, who came to preach to us at Rye—but that is neither here nor there. . . ."

In these letters neither "my mother" nor the Count de Saverne and his unhappy wife appear; while Agnes exists only as "that charming girl." Count de la Motte, the Baron de Lütterloh, and the Westons, seem to have figured foremost in the author's mind: they are historical characters. In the first letter, we are referred to the *Annual Register* for the story of De la Motte and Lütterloh: and this is what we read there—

"*January* 5, 1781.—A gentleman was taken into custody for treasonable practices, named Henry Francis de la Motte, which he bore with the title of baron annexed to it. He has resided in Bond Street, at a Mr. Otley's, a woollen draper, for some time.

"When he was going upstairs at the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, he dropped several papers on the staircase, which were immediately discovered by the messenger, and carried in with him to Lord Hillsborough. After his examination, he was committed a close prisoner for high treason to the Tower. The papers taken from him are reported to be of the highest importance. Among them are particular lists of every ship of force in any of our yards and docks, &c. &c.

"In consequence of the above papers being found, Henry Lütterloh, Esquire, of Wickham, near Portsmouth, was afterwards apprehended and brought to town. The messengers found Mr. Lütterloh ready booted to go a hunting. When he understood their business, he did not discover the least embarrassment, but delivered his keys with the utmost readiness. . . . Mr. Lütterloh is a German, and had lately taken a house at Wickham, within a

few miles of Portsmouth; and as he kept a pack of hounds, and was considered as a good companion, he was well received by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

"*July* 14, 1781.—Mr. Lütterloh's testimony was of so serious a nature, that the court seemed in a state of astonishment during the whole of his long examination. He said that he embarked in a plot with the prisoner in the year 1778, to furnish the French Court with secret intelligence of the Navy; for which, at first, he received only eight guineas a month; the importance of his information appeared, however, so clear to the prisoner, that he shortly after allowed him fifty guineas a month, besides many valuable gifts; that, upon any emergency, he came post to town to Monsieur de la Motte, but common occurrences relative to their treaty, he sent by the post. He identified the papers found in his garden, and the seals, he said, were Monsieur de la Motte's, and well known in France. He had been to Paris by direction of the prisoner, and was closeted with Monsieur Sartine, the French Minister. He had formed a plan for capturing Governor Johnstone's squadron, for which he demanded 8000 guineas, and a third share of the ships, to be divided amongst the prisoner, himself, and his friend in a certain office, but the French Court would not agree to yielding more than an eighth share of the squadron. After agreeing to enable the French to take the commodore, he went to Sir Hugh Palliser, and offered a plan to take the French, and to defeat his original project with which he had furnished the French Court.

"The trial lasted for thirteen hours, when the jury, after a short deliberation, pronounced the prisoner guilty, when sentence was immediately passed upon him; the prisoner received the awful doom (he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered) with great composure, but inveighed against Mr. Lütterloh in warm terms. . . . His behaviour throughout the whole of this trying scene exhibited a combination of manliness, steadiness, and presence of mind. He appeared at the same time polite, condescending, and unaffected, and, we presume, could never have stood so firm and collected at so awful a moment, if, when he felt himself fully convicted as a traitor to the State which gave him protection, he had not, however mistakenly, felt a conscious innocence within his own breast that he had devoted his life to the service of his country.

. . . . . .

"M. de la Motte was about five feet ten inches in height, fifty years of age, and of a comely countenance; his deportment was exceedingly genteel, and his eye was expressive of strong penetra-

tion. He wore a white cloth coat, and a linen waistcoat worked in tambour."—*Annual Register*, vol. xxiv. p. 184.

It is not improbable that from this narrative of a trial for high treason in 1781 the whole story radiated. These are the very men whom we have seen in Thackeray's pages; and it is a fine test of his insight and power to compare them as they lie embalmed in the *Annual Register*, and as they breathe again in "Denis Duval."* The part they were to have played in the story is already intelligible, all but the way in which they were to have confused the lives of Denis and his love. "'At least, Duval,' De la Motte said to me when I shook hands with him and with all my heart forgave him, 'mad and reckless as I have been and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort when I myself was almost without a meal.'" What was the injury which Denis forgave with all his heart? Fatal to all whom he loved, there are evidences that De la Motte was to have urged Lütterloh's pretensions to Agnes: whose story at this period we find inscribed in the note-book in one word—"Henriette Iphigenia." For Agnes was christened Henriette originally, and Denis was called Blaise.

As for Monsieur Lütterloh, "that consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent"—having hanged De la Motte, while confessing that he had made a solemn engagement with him never to betray each other, and then immediately laying a wager that De la Motte *would* be hanged, having broken open a secretaire, and distinguished himself in various other ways—he seems to have gone to Winchelsea, where it was easy for him to threaten or cajole the Westons into trying to force Agnes into his arms. She was living with these people, and we know how they discountenanced her faithful affection for Denis. Overwrought by the importunities of Lütterloh and the Westons, she escaped to Doctor Barnard for protection; and soon unexpected

* Among the notes there is a little chronological table of events as they occur—

"Blaise, born 1763.
Henriette de Barr was born in 1766-7.
Her father went to Corsica, '68.
Mother fled, '68.
Father killed at B., '69.
Mother died, '70.
Blaise turned out, '79.
Henriette Ιφιγενία, '81.
La Motte's catastrophe, '82
Rodney's action, '82."

help arrived. The De Viomesnils, her mother's relations, became suddenly convinced of the innocence of the Countess. Perhaps (and when we say perhaps, we repeat such hints of his plans as Mr. Thackeray uttered in conversation at his fireside) they knew of certain heritages to which Agnes would be entitled were her mother absolved: at any rate, they had reasons of their own for claiming her at this opportune moment—as they did. Agnes takes Doctor Barnard's advice and goes off to these prosperous relations, who, having neglected her so long, desire her so much. Perhaps Denis was thinking of the sad hour when he came home, long years afterwards, to find his sweetheart gone, when he wrote:—"O Agnes, Agnes! how the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us; what passionate griefs have we had to suffer; what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little cot in which his child lay sleeping!"

At the time she goes home to France, Denis is far away fighting on board the *Arethusa*, under his old captain, Sir Richard Pearson, who commanded the *Serapis* in the action with Paul Jones. Denis was wounded early in this fight, in which Pearson had to strike his own colours, almost every man on board being killed or hurt. Of Pearson's career, which Denis must have followed in after days, there is more than one memorandum in Mr. Thackeray's note-book:—

"*Serapis*, R. Pearson. 'Beatson's Memoirs.'
"*Gentleman's Magazine*, 49, pp. 484. Account of action with Paul Jones, 1779.
"*Gentleman's Magazine*, 502, pp. 84. Pearson knighted, 1780.
"Commanded the *Arethusa* off Ushant, 1781, in Kempenfeldt's action. } 'Field of Mars,' art. Ushant."

And then follows the question—

"*Qy.* How did Pearson get away from Paul Jones?"

But before that is answered we will quote the "story of the disaster" as Sir Richard tells it, "in words nobler than any I could supply;" and, indeed, Mr. Thackeray seems to have thought much of the letter to the Admiralty Office, and to have found Pearson's character in it.

After some preliminary fighting—

"We dropt alongside of each other, head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-

past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and, in short, every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks.

"About half-past nine, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, which, running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast. . . . At ten o'clock they called for quarter from the ship alongside; hearing this, I called for the boarders and ordered them to board her, which they did; but the moment they were on board her they discovered a superior number laying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them; our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns till past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and, in short, impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. Our mainmast at the same time went by the board. . . .

"I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened—that of losing His Majesty's ship I had the honour to command; but at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes that their Lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but that on the contrary every exertion has been used to defend her."

The *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, after drifting about in the North Sea, were brought into the Texel by Paul Jones; when Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador at the Hague, memorialised their High Mightinesses the States-General of the Low Countries, requesting that these prizes might be given up. Their High Mightinesses refused to interfere.

Of course the fate of the *Serapis* was Denis's fate; and the question also is, how did *he* get away from Paul Jones? A note written immediately after the query suggests a hairbreadth escape for him after a double imprisonment.

"Some sailors are lately arrived from Amsterdam on board the *Lætitia*, Captain March. They were taken out of the hold of a Dutch East Indiaman by the captain of the *Kingston* privateer,

who, having lost some of his people, gained some information of their fate from a music-girl, and had spirit enough to board the ship and search her. The poor wretches were all chained down in the hold, and but for this would have been carried to perpetual slavery."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 50, pp. 101.

Do we see how truth and fiction were to have been married here? Suppose that Denis Duval, escaping from one imprisonment in Holland, fell into the snares of Dutch East Indiamen, or was kidnapped with the men of the *Kingston* privateer? Denis chained down in the hold, thinking one moment of Agnes and the garden wall which alone was too much to separate them, and at the next moment of how he was now to be carried to perpetual slavery, beyond hope. And then the music-girl; and the cheer of the *Kingston's* men as they burst into the hold and set the prisoners free. It is easy to imagine what those chapters would have been like.

At liberty, Denis was still kept at sea, where he did not rise to the heroic in a day, but progressed through all the commonplace duties of a young seaman's life, which we find noted down accordingly :—

"He must serve two years on board before he can be rated midshipman. Such volunteers are mostly put under the care of the gunner, who caters for them; and are permitted to walk the quarter-deck and wear the uniform from the beginning. When fifteen, and rated midshipmen, they form a mess with the mates. When examined for their commissions they are expected to know everything relative to navigation and seamanship, are strictly examined in the different sailings, working tides, days' works, and double-altitudes—and are expected to give some account of the different methods of finding the longitudes by a time-keeper and the lunar observations. In practical seamanship they must show how to conduct a ship from one place to another under every disadvantage of wind, tide, &c. After this, the candidate obtains a certificate from the captain, and his commission when he can get it."

Another note describes a personage whose acquaintance we have missed :—

"A seaman of the old school, whose hand was more familiar with the tar-brush than with Hadley's quadrant, who had peeped into the mysteries of navigation as laid down by J. Hamilton Moore, and who acquired an idea of the rattletraps and rigging of a ship through the famous illustrations which adorn the pages of Darcy Lever."

Denis was a seaman in stirring times. "The year of which we treat," says the *Annual Register* for 1779, "presented the most awful appearance of public affairs which perhaps this country had beheld for many ages;" and Duval had part in more than one of the startling events which succeeded each other so rapidly in the wars with France and America and Spain. He was destined to come into contact with Major André, whose fate excited extraordinary sympathy at the time: Washington is said to have shed tears when he signed his death-warrant. It was on the 2nd of October 1780 that this young officer was executed. A year later, and Denis was to witness the trial and execution of one whom he knew better and was more deeply interested in, De la Motte. The courage and nobleness with which he met his fate moved the sympathy of Duval, whom he had injured, as well as of most of those who saw him die. Denis has written concerning him:—"Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy, a gentleman with many a stain,—nay, crime to reproach him, but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man."

Lütterloh's time had not yet come; but besides that we find him disposed of with the *Royal George* in the first quoted letter, an entry in the note-book unites the fate of the bad man with that of the good ship.*

Meanwhile, the memorandum "Rodney's action, 1782," indicates that Duval was to take part in our victory over the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse, who was himself captured with the *Ville de Paris* and four other ships. "De Grasse with his suite landed on Southsea Common, Portsmouth. They were conducted in carriages to the 'George,' where a most sumptuous dinner had been procured for the Count and his suite, by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parkes, who entertained him and his officers at his own expense." Here also was something for Denis to see; and in this same autumn came on the trial of the two Westons, when Denis was to be the means—unconsciously—of bringing his old enemy, Joseph Weston, to punishment. There are two notes to this effect.

"1782–3. Jo. Weston, always savage against Blaise, fires on him in Cheapside.

"*The Black Act* is 9 George II. c. 22. The preamble says:—'Whereas several ill-designing and disorderly persons have associated themselves under the name of Blacks, and entered into confederacies

* Contemporary accounts of the foundering of the *Royal George* represent her crowded with people from the shore. We have seen how Lütterloh was among these, having come on board to receive the price of his treason.

to support and assist one another in stealing and destroying deer, robbing warrens and fish-ponds.' . . . It then goes on to enact that 'if any person or persons shall wilfully or maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he shall suffer death as in cases of felony without benefit of the clergy.'"

A Joseph Weston was actually found guilty under the Black Act, of firing at and wounding a man on Snow Hill, and was hanged with his brother. Mr. Thackeray's note-book refers him to "The Westons in 'Session Papers' 1782, pp. 463, 470, 473;" to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1782; to "Genuine Memoirs of George and Joseph Weston, 1782;" and *Notes and Queries*, Series I. vol. x.*

The next notes (in order of time) concern a certain very disinterested action of Duval's:—

"*Deal Riots*, 1783.

"DEAL.—Here has been a great scene of confusion, by a party of Colonel Douglas's Light Dragoons, sixty in number, who entered the town in the dead of the night in aid to the excise officers, in order to break open the stores and make seizures: but the smugglers, who are never unprepared, having taken the alarm, mustered together, and a most desperate battle ensued."

Now old Duval, the perruquier, as we know, belonged to the great Mackerel party, or smuggling conspiracy, which extended all along the coast; and frequent allusion has been made to his secret stores, and to the profits of his so-called *fishing* expeditions. Remembering what has been written of this gentleman, we can easily imagine the falsehoods, tears, lying asseverations of poverty and innocence which old Duval must have uttered on the terrible night when the excise officers visited him. But his exclamations were to no purpose, for it is a fact that when Denis saw what was going on he burst out with the truth, and though he knew it was his own inheritance he was giving up, he led the officers right away to the hoards they were seeking.

His conduct on this occasion Denis has already referred to where he says:—"There were matters connected with this story

* These notes also appear in the same connection:—

"*Horse-Stealers.*—One Saunders was committed to Oxford gaol for horse-stealing, who appears to have belonged to a gang, part of whom stole horses in the north counties, and the other part in the south, and about the midland counties they used to meet and exchange.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 39, 165.

"1783. *Capital Convictions.*—At the Spring Assizes, 1783, 119 prisoners received sentence of Death."

regarding which I *could* not speak. . . . Now they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up." And therewith all old Duval's earnings, all Denis's fortune that was to be, vanished; but of course Denis prospered in his profession, and had no need of unlawful gains.*

But very sad times intervened between Denis and prosperity. He was to be taken prisoner by the French, and to fret many long years away in one of their arsenals. At last the Revolution broke out, and he may have been given up, or—thanks to his foreign tongue and extraction—found means to escape. Perhaps he went in search of Agnes, whom we know he never forgot, and whose great relations were now in trouble; for the Revolution which freed him was terrible to "aristocrats."

This is nearly all the record we have of this part of Denis's life, and of the life which Agnes led while she was away from him. But perhaps it was at this time that Duval saw Marie Antoinette; † perhaps he found Agnes, and helped to get her away: or had Agnes already escaped to England, and was it in the old familiar haunts—Farmer Perreau's *Columbarium*, where the pigeons were that Agnes loved; the Rectory garden basking in the autumn evening; the old wall and the pear-tree behind it; the plain from whence they could see the French lights across the Channel; the little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory-house, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock—that Denis and Agnes first met after their long separation?

However that may have been, we come presently upon a note of "a tailor contracts to supply three superfine suits for £11, 11s. (*Gazetteer* and *Daily Advertiser*);" and also of a villa at Beckenham, with "four parlours, eight bedrooms, stables, two acres of garden, and fourteen acres of meadow, let for £70 a year," which may have been the house the young people first lived in after they

* Notices of Sussex smuggling (says the note-book) are to be found in vol. x. of *Sussex Archæological Collections*, 69, 94. Reference is also made to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. viii. pp. 292, 172.

† The following memoranda appear in the note-book:—

"Marie Antoinette was born on the 2nd November 1755, and her saint's day is the FÊTE DES MORTS.

"In the Corsican expedition the Légion de Lorraine was under the Baron de Viomesnil. He emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution, took an active part in the Army of Condé, and in the emigration, returned with Louis XVIII., followed him to Gand, and was made marshal and peer of France after '15.

"Another Vi. went with Rochambeau to America in 1780."

were married. Later, they moved to Fareport, where, as we read, the admiral is weighed along with his own pig. But he cannot have given up the service for many years after his marriage, for he writes:—"T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs have a post-chaise from Dover to look at that old window in the Priory-house at Winchelsea. I went through the old wars, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as vehemently after forty years as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task and taking a last look at his dearest joy."

"And who, pray, was Agnes?" he writes elsewhere. "To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her—to win such a prize in life's lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done—of any worth—has been done by trying to deserve her." . . . "*Monsieur mon fils*,"—(this is to his boy)—"if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, 'I loved him,' when the daisies cover me." Once more of Agnes he writes:—"When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayers shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive."

THE END

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